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CHEVALIER BAYARD.

THE

RIGHT JOYOUS AND PLEASANT HISTORY

OF THE

FEATS, GESTS, AND PROWESSES

OF THE

CHEVALIER BAYARD,

THE GOOD KNIGHT WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.

BY THE LOYAL SERVANT.

32546
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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

PIERRE Terrail or du Terrail, known by the name of Bayard, and surnamed *Le Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche,* was born in 1476, at the Castle of Bayard in Dauphiny. The pedigree of the Lords of Terrail is not presented to the reader, as their House is no longer in existence: suffice it to say that it was allied to all that was great and illustrious both in Dauphiny and in the neighbouring provinces. The reader who would be interested in further details, may consult the last editions of Moreri, or the genealogical table of the House of Terrail, inserted by the President Expilly in the Supplement to the History of Bayard.

The wounds which Aymon Terrail, father of the Chevalier, received in defending his country, obliged him to quit the service. He died in 1496,

leaving, by his marriage with Helène Alleman, or des Allemans, four sons and four daughters.

Georges, the eldest, married Jeanne d'Arvillars, and had by her a daughter, who appointed her mother her general legatee. Pierre, Aymon's second son, is the subject of the present History. The third became Abbot of Josaphat, near Chartres, and the fourth was promoted to the Bishoprick of Glandèves.

Of the daughters two embraced the monastic state; another was married to Jacques Dupont, Lord of Aly in Savoy, and the youngest to Antoine de Théis, Lord of La Blayette.

Were not the Chevalier Bayard one of those extraordinary men of whom the annals of all nations furnish few examples, it would only be necessary to say that he was page to Louis de Luxembourg, Count of Ligny; that he was raised by that Lord to the rank of gendarm in his company; that Lewis XII. named him Captain of a thousand foot; that he was appointed Lieutenant General of Dauphiny; finally, that Francis I. made him a Knight of his Order of St. Michel, and gave him a company of an hundred of his ordinary men at arms: the enumeration of these different military degrees would doubtless suffice

to honour the memory of a distinguished soldier, but it is not enough for that of Bayard. An accomplished Knight at an epoch when chivalry was daily degenerating; born to be the ornament of any time or country in which he might have lived; esteemed, beloved, and feared by nations hostile to France; qualified in all respects to command armies, yet having always served under others without betraying either spleen or jealousy; constantly advised with by the ablest generals; in councils winning every one to his opinion, because he was neither presumptuous nor severe; cheerfully undertaking the most hazardous expeditions, though he knew that his chiefs would enjoy all the credit of them; never seeking any thing but the good of the state;——such was Bayard! His mind was early imbued with the principles of a morality as sane as it was profoundly reflective. A Gentleman asked him, "What goods ought the noble man to leave to his children?" "Those which fear neither rain, nor storm, nor the power of man, nor human justice," replied Bayard; "wisdom and virtue."

He often repeated that "the best Lordship a Gentleman can have is to be connected with virtuous persons. The greatest misfortune for a

Lord," added he, " is to be surrounded by vicious and ignorant men, seeing that there is nothing so dangerous as boldness and power accompanied by lack of knowledge."

In an age when the amusements of the nobility presented the rough image of war, Bayard, proud to be the *defendant* of a sex he adored, appeared as formidable by his skill in those games which were graced by a respectful gallantry, as in the midst of the most bloody combats: the Lady whose colours he wore might repose her honour upon the loyalty of her Knight alone, by whom the laws of courtesy were obeyed with religious care. Modesty and innocence never implored his protection in vain: it may even be said that the prayers of weeping beauty were to him supreme commands. Wherever he saw virtue struggling with misfortune he deemed it an honour to stretch forth the hand of succour. Indigent nobility had the highest claim to his benefits; and it was not known till his death of what numbers of families he had been the support.

How often did he groan over the fate of those unhappy victims of the quarrels of sovereigns, who, peacefully employed in agriculture, and obtaining no share in the glory of a brilliant con-

quest, are alone sacrificed in their possessions, and often in their honour, to the ambition and cupidity of an unjust and cruel soldier! After the campaign of 1521, he returned to Grenoble. The command of this town had been intrusted to him, and a pestilential disease made dreadful ravages there. The Knight without fear and without reproach thought it not enough that the poor, infected with the contagion, should receive medical aid at his expense; his beneficence would not lose sight of them till it was ascertained that they had regained health and strength sufficient to supply their necessities. So long as he was a gendarm all his companions had in him a brother and a friend; advanced to distinguished stations he became a father to them, and if ever he desired wealth it was but to share it with them. Intrepid in action, he never wanted presence of mind when it was needful either to foresee danger, or devise the means of escaping it. So well known were his modesty, his talents, his zeal for the public welfare, that men, his superiors in rank, or seniors in respect to the date of their services, deemed it no humiliation to fight under his orders.

Contemporary as he was with La Trémouille, Louis d'Ars, Chaumont d'Amboise, d'Aubigny,

Chabannes, and many other celebrated officers, their reputations eclipsed not his. Most of them were at the head of armies: he never commanded in chief except at the defence of Mézières; he knew that by dint of solicitation only are men advanced at the courts of Princes, and his pride would never bend to the suppleness of intrigue. Yet *had* he solicited. Bayard would not have been refused. Kings, courtiers, ministers, all respected, because they knew how to appreciate him; but, satisfied with being useful to his master, he modestly hastened to place himself under the banners of the General that was pointed out to him, and such was the effect of his presence that it seemed to exalt the courage of the soldiers and the capacity of the General. So thought young Gaston de Foix, whom death snatched away covered with laurels at an age when others can only hope to gather them.

Let it not be forgotten that Bayard was one of those officers who, in the reign of Lewis XII., contributed to form a national infantry in France. It had previously been composed of none but foreigners; Bayard, who, like his sovereign, had calculated the advantages of this establishment,

devoted himself to a kind of service which habit and prejudice militated against.

Never did the opinion that was entertained of his experience manifest itself more clearly than at the moment when his being shut up in Mézières became publicly known. No one then doubted of the preservation of that town. Among the Lords who flew to share the danger, it is proper to distinguish Anne de Montmorency, afterward Constable, and at that time Captain of a company of gendarms; "I account it an honour," said he, on presenting himself, "to serve under so great and so renowned a leader."

Bayard must questionless have been highly flattered when at Marignano he conferred the Order of Knighthood on Francis I. But that monarch testified the esteem with which he honoured him in a far more expressive manner when, on hearing the news of his death, he exclaimed: "Knight Bayard, what a loss shall I sustain in you!" This loss he learned to estimate still better in process of time. Oppressed with grief and disquietude during his captivity, he said to Montchenu, his head steward: "Had Bayard, who was valiant and experienced, been alive and near me my affairs would doubtless have taken a better turn:

I should have listened to his counsels: Ah! I should not have been here now!"

Bayard's courage never forsook him. Mortally wounded in the retreat from Romagnano he would not suffer his companions to carry him away, as they were preparing to do: "having never turned his back to the enemy he was resolved not to begin now he was a-dying." Afterward, addressing himself to Jacques Jouffrey, Gentleman of S. Chef in Dauphiny, "Let me," said he, "be laid down at the foot of this tree, and place me so that I may have my face to the enemy."

Thus died Bayard, mourned by his friends, by the whole army, and by all France. Pass we now to his history.

The person who composed it is only known by the name of the Loyal Servant; and that he was Bayard's Secretary is all that can be ascertained concerning him. This history appeared in 1527, under the title of *La très-joyeuse and plaisante histoire, composée par le Loyal Serviteur, des faits, gestes, et prouesses du bon Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.* In 1616 Théodore Godefroy published an edition in quarto, with remarks and annotations. In 1650 a new one appeared at Grenoble, which the President de Boissieu,

a descendant by the female line of the House of Terrail, published under the name of Louis Videl, Secretary of the Constable Lesdiguieres,

So celebrated a name as that of Bayard could not but inspire more than one writer with a desire of devoting their pens to his service. The physician Symphorien Champier, who boasted himself connected by his wife with the family of Terrail, published a Life of Bayard in 1525. The advocate Aymar wrote the History of this Captain in 1699; but these works, interlarded with romantic adventures, contain only a part of the actions of their hero. Two writers of the eighteenth century have also given us histories of Bayard; Lazare Bocquillot, who assumed the name of Prior of Lonval, and Guyard de Berville. There is no need to pronounce upon the merits of these works, but one observation may be made which will extend to both: the libraries of France contain a number of ancient works which, spite of the defects of an obsolete style, of vicious constructions, and expressions proscribed by custom, possess a charm that the efforts of modern good taste can never compensate. Of this number is the present history of Bayard.

Ever lively, ever pleasant, ever equal, the Loyal

Servant is so possessed with the spirit of his master, and has so naturally transcribed that original *naïveté* which characterized him, that at every page the reader sees Bayard, hears, and converses with him. The merit of this history, however, is sufficiently evidenced by the reputation it enjoys.* "I wish," said one of our old French moralists to his son, "the Life of Bayard to be the first history you read, and give me an account of. Try to imitate that hero as far as you are able. None but a good copy can be made of so wondrous an original. If you cannot attain to his valour, which is not to be rivalled, be faithful to your Prince, and courteous like him." "In the work of the Loyal Servant," remarks M. Gaillard in his History of Francis I., "the soul of the hero seems to contain all the virtues without any mixture of defects. One might believe, either that the author has been blinded by his zeal, or that he was desirous of presenting mankind with a chimerical and inimitable model, were not his account confirmed by that of all contemporary historians, Frenchmen or foreigners."

* Extract from the Testament, or Faithful Counsels of a good father to his children, by P. Fortin, Sieur de la Hoguette.

The Translation now offered to the public has been made from Godefroy's Edition; the Preface and Notes are taken from that of 1786, in the General Collection of Memoirs relative to the History of France.

MEMOIRS

OF

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

How the Lord of Bayard, father of the good Knight without fear and without reproach, wished to learn from his children of what profession they would be.

In the country of Dauphiny, which the King of France at present possesses, as his predecessors have done for seven or eight score years, since Humbert, the last Dauphin, made it over to them by way of gift, are many good and great Houses of Gentlemen, whence such a number of noble and virtuous Knights have issued that their fame is spread throughout all Christendom. Insomuch that, as scarlet is the most excellent of all hues of

cloth, without disparaging the nobility of other lands, the Dauphinese have been called, by all who had any knowledge of them, *the Scarlet* of the Gentlemen of France. Among which Houses is that of Bayard, of ancient and noble extraction, as by those who have come of it hath been clearly demonstrated. For at the battle of Poictiers the great great grandfather of the good Knight without fear and without reproach died at the feet of King John of France. At the battle of Cressy his great grandfather was slain. At the battle of Montlehery his grandfather remained on the field with six mortal wounds, beside others: and at that of Guineguaste his father was so badly wounded, that he could never after leave his own house, where he died full eighty years of age. A few days before his decease, considering that, by nature, which already began to fail in him, he could make no long sojourning in this mortal state, he called four children that he had, into the presence of his wife, a very godly and devout Lady, sister to the Bishop of Grenoble, of the house of the *Allemans*. His children having appeared before him, he asked the eldest, who was about eighteen or twenty years old, what he wished to be. He replied, that his desire was never to leave the house, but to serve

him at the end of his days. "Very well, George," said the father, "since thou lovest the house, thou shalt stay here to fight the bears." The second, which was the good Knight without fear and without reproach, a lad about thirteen years of age or little more, blithe as a lark, and of a laughing countenance, being asked what calling he should prefer, replied, as though he were fifty years old: "My Lord and father, although filial piety maketh it a bounden duty in me to forego all things for the sake of serving you at the end of your life, nevertheless, so deeply graven in my heart are the good discourses which you daily hold respecting the noble men of times past, especially those of our House, that I am resolved, if it be your pleasure, to embrace that profession which you and your predecessors have been of, the profession of arms; for this is the thing which I most affect, and I hope, with the grace of God, to do you no dishonour." Then the good old man replied weeping; "My child, God grant that it may be so! In countenance and figure thou already resemblest thy grandfather, who was in his time one of the best Knights in Christendom. I will therefore take care to put thee in a way of obtaining thy desire." Of the third he inquired

what way of life he chose to enter upon, who replied, that he inclined to that of his uncle, the Lord of Esnay, an abbey near Lyons. His father gave him leave to follow his inclination, and sent him by a kinsman of his to his said uncle, who made him a monk, and afterwards, by means of the good Knight his brother, he became Abbot of Josaphat in the suburbs of Chartres. The youngest replied in the same way, that he was desirous of being as his uncle, my Lord of Grenoble, to whom he was likewise given, and by him made Canon of Notre Dame; and afterwards, by the same means that his brother the monk became an Abbot, did he become Bishop of Glandesve in Provence. Now let us leave the other three brothers, and return to the history of the good Knight without fear and without reproach, and of the way in which his father managed his affair.

CHAPTER II.

How the father of the good Knight without fear and without reproach sent for his brother-in-law, the Bishop of Grenoble, in order to confer with him, because he could not leave his own house.

After the discourse held by the father of the good Knight to his four children, by reason that he was no longer able to ride on horseback, he sent one of his servants the next day, to Grenoble, to request of the Bishop, his brother-in-law, that he would be pleased to transport himself to his house of Bayard, distant from the said Grenoble five or six leagues, he having some things to communicate to him: which the good Bishop, who was never in his life indisposed to do any one a pleasure, complied with right willingly. He departed therefore, immediately upon receipt of the letter, and came to spend the night at the house of Bayard, where he found his brother-in-law sitting in a chair near the fire, as people of his age are commonly wont to do. Having interchanged greetings, they passed

that evening as pleasantly as possible in one another's company, and in that of divers Gentlemen who were assembled there. Then in due season they retired, each to his chamber, and took their repose till the next morning, when they got up, and heard mass chanted by the Bishop of Grenoble. For he said mass every day, and with right good will, unless he were prevented by sickness. Would to God that the prelates of these times were as good servants of the Lord, and as charitable to the poor, as he was in his day!

Divine service being ended, they washed their hands and sat down to table, where immediately every one made excellent cheer, and the good Knight waited upon them so discreetly and properly, that every one spoke well of him. At the end of the dinner, after grace had been said, the good old man, Lord of Bayard, began thus to address all the company. "My Lord, and you, Gentlemen, it is time to declare the occasion of my having you called hither: for you are my relations and friends, and I am, as you see, worn out with age, insomuch that it is scarce possible for me to live two years longer. God hath given me four sons, of each of whom I have inquired what way of life he wishes to pursue: among the rest my son

Peter hath told me that he desires to embrace the profession of arms, whereby he hath given me exceeding pleasure. For he entirely resembles in his outward make, my late Lord and father your kinsman; and if in disposition he will also resemble him, it is impossible that he should not become a great and good man; which I believe every one of you, as my worthy friends and relations, would be heartily rejoiced at. It is necessary that I should place him at his outset in the House of some Prince or Lord, in order that he may learn to conduct himself properly, and when he is a little older he shall be instructed in the profession of arms. I therefore pray you, that you will all give me counsel, each in his turn, what House I may best stablish him in."

Then said one of the most ancient of the Gentlemen, "He must be sent to the King of France." Another observed that he would do very well in the House of Bourbon. And thus, from one to the other, there was none among them that delivered not his opinion. But the Bishop of Grenoble spoke, and said: "My brother, you know that a close friendship subsists between us and Charles, Duke of Savoy, and he reckons us of the number of his good servants. I believe that he

will take him with pleasure for one of his pages. He is at Chamberry, near this place. If it seem good to you and to the company, I will take him thither to-morrow morning, after having put him in proper trim, and furnished him with a good little horse, which I got three or four days since of the Lord of Riage."

The proposal of the Bishop of Grenoble was approved by all the company, especially by the Lord of Bayard, who delivered to him his son, saying: "Here he is, my Lord; I pray God to speed you so well with him, that he may do you honour in his life."

Immediately thereupon the Bishop sent to the town to seek his tailor, whom he ordered to bring velvet, satin, and other necessary materials, wherewith to fit out the good Knight. He came and worked all night, so that next morning everything was ready. After having breakfasted, young Bayard mounted his horse, and presented himself to all the company, which were in the lower court of the castle, equipped just as if he were to be presented forthwith to the Duke of Savoy. The horse, feeling so light a burden on him, and being moreover pricked by the child with his spurs, made three or four leaps, whereat the company

were afraid that he would do the boy a mischief. But while they were expecting to hear him cry out for help, he, with a noble heart, as bold as a lion, when he found the horse make such a stir under him, spurred him three or four times, and caused him to gallop within the said court; insomuch that he brought the animal under as well as if he had been thirty years old. It need not be asked whether the good old man were pleased; and smiling with joy he asked his son if he were not afraid: for he had left school hardly a fortnight. He answered with a steady countenance: "My Lord, I hope, with God's aid, before six years are over, to make either him or some other bestir himself in a more dangerous place. For here I am among friends, and I shall then be among the enemies of the master whom I shall serve." "Now come along," said the good Bishop of Grenoble, who was ready to depart: "dismount not, my nephew and friend, but take leave of all the company." Then the young child addressed his father with a joyful countenance, and said: "My Lord and father, I pray God to give you a happy and a long life, and me such grace that, ere He take you out of this world, you may hear good things of me." "My friend," said the father, "I pray Him for the

same;" and then he gave him his blessing. Afterwards he went to take leave of all the Gentlemen who were there, one after another, and they were much pleased with his good countenance.

His mother, poor Lady! was in a tower of the castle, weeping tenderly; for, although she was delighted that her son was in the way of doing well, maternal love prompted her to shed tears. However, when they came to tell her, that if she wished to see her son, he was on horseback ready to depart, the good Gentlewoman went out by the back part of the tower, and making her son draw nigh unto her, addressed him in these words: " Peter, my friend, you are going into the service of a noble Prince; as much as a mother can command her child, do I command you three things, which, if you do, rest assured they will enable you to pass through this present life with honour. The first is, that above all things you love and serve God, without offending Him in any way, if it be possible to you. For it is He who gave us life, it is He who will save us, and without Him and His grace we should not have power to perform a single good work in this world. Recommend yourself to Him every morning and evening, and He will give you aid. The second

is, that you be mild and courteous to all Gentlemen, casting away pride. Be humble and obliging to everybody. Be not a slanderer or a liar. Keep yourself temperate in regard to eating and drinking. Avoid envy—it is a mean vice. Be neither a flatterer nor a tale-bearer, for people of this description do not usually attain to any high degree of excellence. Be loyal in word and deed. Keep your promises. Succour poor widows and orphans, and God will reward you. The third is, that you be bountiful of the goods that God shall give you to the poor and needy; for to give for His honour's sake never made any man poor; and believe me, my child, the alms that you shall dispense will greatly profit both your body and soul. This is all that I have to charge you with. I believe that your father and I shall not live much longer: but God grant that whilst we do continue in life we may always receive a good account of you." Then the good Knight, though of such tender years, replied to her thus: "My Lady mother, I thank you with all humility possible for your good instructions, and with His favour into whose keeping you recommend me, I hope so well to follow them, that you shall be fully satisfied. And now, after having very humbly recommended

myself to your good graces, I will take my leave of you."

Then the good Lady took out of her sleeve a little purse, containing only six crowns in gold, and one in small money, and gave it to her son. She also called one of the servants of her brother, the Bishop of Grenoble, and delivered to him a little scrip, in which was some linen for her son's use; with a request that, when he should be presented to my Lord of Savoy, he would pray the servant of the equerry, in whose charge he should be, to be pleased to look after him a little, until he grew older; and she entrusted him with two crowns for the same. Hereupon the Bishop of Grenoble took leave of all the company, and called his nephew, who thought himself in paradise while he was on the back of his good steed. So they took the direct road to Chamberry, where Duke Charles of Savoy was at that time residing.

CHAPTER III.

How the Bishop of Grenoble presented his nephew the good Knight without fear and without reproach, to Charles, Duke of Savoy, who received him joyfully.

AFTER leaving the castle of Bayard, which was on a Saturday, after breakfast, the Bishop of Grenoble pushed on till he arrived in the evening at Chamberry, where the clergy came to meet him; for that town hath belonged, from all antiquity, to the bishopric of Grenoble, which hâth there its judge, and its court. He lodged with a considerable citizen. The Duke took up his abode in his own house, with a good number of Lords and Gentlemen, some of Savoy, some of Piedmont. That evening the Bishop of Grenoble remained in his lodging, without showing himself to the court; but the Duke was informed of his being in the town, which gave him great pleasure; forasmuch as this same Bishop was, if any may be so called in this world, one of the most holy and devout personages that was known. Next day, which was

Sunday, he rose very early, and went to wait upon the Duke of Savoy, who received him with a smiling countenance, giving him to understand that his coming was very agreeable to him. They discoursed together all along the road from his residence to the church, where the Duke was going to hear mass, at which the Bishop officiated for him, as is fitting for such Princes, and offered him the gospel and the pax to kiss. When mass was ended, the Duke took him home with him to dinner, during which, the good Knight, his nephew, served him to drink in an orderly manner, and behaved himself very prettily. The Duke took notice of this by reason of the boy's youth, and accordingly asked the Bishop: "My Lord of Grenoble, who is this young child that gives you to drink?" "My Lord," replied the other, "he is a man of arms whom I am come to present you with, to enter your service, if you please: but he is not in the condition in which I am desirous of giving him to you: after dinner, if it be your pleasure, you shall see him." "Truly," said the Duke, who had already taken a liking to him, "he must be a strange man who would refuse such a present." Now the good Knight, already aware of his uncle's intention, did not entertain himself long

with eating, but sent to the lodging to get his horse saddled, and, mounting it, after having put it in proper order, came ambling along to the court of the house of the Duke of Savoy, who had already come out of the hall, and leaned over a gallery. Seeing the young child enter, and make his horse curvet like a man of thirty, who had seen war all his life, he addressed the Bishop of Grenoble, and said: "I suppose this is your little favourite, who rides his horse so well." He replied: "My Lord, he is my nephew, and come of a good race, from which noble Knights have sprung. His father, who is so wasted with years and infirmities, as also with wounds received in wars and battles, that he is not able to wait upon you, commends himself very humbly to your good graces, and makes you a present of him." "In good faith," replied the Duke, "I accept him willingly; the present is a good and a handsome one, and God make him a brave man!". Then he commanded one of his equerries, in whom he placed most confidence, to take charge of the young Bayard, declaring, that he believed he would one day make a worthy man. Not long after this the Bishop of Grenoble, humbly thanking the Duke of Savoy, took his leave of him, in order to return to his own house,

and the Duke abode at Chamberry for some time, till he took a resolution to go and see King Charles VIII. of France, who was in his city of Lyons, diverting himself with jousts, tournaments, and other pastimes.

CHAPTER IV.

How the Duke of Savoy left Chamberry to go and see the King of France, Charles VIII., in his town of Lyons, and took with him the good Knight without fear and without reproach, then his page.

THE good Knight remained page with Duke Charles for the space of half a year, during which time, he gained the love of people of all degrees, as much as any child ever did. He was serviceable to the Lords and Ladies, even to a marvel. In all things there was no young page or Lord that could be compared with him. He leaped, wrestled, threw the bar, according to his size, and, among other things, rode a horse as well as it was possible: so that his good master conceived as great an affection for him as if he had been his own son.

One day as the Duke was thus at Chamberry, in the midst of feasts and rejoicings, he determined to go and see the King of France at Lyons, where he happened to be at that time among his Princes and Gentlemen, leading a jolly life, holding

tilts and tourneys every day, and dancing in the evening with the Ladies of the place, who are very fair and graceful. And, to say the truth, this young King Charles was one of the best Princes, one of the most courteous, liberal, and charitable, that ever hath been seen or read of. He loved and feared God, and never swore, except *by the faith of my body*, or some such little oath. And it was a great pity that death should have taken him away so soon as at the age of eight-and-twenty years: for had he lived longer he would have achieved great things. The said King Charles knew how that the Duke of Savoy was coming to see him, and that he was already at La Verpilliere, and purposed sleeping at Lyons. So he sent to meet him a noble Prince of the House of Luxemburg, called the Lord of Ligny, with many other Gentlemen and archers of his guard, who found him two leagues, or thereabouts, from Lyons. The Duke and the Lord of Ligny welcomed one another cordially, for they were both very honourable personages. They had gone a long way discoursing together, when the Lord of Ligny cast his eye on the young Bayard upon his horse, which was trotting daintily, and showed him off to wonderful advantage. "So," said

the Lord of Ligny to the Duke of Savoy: "my Lord, you have there a page who rides a mettled horse, and moreover he knows how to manage him deftly." "On my faith," said the Duke, "it is but half a year ago that the Bishop of Grenoble made me a present of him, when he had just left school; but I never saw a young lad of his age who carried himself more manfully, either on foot or on horseback; and he hath a very good air likewise. I can assure you, my Lord cousin, he is come of a race which hath produced spirited and bold Gentlemen, and I believe that he will take after them." So he said to the good Knight: "Put spurs to your horse, Bayard, make him gallop:" which the young child, who desired nothing better, did immediately, and at the end of the course he caused his steed, which was very spirited, to make three or four marvellous leaps, to the delight of all the company. "On my faith, my Lord," said the Lord of Ligny, "this is a young Gentleman who, in my opinion, will become a noble gallant if he lives; and I think you will do well to make a present of the page and of the horse to the King. He would be well pleased, because the horse is a very handsome and a good one, and the page, to my thinking, still better.

"On my soul," said the Duke, "since you advise it, I will do it."

The young child, in order to arrive at preferment, could not have had a better school than the House of France, where honour hath made its abode at all times, and longer than in any other Prince's house. Thus they pursued their way in conversation till they entered Lyons, where the streets were full of people, and many Ladies were at the windows to see them pass; for, sooth to say, this Duke of Savoy was a very good and handsome Prince, and his mien clearly showed him to be of a great House. He dismounted that evening, which was on a Wednesday, at his own house, where he kept the Lord of Ligny, and another called my Lord of Avennes, (son of the Sire d'Albret, a brother of the then King of Navarre,) a very honourable and accomplished Lord, to supper with him, and many other Nobles and Gentlemen, during which a number of the King's minstrels and singers came to delight the company. That evening the Duke of Savoy did not leave his own house, but they played at several sports and pastimes, till wine and spices were brought in, which being partaken of, each retired to his own lodging till the morrow morning.

CHAPTER V.

How the Duke of Savoy went to pay his respects to the King of France at his house, and of the good and honourable reception which was made him.

On Friday morning the Duke of Savoy got up, and after having put himself in order, wished to go and visit the king; but ere his departure there arrived at his house the above-mentioned Lords of Ligny and of Avennes, with the Marshal de Gié, who at that time enjoyed great credit in France; them he saluted, wishing them a good day. They then set out for the abode of the King, who was already going to mass in a convent of Cordeliers, constructed at the request of a devout monk, named brother Jean Bourgeois, at the end of one of the suburbs of Lyons called Veize: and upon it this young King had bestowed much property, as had also done his good and loyal spouse Anne, Duchess of Brittany. So the Duke of Savoy found the King preparing to leave his chamber, to whom he made such and so profound a reverence as was meet to so great and noble a Prince.

But the good King, who was the very son of humility, embraced him, saying; "My cousin and friend, you are heartily welcome; I am right glad to see you, and on my soul you have done well; for if you had not come, I had intended to have visited you in your own country, where I might have caused you a great deal more damage." To which the good Duke replied: "My Lord, it would be difficult for you to cause me any damage, or what I should account so. The only regret that I should feel at your arrival in my country and yours would be that you would not be received as is suitable to so lofty and magnanimous a prince as yourself. But be well assured of this, that my heart, body, substance, and abilities, if God have gifted me with any, are as much at your disposal as those of the least of your subjects." Whereat the King, blushing a little, returned him thanks. So they mounted their mules, and went discoursing together all along the town to the convent of Cordeliers, where they heard mass devoutly. And when it came to the offering, the Duke of Savoy delivered to the King, as the Prince most to be honoured, the crown to offer to our Lord; a custom observed daily by the Kings of France. As soon as mass was over, they remounted their mules

to return home, and the King made the Duke of Savoy stay and dine with him, and likewise the Lords of Ligny and of Avennes. During dinner much discourse was held, concerning dogs, birds, love, and arms; and among other things the Lord of Ligny said to the King: "Sire, I swear to you on my fay, that my Lord of Savoy hath a mind to give you a page who rides a spirited little steed as well as ever I saw a youth in my life; I believe he is not more than fourteen years old, but he manages his horse like a man of thirty. If you will be pleased to go and hear vespers at Esnay, you shall have some diversion with him." "By the faith of my body," said the King, "I am willing." Then he looked at the Duke of Savoy, and said to him: "Cousin, who gave you this proper page whom our cousin of Ligny speaks of?" To which the Duke answered: "My Lord, he is a subject of yours, and of a House of your country of Dauphiny, which hath sent forth gallant Gentlemen: his uncle, the Bishop of Grenoble, made me a present of him half a year ago; my Lord cousin hath seen him, and is much pleased with him; you shall view the page and the horse at your pleasure in the meadow of Esnay."

The good Knight was not then present, but the

matter was soon related to him, and how the King wished to see him on his horse, and I think if he had gained the city of Lyons he would scarce have been so much delighted. He went immediately to the Duke of Savoy's head groom of the stable, called Pisou de Chenas, and said to him: "Friend groom, I understand that the King wants to see my horse after dinner, and myself thereon. Now, therefore, I pray you be kind enough to put him in order, and I will give you my short dagger with all my heart." The head groom, seeing the lad's good nature, said to him: "Bayard, my friend, keep your truncheon, I will none of it, but I thank you: only go comb and clean yourself, for your horse shall be put in order, and God give you this fortune, my friend, that the King of France may take you into favour; for thereby you may arrive at high preferment, and some time or other, by God's aid, you may become so great a Lord that I may find my account in it." "On my faith, master," said the good Knight, "I shall never forget the courtesy you have practised towards me since I have been of the household of my Lord, and, if God ever do bring me to preferment, you shall be made sensible of this." Immediately he went up into the chamber of his equerry, where he cleaned

his clothes, combed and equipped himself as handsomely as he could, in expectation of receiving some tidings; which he waited not long for. In two or three hours the equerry of my Lord of Savoy, who was Bayard's governor, came to look after him, and found him all in readiness. So he said, quite sorrowful: "Bayard, my friend, I see very well that I shall not keep you long, for I understand that my Lord hath just now made a present of you to the King, who wishes to see you on your horse in the meadow of Esnay. I am not grieved at your advancement; but, on my faith, I feel great regret at parting with you." To this the young Bayard made answer: "My Lord equerry, God give me grace to continue in that virtuous course which you have pointed out to me since the hour that my Lord gave you charge of me. If it be in my power, by means of his grace, I will never bring reproach upon you by any deed of mine, and if I arrive at a situation wherein I can do you service, you shall know by proof how much I feel myself obliged to you."

After these words there was no more time to delay, for the hour approached. So the equerry mounted a horse, and made the good Knight mount his, which had been so well combed and

accoutred that it was deficient in no respect: and they went to attend the King and his company in the meadow of Esnay, whither the King had gone by water on the Saone. As soon as ever he got out of the boat, he went to see the young Bayard upon the field on his horse, in company with his equerry. So he cried out to him: "Page, my friend, spur your horse:" which he did immediately, and to see how he acquitted himself, you would have thought he had been used to the matter all his life. At the end of the course he made him take three or four leaps, and then without saying a word returned at full gallop towards the King and stopped him quite short before him, causing his horse to curvet; insomuch that not only the King but all the company received singular pleasure thereby. Then the King began saying to my Lord of Savoy: "Cousin, it is impossible to ride a horse better;" and turning to the page, he said: "Spur him, spur him again." At these words the pages cried to him, "Spur, spur," *picquez, picquez:* so that for some time after he was surnamed *Picquet.* "Truly," said the King again to the Duke, "I see before my eyes what my cousin of Ligny told me at dinner; I will not wait for you to give me your page, and your horse,

but I crave them of you." "My Lord," replied the Duke of Savoy, "the master is yours; well may the rest be so: God give the boy grace to do you some agreeable service." "By the faith of my body," said the King, "it is impossible that he should not become a man of worth. Cousin of Ligny, I put the page under your care: but I have no mind that he should lose his horse, he shall remain always in your stable." Whereupon the Lord of Ligny humbly thanked the King, feeling well satisfied to have this present; for he surely thought that when he grew to be a man he would one day do him great honour; as afterwards came to pass in many places. The good Knight was page three years only in the house of the Lord of Ligny, who put him out of that situation at the age of seventeen, and assigned him a place in his own company, though he ever retained him among the Gentlemen of his household.

CHAPTER VI.

How a Gentleman of Burgundy, called Messire Claude de Vauldré, came to Lyons, by the desire of the King of France, to do deeds of arms, as well on horseback as on foot, and hung up his shields, in order that they who touched them might be by him encountered in combat: and how the good Knight, three days after he was dismissed from being page, touched all the shields.

SOME time the Duke of Savoy remained at Lyons, where he was well entertained with the King, and with the Princes and Nobles of France. So he bethought him that it was time to return into his own country, and accordingly asked leave to depart, which was granted very unwillingly: but there is no company so good but it must be parted with. The King made him handsome and honourable presents, for he abounded in liberality: and thus the good Duke Charles of Savoy returned into his own country. The King of France went about visiting his dominions, and two or three years after came again to Lyons, where there arrived a Burgundian Gen-

tleman, named Messire Claude de Vauldré, one possessing great skill in arms, and that marvellously affected them. He caused entreaty to be used to the King that, in order to preserve all the young Gentlemen from sloth and idleness, he would permit him to hold a tourney on foot and on horseback, with career of lance, and stroke of battleaxe; which was granted him: for, after the service of God, of which he was very careful, the good King liked nothing better than merry pastimes. So this Messire Claude de Vauldré managed his affair to the best of his ability, and caused his shields to be hung up, which all Gentlemen who had a mind to prove their hardihood came and touched, having their names written down by the king at arms, who had charge of them. One day the good Knight, who was now called by every one Picquet, the name that the King had given him at Esnay, passed before the shields, and he thought within himself: "Alas! good Lord! if I knew how to put myself in fitting array, I would right gladly touch those shields, in order to gain a knowledge of arms;" and upon that he stopped, and remained quite still and thoughtful. With him was a companion of his, bred up by the Lord of Ligny, named Bellabre, who said to him:

"What are you thinking of, comrade?—you seem like one thunderstruck." "On my faith, friend," replied he, "and so I am, and I will tell you the reason directly. It hath pleased my Lord to put me out of the place of page, and of his goodness he hath equipped me, and raised me to the rank of Gentleman; now I have conceived an inordinate desire to touch the shields of Messire Claude de Vauldré; but after I had done it I know not who would furnish me with armour and horses." Then answered Bellabre, who was older than he, and a very bold Gentleman: (for, be it known to all the readers of this history, that of the breeding of this noble Lord of Ligny, came fifty Gentlemen, thirty of whom were valiant and virtuous Captains in their day:) "My friend and companion, are you disquieted about that? Have you not your uncle the fat abbot of Esnay? I vow to God that we will go to him, and if he won't furnish us with money, we'll lay hands on crosier and mitre; but I think that, when he is informed of your strong desire, he will produce it willingly:" at these words, Bayard goes to touch the shields. Monjoye, king at arms, who was there to write down the names, said to him: "How, my friend Picquet? Your beard is not of three years growth, and do

you undertake to fight with Messire Claude de Vauldré, who is one of the fiercest Knights that you may hear of?" The other replied to him: "My friend Monjoye, what I do proceeds not from pride and arrogance, but solely from a desire to learn arms, by little and little, of those who can teach me them; and God, if He please, may give me grace to do something which shall please the Ladies:" at which Monjoye began to laugh, and was highly delighted. So the noise ran throughout all Lyons that Picquet had touched the shields of Messire Claude de Vauldré, till it came to the ears of the Lord of Ligny, who had rather than ten thousand crowns it should be so. Accordingly he went to tell the King of it forthwith, who was greatly rejoiced, and said: "By the faith of my body, cousin of Ligny, your breeding will bring you honour one day, as my heart tells me." "We shall see what will come of it," replied the Lord of Ligny, "he is very young yet to stand the blows of Messire Claude de Vauldré."

Now the hardest part of the matter for the good Knight was not to touch the shields, but to find money to get horses and accoutrements. He went to his companion Bellabre, and said to him:

" My companion and my friend, I pray you be my intercessor with my Lord of Esnay, my uncle, that he will give me money: I am very sure that if my uncle, the Bishop of Grenoble, were here, he would let me want for nothing; but he is at his abbey of St. Surnin in Thoulouse; it is very far off; and a man could not get thither and back in time." " Be of good cheer," said Bellabre, " you and I will go speak to him to-morrow morning, and I hope that we shall manage our affair happily." This comforted the good Knight somewhat; howbeit he slept not much that night. Bellabre and he lay together; they rose betimes, got into one of the little boats of Lyons, and made themselves be carried to Esnay. The first person they found within the meadow, after they had left the boat, was the Abbot, who was at his devotions with one of his monks. The two Gentlemen went to salute him; but having already heard how that his nephew had touched the shields of Messire Claude de Vauldré, and suspecting that he should be called on to pay the expenses, he gave them no very good reception, and said to Bayard: " Ha! who made you so bold as to touch the shields of Messire Claude de Vauldré? You were a page only three days ago, and are not seventeen

or eighteen years old; you ought to feel the rod again, you grow so presumptuous." To which the good Knight replied: "My Lord, I protest to you, upon my honour, that not presumption, but a desire to arrive by valiant deeds at the honour that your predecessors and mine have attained unto hath inspired me with this boldness. I therefore beseech you, my Lord, as I best may, seeing that I have no relation or friend to whom I can at present have recourse except you, that it be your good pleasure to assist me with some money to provide myself with what is needful for me." "On my faith," replied the Abbot, "you may go seek elsewhere for one to lend you money; the wealth bestowed on this abbey by the founders was intended for the service of God, and not to be spent on jousts and tourneys." Which speech of the Abbot the Lord of Bellabre took up, and said: "My Lord, had it not been for the prowess of your predecessors, you would not be Abbot of Esnay: for by their means and no other have you obtained this dignity. We ought to have a sense of the benefits which we have received in time past, and a hope to gain some remuneration for those which we confer. Your nephew, my companion, is of a good descent, and beloved by

the King, and by my Lord our master; he hath a desire to arrive at preferment, wherewith you ought to be well pleased. It is fitting therefore that you give him assistance, for it cannot cost you two hundred crowns to equip him properly, and he may do you honour equal to ten thousand." Rejoinder ensued on the part of the Abbot, who made much debate upon the matter; but in the end vouchsafed to aid the good Knight.

CHAPTER VII.

How the Abbot of Esnay gave the good Knight an hundred crowns to buy two horses, and writ a letter to a merchant at Lyons to furnish him with what should be necessary.

MUCH discourse passed between the Abbot and the two Gentlemen, but at length he led them to his house, and opening a little window, took an hundred crowns out of a purse which was therein, and gave them to Bellabre, saying to him: "My Gentleman, here are an hundred crowns which I deliver into your charge, to buy two horses for this valiant man of arms, seeing that he is too young as yet to handle money: I shall write a line to Laurencin to furnish him with the habiliments he stands in need of." "You do well, my Lord," said Bellabre, "and I can assure you that whoever shall know of it, you will gain nothing but honour thereby." So he called for paper and ink immediately to write to Laurencin, whom he ordered to provide his nephew with what should be necessary to accoutre him at this tourney,

imagining within himself that he could not want above an hundred franks' worth of goods; but he was quite mistaken, as you shall presently hear. As soon as the Gentlemen had received their letter, after taking leave of the Abbot, whom the good Knight thanked very humbly for his courtesy towards him, they went back to their little boat to return to Lyons, much delighted at the success of their negotiation. Bellabre broke silence and said: "You know, companion, that when God sends men good fortune, they ought to manage it well and wisely. What one robs monks of is holy bread. We have a letter to Laurencin to take what we have need of; let us go to his house quickly ere the Abbot consider what he hath done; for in his letter he hath not limited the sum that he gives you for accoutrements. By the faith of my body, you shall be rigged out for the tourney, and for a year to come; for you will never get anything more from him." The good Knight, who desired nothing better, began to laugh, and said to him: "By my faith, companion, this is a very good method of managing the affair; but I pray you let us hasten, for I am terribly afraid that if he perceive his oversight, he will straightway send one of his people

to say how much money he means to give me for clothes." The surmise was very just, as you will hear. So they made with all speed across the ferry, which brought them up hard by the Exchange, where they landed, and went directly to the house of Laurencin, whom they found in his shop, and saluted, and he, a very good and honest merchant, returned the like to them. Bellabre began to speak and said: "On my soul, Master Laurencin, my companion and I are come from visiting a worthy Abbot, my Lord of Esnay." "I promise you he is mine too," said Laurencin; "he is a right worthy personage, and I hold myself of the number of his good servants. In my life I have had reckonings with him to the amount of twenty thousand franks, and never met with an honester man." "But do you know the good deed he hath done his nephew, my comrade here?" quoth Bellabre. "Hearing that he had touched the shields of Messire Claude de Vauldré, and knowing that we slept together, he sent for us both this morning, and, on our arrival, after giving us an excellent breakfast, presented his nephew with three hundred good crowns to buy horses; and moreover, that he may fit himself out so as no man in the company shall be better attired than

he, he hath given us a letter to you, to furnish him with what is necessary." So he shewed the letter to Laurencin, who immediately knew the signature of my Lord the Abbot. "I assure you, Gentlemen," said the merchant, "there is nothing within here that is not at your command, and at that of my Lord who writes to me: only look for what you want." So they quickly made him shew them gold and silver stuffs, embroidered satins, velvets, and other silks, of which they took for the good Knight to the value of seven or eight hundred franks, then bade him good day, went to their lodging, and immediately sent for tailors to do their business.

Now let us return for a while to the Abbot, who was very glad to find himself rid of his nephew. He ordered his people to bring dinner, at which he had company; and, amid other discourse, he said, in an elevated tone of voice: "I have had a costly present to make this morning: that boy Bayard, my nephew, hath been mad enough to touch the shields of Messire Claude de Vauldré, and hath come this forenoon to beg money for his equipments; which hath lain me in an hundred crowns. Nay this is not all; for I have written to Laurencin to give him what he shall

ask to accoutre him for the tilt." To that answered the Sexton of the Abbey: "On my faith, my Lord, you have done well; he wishes to imitate the prowess of my Lord your grandfather, who was so stout of heart as were all his kin. I see but one evil in this; he is young and wilful; you have written to Laurencin to give him what he shall ask, and I am certain he will do it if it come to two thousand crowns; I fear your nephew will take more than you intend." The Abbot began immediately to consider of this, and replied: "By St. James, Sexton, you say true, for I have not specified how much." Then he cried: "Call the steward:" who coming immediately, the Abbot said to him: "Hie you away, Nicholas; another shall serve instead of you; go to the town to Laurencin, and say that I wrote him word this morning to furnish my nephew with some wearing apparel for the tourney of Messire Claude de Vauldré, and that he is to give him to the amount of an hundred or an hundred and twenty crowns and no more; tarry not, but merely go and come back again." The steward set off instantly, but far too late. When he arrived at Laurencin's, he was at table; but being very intimate with him, he went up, and saluted the company, who did

the like to him. "Master steward," quoth Laurencin, "you are welcome; wash your hands, and partake with us." "I thank you," he replied, "that is not my errand: my Lord sends me hither because to-day he wrote you word to furnish his nephew Bayard with some accoutrements."

Laurencin did not wait till he had finished, but said: "Master steward, I have attended to all that: I assure you I have rigged him out handsomely; he is a very well-behaved young Gentleman; and my Lord doth well to assist him." "And to what amount have you given him?" said the steward. "Faith I can't tell," said the other, "till I see my paper, and my receipt on the back of my Lord's letter; but I believe it came to about eight hundred franks." "Ha! by 'r Lady, you have spoilt all!" cried Nicholas. "How so?" quoth Laurencin. "Why thus," replied the steward: "my Lord was sending you word by me not to give him above the value of an hundred or an hundred and twenty franks." "His letter said not that," said Laurencin; "if he had asked more, he would have had it, for such were my Lord's instructions." "There is no help for it now," said the Steward: "fare you well." So he returned to Esnay, and found the company

where he had left them. When the Abbot saw his steward, he said: "Well, Nicholas, did you deliver my message to Laurencin?" "That did I, my Lord," returned he, "but I set out too late; your nephew had already made his purchases, and had only taken to the amount of eight hundred franks." "Eight hundred franks, St. Mary!" cried the Abbot: "make haste; you know his lodging;—go tell him that if he doesn't quickly carry back to Laurencin's what he hath taken, he shall never again be the better for a denier of mine."

The steward obeyed his Lordship's command, and went to Lyons, thinking to find his man, who having had an inkling beforehand of this contingency, had said to his servants: "If any of my Lord of Esnay's people come to inquire for me, make excuses, in order that I may not be obliged to speak with them." The like injunction laid he on all them of the lodging. When the steward came and asked for him, they made answer that he was at my Lord of Ligny's. Thither he goes, and, finding him not, returns to the lodging. Then they told him he was gone to try horses beyond the Rhosne. In short he went more than ten times to his house, but could

never find him; he therefore returned, for he perceived plainly that they were making game of him. When he got back to Esnay, he told my Lord, "It was lost labour to seek his nephew: for that he had been above ten times to his lodging, but saw it was not possible to find him, as he made himself be concealed." "On my oath then," said the Abbot, "he is a bad boy; but he shall repent it." His wrath dispersed at leisure, but he never got any thing else by the concern. Let us now leave off speaking of him, and return to the good Knight and his companion, and the exploits they performed in their affairs.

CHAPTER VIII.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach and his companion mounted their horses, and donned their Accoutrements; and how the said Knight carried himself gallantly, according to his might, against Messire Claude de Vauldré.

THE reader must understand that as soon as the good Knight and his companion got what they called for at Laurencin's, they made no long stay at his house, foreseeing what happened afterwards; but so diligent were they in their business that they were provided with all they wanted. They retired to their lodging, and sent immediately for tailors, to make them each three suits for the tourney; as the good Knight wished his companion to be of the same livery as himself: so they had every thing alike. After they had given directions about their clothes, Bellabre said: "Companion, we must go see about horses. I know a Gentleman of Piedmont lodging in La Grenete, who hath a small horse, well raised, and very agile, that will suit you exactly: I believe

too he is possessed of a little lively bay courser. I have been told that he wishes to sell them, because he broke his leg in riding them eight days ago; let us find out if this be the case." "That is well thought of," said the good Knight.

Accordingly they crossed the water to Our Lady of Consolation, then drew near to the house of this Piedmontese gentleman, whom they found in his chamber very ill at ease in his leg. They saluted him, and he did the same to them, like a courteous Knight. Bellabre spoke first, and said: "Sir, my companion wants to purchase a couple of horses of yours, as we have heard that you design to part with them, on account of the mishap you have met with, for which we are heartily sorry." "Gentlemen," replied the Piedmontese, "it is true, and it troubles me much, for the horses are good and handsome. But it is God's will,—I see plainly that I shall not be able to quit this town within three months,—provisions are expensive here,—my horses would cost me in victuals more than they are worth,—you appear honest and brave Gentlemen;—I had rather my horses fell into your hands than elsewhere: get across their backs, and go try them out of the town, with one of my people;—on your return, if you

please, we will come to terms about them." They liked the proposal; and the horses being forthwith saddled, the good Knight and his companion mounted and led them to the meadows hard by La Guillotiere, where they made them gallop and trot till they were satisfied. They then returned to the house of the Gentleman to make the bargain, and asked what price he would sell them for. "On my honour," said he, "if I were whole, there is no man upon earth who should have them for two hundred crowns, unless I wished to make him a present of them; but for love of you I am content to let you have the war-horse for sixty crowns, and the courser for fifty, in all, one hundred and ten crowns: I will take no less."

They thought him very reasonable and said not another word, but, "Sir, you shall have them, and two Gentlemen at your service all their lives:" for which he thanked them. They took out their purses, and gave him his hundred and ten crowns, and two for wine for the servants. The horses were led to their lodging by their own people, and they had them well curried and accoutred; for it wanted only three days of the time when Messire Claude de Vauldré's enterprise was to

begin; wherefore every one apparelled himself according to his means. So Messire Claude opened his tourney in the order that, with the King's leave, he had caused to be published, and on a Monday entered the lists, where he was encountered by divers worthy and gallant Gentlemen of the household of good King Charles, such as the Seneschal Galiot, a very valiant and expert warrior; the young Bonneval, Sandricourt, Chastillon, and Bourdillon, who were the King's most familiar intimates, with many others. Every one did his best, as may be supposed. It had been appointed that each combatant, after having performed his part, should be led along the lists in open sight for the sake of letting the spectators know who had done well or ill; for which reason you may imagine there was no one that did not use his utmost endeavours to acquit himself honourably.

The good Knight, at this time little more than seventeen years old, a very tender age, (for he had not done growing, and was naturally spare and pale,) entered the lists, and there made his first essay, which commenced rudely enough: for he had to do with one of the most skilful and experienced Knights in the world. Nevertheless,

how it happened I cannot tell, whether God willed to give him the glory, or Messire Claude de Vauldré chose to amuse himself with him, there was no man, in the whole combat, on horseback or on foot, that played his part better than he, or indeed so well. Insomuch that the ladies of Lyons awarded the honour of the day to him: for, as hath been already observed, each was obliged, after his fight was over, to walk along the lists in view of everybody; wherefore, when it came to the good Knight's turn, the Ladies in their Lyonese tongue gave him the chief honour, saying: "*Vey vo cestou malotru! il a mieulx fay que tous los autres:*" "Look at this poor lad! he hath done better than all the others." And of the rest of the company he acquired such favour, that good King Charles said at supper, to exalt him more: "By the faith of my body, Picquet hath made a beginning, from which, in my belief, he will go on to a good end." Then he said to the Lord of Ligny: "Cousin, I never made you a better present in my life than when I gave you him." To which that Lord replied: "Sire, if he be a man of merit you will derive greater honour from him than I; for it is the commendation you have bestowed on him that hath

made him undertake all this. God grant that he may continue his present course! But his uncle, the Abbot of Esnay, takes no great pleasure in it, for he hath had money of him and accoutrements on his credit:" of which the King had already been informed. So he began to laugh, and all the company with him.

CHAPTER IX.

How the Lord of Ligny sent the good Knight to the Garrison in Picardy, where his company was; how he lodged in a pretty little town called Ayre, and how at his arrival his companions came to meet him.

After the tourney was ended, the Lord of Ligny one morning called the good Knight without fear and without reproach, and said to him: "Picquet, my friend, you have a rare beginning to your fortunes: the war is to be continued, and though I retain you in my household at three hundred franks a year, and three horses, yet have I put you into my company. Go therefore to the garrison to see your comrades; you will there find as gallant soldiers as are in Christendom, and who often practise arms, holding jousts and tourneys for the love of the Ladies, and for the acquiring of honour. On which account it seems to me that you cannot be better than with them, till there be some rumour of war." The good Knight, who wished nothing better, replied: "My Lord, for all the honours and benefits which you

have done and are doing me every day, you can only at present receive from me very humble thanks, and a prayer to our Lord that he will be pleased to reward you. But it is my greatest desire at present to go see the company you speak of; for I cannot witness the good things I have heard reported of them ever so short a while, without being the better for it all my life, and if it be your pleasure I will depart to-morrow." The Lord of Ligny said; "I am willing; but first you shall take leave of the King; I will carry you to him after dinner." Which he did, and they found that Monarch just about to rise from table, when the Lord of Ligny said to him: "Sire, here is your Picquet; he is going to see his comrades in Picardy, and is come to take leave of you." Thereupon the good Knight threw himself on his knees with a bold countenance, which the King observed with pleasure, and said smiling: "My friend Picquet, may God continue in you what I have beheld in your outset, and you will be a brave man. You are going into a land where there are handsome Ladies, exert yourself to gain their favour, and adieu, my friend!" "Many thanks, Sire," said the good Knight. So he was immediately embraced of all the Princes and Lords

in bidding farewell, and of many Gentlemen, who felt much regret at his leaving the court. He felt none himself however, but, on the contrary, thought it long till he reached the place whither he was bound. The King sent for one of the grooms of his chamber, who had some money in his coffers, and ordered him to give the good Knight three hundred crowns, and likewise he caused one of the finest horses in his stables to be delivered to him. Bayard bestowed thirty crowns on the groom, and ten on him that brought him the courser, for which all that knew of it extolled his liberality amazingly. The Lord of Ligny brought him back to his lodgings, and talked to him that evening as if he had been his own child, advising him above all things to keep honour constantly before his eyes; a command that he hath ever kept to the day of his death. At length, when it was time to retire to bed, his Lordship said to him: "My friend Picquet, I suppose you will set off to-morrow before I am up; to God I commend you." So he embraced him with tears in his eyes; and the good Knight took leave of him kneeling, and went home, escorted by all his companions, from whom he did not part without many embraces. Going up into

his chamber he there found the Lord of Ligny's tailor, with two complete suits of clothes, which his kind master had sent him. To him he said: "My friend and brother, had I known of this fine present, I would have thanked my Lord for it, who hath conferred so many other favours on me, which I have never deserved at his hands; be pleased to accept that from me:" and he took out his purse, and gave him twenty crowns.

One of the servants of the good Knight said to him: "Sir, William the groom but now brought my Lord's good horse to your stable, and told me that his Lordship gives him to you. But he returned because he was called for, and said he would come and speak with you to-morrow." "He will not find me," replied Bayard, "for I intend to be on horseback by day-break." So he turned to the tailor, and put into his hand ten crowns, saying to him: "My friend, I pray you give that to William the groom of the stable, and be good enough to salute all the fair and noble company at the house of my Lord on my part." The tailor promised to do so, and having left the apartment, the good Knight packed up his trunks, and put his dress in order, to depart early the next morning, then got into bed, where

he rested but little, for it was near midnight when he laid himself down. As soon as he rose, the first thing he did was to send off his great horses, whereof he had six choice ones, with his baggage. He set out himself afterwards with five or six admirable curtals, when he had taken leave of his host and hostess, and fully satisfied them for the time he had spent in their house. His companion Bellabre was ready as soon as he, and accompanied him as far as Bresle; there they dined, and there took leave of each other; but they made no great ceremony of that; for within three or four days after Bellabre reckoned upon following his friend, and only waited for a couple of great horses, which were coming to him out of Spain.

The good Knight always went by short journeys, because he had his horses led; however at length he arrived at three leagues distance from the town of Ayre, whence he sent forward one of his people to seek lodgings. When the Gentlemen of the company learnt that Picquet was so near, they all, or most part of them, mounted their steeds to go and meet him: so great a desire had they to see him, each being already possessed with an opinion of his virtues. They were more than six-

and-twenty young Gentlemen, who found their companion half a league from the town. It need not be asked whether they gave each other a hearty welcome, and they joyfully conducted him, conversing together on many subjects, into the town; there the Ladies were at the windows; for having already heard of the good Knight Picquet's nobleness of heart, every one desired to become acquainted with him. They saw him, but not so much at their ease as they did afterwards. The good Knight was led by his comrades to his lodgings, where supper was ready prepared, he having given order to this effect by his men whom he had sent on. Part of his companions, who led a merry life, remained, questioning him about the state of his means, observing how fortunate he had been at his outset in doing so well against Messire Claude de Vauldré, and extolling him marvellously. But the good Knight appeared nowise transported with that, but replied courteously to all their speeches: "Gentlemen, my comrades, you do wrong to give me these praises, for there is nothing yet in me that can make me worth much; but please the Lord, with your good aid, I shall attain to be accounted of the number of persons of merit." Then he left the subject, and spoke of other matters.

One of the company called Tardieu, a mirthful pleasant man, began to speak, and, addressing the good Knight, said: "Friend comrade, I can assure you that, in all Picardy, there are no handsomer Ladies than those of this town, whereof your hostess, whom you have not yet seen, is one; she is gone to the wedding of a niece of hers, but will return to-morrow, so you may see her at your convenience. It is impossible that you should have come to keep garrison without money; you must make yourself talked of on your arrival, and by worthy actions acquire the favour of the Ladies of the country. It is now a long time since there was a prize given in this town; I do beseech you, be pleased to give one here within eight days: pray do not refuse me the first request that I have ever made you." To which the good Knight replied: "On my word, Master Tardieu, had you asked a greater matter, assure yourself I should not have refused you; how then this which is as pleasing to me as to you, and perhaps more so? If you will send me the trumpet to-morrow morning, and we can gain our Captain's leave, I will give you satisfaction in this affair." Tardieu rejoined: "Don't trouble yourself about gaining leave: Captain Louys d'Ars hath granted it you

from this time forth, as no harm is contemplated. He is not here at present, but will be in four days. If any evil come of it, I take the blame upon myself." "Well then," replied the good Knight, "to-morrow your desire shall be accomplished." The company remained in conversation until the twelfth hour of the night, when they separated till the next morning, at which time the above-named Tardieu forgot not to repair to the lodging of the good Knight, his new companion, and to bring him one of the company's trumpets, greeting him with these words: "Comrade, make no excuses, here is your man."

CHAPTER X.

How the good Knight caused a tourney to be published in Ayre for the sake of the Ladies, wherein the most successful combatant was to receive a bracelet of gold, and a fine diamond to give to his Lady.

ALTHOUGH the Knight without fear and without reproach had great need of rest, by reason of the long journey he had taken, yet the proposal of his comrade Tardieu suffered him not to sleep much that night; his thoughts were employed upon the tourney, and how it should be conducted. He revolved the matter in his mind, and determined respecting the execution of it, as you shall presently hear: for when Tardieu came to see him in the morning, aud brought him the trumpet, he found the order of the tourney written out, and the way in which it was to be conducted set forth: which was as follows: "That Pierre de Bayard, young Gentleman, and novice in arms, native of Dauphiny, one of the King's ordinary men of arms, under the charge and conduct of the high

and mighty Lord of Ligny, caused a tourney to be cried and published for all comers, without the town of Ayre, and adjoining the walls, on the twentieth day of July, of three strokes of the lance, without lists, and twelve of the sword, with edged weapons, and in armour of war, the whole on horseback; and that to him that performed the best he gave a golden bracelet enamelled with his device, and of the weight of thirty grains; that the next day there was to be a combat on foot, at point of lance, within lists the height of a man's middle. And, after the lance was broken, with blows of battle-axe, at the discretion of the judges, and of them that kept the field; and that he who did the best was to receive a diamond of forty crowns' value.

When Tardieu had seen the order, he said: "By God, comrade, not Lancelot, nor Tristrem, nor Gawaine could have done better. Trumpet, go cry that in this town, and then you shall proceed from garrison to garrison, for the space of three days, to inform all our friends thereof." The reader must understand, that in Picardy there were then seven or eight hundred men of arms, as the company of the Mareschal des Cordes, Philippe de Crevecœur, that of the Scotch, that

of the Lord of la Palisse, a famed and virtuous Captain, and many others, who by the said trumpet were advertised of the tourney. They, therefore, who had a mind to be present at it, put themselves in readiness, for the term was only of eight or ten days; however there were not fewer than forty or fifty men of arms upon the ranks. In the interval before the desired day, the noble Knight Captain Louys d'Ars arrived, and was much delighted at having come in time to be a sharer in the sport. The good Knight, being informed of his return, went to pay his respects to him, and they gave each other a cordial welcome. To add still more to the zest of the thing, next day Bayard was rejoined by his friend Bellabre, which greatly rejoiced all the company. They entertained themselves every day in trying their horses, and giving treats to the Ladies, wherein the good Knight, among others, played his part very well, insomuch that the Dames of the town, and divers who came from the surrounding parts to see the tourney, gave him the preference above all the rest; which, however, did not inspire him with any pride.

Now came the day appointed for the commencement of the tourney, and every one entered the ranks. Captain Louys d'Ars was one of the

judges, and the Lord of St. Quentin the other. The Gentlemen, numbered at forty-six, ranged themselves in order, and were divided by lot, without any unfair play, three-and-twenty on one side, and three-and-twenty on the other. When they were all ready to begin, the trumpet sounded, and after that declared, in all its particulars, the order of the tourney. It was the good Knight's place to present himself the first upon the ranks, and against him came a neighbour of his from Dauphiny, named Tartarin, who was very formidable in the wielding of weapons. They ran at one another: Tartarin broke his lance half a foot off the head; and the good Knight smote him at the top of the great vantbrace, and broke his spear into five or six pieces: at which trumpets sounded furiously, for it was a marvellous fine joust. After having accomplished their course, they returned for the second, and it was Tartarin's fortune to pierce the vantbrace of the good Knight about the elbow, so that all the company thought his arm was wounded. The good Knight hit his adversary a blow over the visor, and brought away a little chaplet of feathers.

Their courses being finished, Bellabre appeared in the lists, and was encountered by a Scotch

gendarm, named Captain David of Fougas, and they likewise did with their lances the utmost that it was possible for Gentlemen to perform. Thus they jousted, two against two, till they had all done running. Then they began to fight with the sword; the good Knight, commencing according to the order, with the first blow that he struck broke his sword into two pieces, and fought so well with the rest, up to the number of blows prescribed, that it was impossible for anything to be better. Afterwards the others came on in their turns: and, for one day, according to the report of all the spectators, and even of the judges, never was better running with lance, or fighting with sword. And although every one acquitted himself vastly well, yet the good Knight, Bellabre, Tartarin, Captain David, one belonging to the company of my Lord of Cordes, named the Bastard of Chimay, and Tardieu bore away the palm from all the rest.

In the evening, when every one had done his part, they all retired to the lodging of Bayard, who had ordered a noble supper to be dressed, and got a great number of Ladies together: all those in Picardy within ten leagues around having come to see this fine tourney; and sumptuously were they entertained. After supper there were

dances, and many other pastimes, so that it was an hour past midnight ere any one was tired. Then they went home, one after another, conducting the Ladies to the places where they were to spend the night. It was very late in the day before they were well awakened, and I can assure you they were never weary of commending the good Knight, both for his prowess in arms, and for his courtesy: and indeed a more gracious and civil Gentleman was not to be found in the whole world.

Now, to go through with what was begun, next day the soldiers all repaired to the house of their Captain, Louys d'Ars: thither the good Knight had also gone to invite him to dinner at his lodging, with the Lord of St. Quentin, to meet the Ladies of the preceding evening; which was agreed to. Then, after they had all been to hear mass chanted, might you have seen the young Gentlemen offering their arms to the Ladies, and leading them, engaged in discourse on love and other pleasing topics, to the lodging of the good Knight, where, well as they had been entertained the night before, at dinner they were so still better. Not long remained the Lords and Ladies within doors after dinner, but in the space of

about two hours all that were of the tourney re-entered the ranks, to perform the order of the second day. Now he who thought he had little chance of obtaining the first prize, flattered himself with the hope of the next. The judges, Lords, and Ladies being arrived upon the spot, the tilt was opened by the good Knight without fear and without reproach, in the usual manner. Against him came a Gentleman from Hainault, of high reputation, called Hanotin de Sucre; they thrust furiously at one another above the lists, with their lances, till they had broken them to shivers. Then they took their battle-axes, which they both had by their sides, and dealt each other such sharp and rude strokes, that the combat threatened to be a mortal one. At length, however, the good Knight hit his adversary a blow about the ear which made him first stagger, and then kneel upon both knees, and, assailing him again above the lists, he made him kiss the earth, whether he would or no; which being seen of the judges, they cried out: "Holla! holla! it is enough! let them retire!"

After these two came Bellabre and Arnaulton of Pierreforade, a Gascon Gentleman, and did wonders with their lances, which were immediately

broken. Then they came to their battle-axes, and dealt each other fierce blows; but Bellabre broke his, on which account the judges parted them. After them Tardieu and David the Scotchman entered the lists, and performed very ably: and so on, each in his turn, during the space of seven hours, till they had all done; and, for a little tournament, it displayed as good fighting as they who were at it had ever beheld in their lives. When all was ended each retired to his own house to disarm, and then assembled at that of the good Knight, where a banquet was prepared, and there the two judges, the Lords of Ars and of St. Quentin, and all the Ladies were already met. You may imagine how much talk there was of the two days, each saying what he thought on the subject. However, supper being ended, it was now time for the judges to make decision, and to award the prizes. Many Gentlemen experienced in warlike matters were asked their opinion on their honour, and then the Ladies on their conscience, without favouring one more than another. At last it was declared both by Gentlemen and Ladies that, although every one had acquitted himself extremely well, nevertheless, in their opinion, the best combatant

on both days had been the good Knight; they therefore referred it to him, as the gainer of the prizes, to bestow his presents where he should think fit.

There was a great dispute between the two judges which should pronounce the sentence, but the good Captain Louys d'Ars entreated the Lord of St. Quentin so much, that at length he agreed to do it. The trumpet sounded for silence, which being obtained, his Lordship spoke thus: "Gentlemen here assembled, especially you that have fought at the tourney, of which Master Pierre de Bayard hath offered the prizes for two days, my Lord of Ars and myself, judges commissioned by you all to give a reasonable decree on whom those prizes shall be most fitly bestowed, we wish you to know, that, after having well and duly inquired of all the brave and honourable Gentlemen who have attended to see you fight, and likewise of the noble Ladies here present, we find that you have every one played your parts very well, and very creditably. But beyond all, without disparaging any, the Lord of Bayard hath been, according to the common voice, on both days the most worthy combatant. Wherefore the Gentlemen and Ladies award to him the honour

of dispensing the prizes where he shall think fit." And addressing the good Knight, he said: "Lord of Bayard, bethink you to whom you will deliver them." He was quite ashamed, and remained thoughtful a short space; then said: "My Lord, I know not why it is that I am favoured by having this honour conferred on me; as I think there are some who have deserved it much more than I; but since it pleases the Lords and Ladies to make me judge, entreating all the Gentlemen my companions, who have done better than myself, not to be displeased at it, I give the prize of the first day to my Lord of Bellabre, and that of the second to Captain David the Scot."

So the presents were immediately delivered to them, nor did any one, man or woman, murmur at it, but the dances and sports were entered upon. The Ladies could never be satisfied with speaking well of the good Knight, who was so beloved in Picardy as no man more. He remained there two years, and during that time many tourneys and other entertainments took place, in most of which the good Knight bore away the bell. And the chief reason why every one loved him was, that a more liberal or gracious person could not be found upon earth. None of his companions was ever

dismounted that he did not assist him to get upon his horse again. Was he in possession of a crown, all shared it. Young as he was, the first thing he did when he rose was to serve God. He was a great giver of alms; and there was no man, during his life, who could say he had refused him any thing within his power to grant. At the end of two years the young King Charles of France undertook his journey to Naples, accompanied by the Lord of Ligny; who therefore sent in good time to fetch the Knight without fear and without reproach; for, knowing his virtues, and the honourable manner in which he was spoken of, he would by no means leave him behind.

CHAPTER XI.

How the King of France, Charles VIII., made preparations to set out for the conquest of Naples, which he effected by his prowess and valour, without much effusion of blood.

Two years afterwards, or thereabout, good King Charles resolved to go and conquer the Kingdom of Naples. The causes and occasions whereupon he undertook the journey are fully contained in other histories and chronicles, seeing which to make a long recital of them would only weary my readers, and waste paper. Nevertheless, as every one must have read and clearly understood, the good King Charles accomplished his journey as honourably as it was possible. He planted his Courts of Justice within Rome, brought the Pope to reason, and entirely gained the Kingdom of Naples, where he left the Lord of Montpensier as his Lieutenant-General and Viceroy. Then he disposed himself to go back to France, and met with no obstacle till he arrived at a place called Fornova, where he found full sixty thousand

combatants, all Italians, and belonging to various Potentates, as the Pope, the Venetians, the Duke of Milan, and many other Lords, who had schemed to overthrow the good King on his return, and take him prisoner; because they were assured that he had left part of his forces in the Kingdom he had just conquered, and had not more than ten thousand men with him.

Notwithstanding this, the good and noble Prince, who had the heart of a lion, secure of being well served by the few troops he had with him, determined to wait and give them battle; this he did with our Lord's aid, whereby his enemies gained foul shame and heavy loss, and he inestimable glory; for he had not seven hundred men slain, whereas they lost eight or ten thousand of their best; specially the greatest Captains of the Seigniory of Venice remained upon the field, and many of the House of Gonzagua, the head whereof is the Marquis of Mantua, who was there likewise, but took advantage of his spurs and his good steed; and had it not been for the swelling of a little stream, the overthrow would have been more complete. At the first attack the good Knight without fear and without reproach carried himself triumphantly above all the rest, in the

company of his noble master the Lord of Ligny, and had two horses killed under him that day. The King, being told of it, gave him five hundred crowns, and the good Knight in return presented him with the standard of some cavalry which he had gained in the pursuit.

Thence the King proceeded to Vercelli, where he found a fine troop of Swiss come to offer him their aid, if necessary. He remained some days there with his camp, being desirous to relieve his brother-in-law, the Duke of Orleans, who was besieged in Novara by Lewis Sforza Duke of Milan, and the Venetians. There was much going and coming of people who busied themselves to bring about peace, insomuch that some treaty was at length adjusted. The King therefore returned to Lyons, where he found the good Queen, his loyal consort, and with her the Duchess of Bourbon, her sister.

The King of France quitted that city for the sake of visiting his good patron at St. Denys in France, where his predecessors lay buried; and he spent two or three years in travelling up and down his Kingdom, leading a very good and holy life, and maintaining justice to the satisfaction of his subjects: for he sat himself in the chair of

justice twice a week, to hear the complaints and grievances of all, and attended to the poorest. He received tidings that the Neapolitans had revolted to Ferdinand, son of King Alphonso, and also that his Lieutenant-General, the Count of Montpensier, was dead, and that all his Captains were returning to France. So he proposed to himself to go thither in person, when he saw a fitting opportunity. Meantime he lived in his own Kingdom very virtuously, and had three children by his wife, but they all died.

In the September of the year 1497, this good Prince left Tours for Lyons, thinking to take his journey to Naples; but the project was abandoned, on what account I know not. He returned to Amboise, and on the 7th of April, in the following year, whilst watching tennis-players in a gallery was seized with a weakness, which carried him off soon after: an irreparable loss to the Realm of France; as he had given proofs during his whole reign, of the most excellent dispositions, the most mild, gracious, clement and merciful. I believe that God hath assigned him his portion among the blessed, for the good Prince was not stained by a single unworthy vice. I have given no detailed account of his life, it being set down sufficiently elsewhere.

CHAPTER XII.

How Lewis, Duke of Orleans, succeeded to the crown of France, as the nearest heir, with the name of Lewis XII.

On the demise of good King Charles, there being no heir male, Lewis, Duke of Orleans, as next to him, succeeded to the throne, was consecrated at Rheims the 27th of May, 1498, and crowned at St. Denys the first day of July ensuing. He had espoused the Princess Joan of France, sister of his predecessor: but by reason that it was thought she could have no issue, and that he had married her against his inclination, from a dread of the fury of her father, Lewis XI., he had her called into court. On this occasion the Pope appointed Judges to try the cause, and in the end she was by them determined not to be his wife. Wherefore, leaving her the Duchy of Berry for her fortune, he married the Duchess of Brittany, widow of the late King. Whether it were well or ill done God alone knows. The good Duchess of Berry lived in holiness all her days, and it hath been said that after her death God

worked miracles for her sake. The King on his accession thought fit to expose all the royal offices to sale that did not relate to judicature, whereby he obtained a large sum of money; for he was terribly afraid of oppressing his people by taxes and subsidies. What he had always most at heart was, the recovery of his Duchy of Milan, which belonged to him in right of the Lady Valentina his grandmother, and was withheld at that time by the Lord Ludovic Sforza, as it had previously been by his father. But they of the House of Orleans, by reason of the long wars carried on in France against the English, as well as of the broils that sprung up on occasion of the murder of the Dukes of Orleans and Burgundy, had never been able to contend for their right. He now found himself in a condition to dispute the point with his enemy. He made his entry at Lyons on the tenth day of July, 1498, then caused his army to pass on into the County of Asti, under the conduct of the Lord Jean Jacques de Trivulce, and of the Lord of Aubigny, who were both wise and valiant Knights. On first entering they took and sacked two small places called Anon, and La Rocca. Thence they drew off to Alexandria, and besieged them within who

were for Ludovic Sforza, and who defended themselves very well; but at length the place was taken. They of Pavia, learning this, submitted to the King of France. Sforza, seeing himself in these straits, thus deserted of his subjects, abandoned Milan, and retired into Germany, to Maximilian, King of the Romans, who received him joyfully; they two having been at all times in strict league together. Immediately upon his departure the inhabitants of Milan surrendered to the French; news whereof reaching the King of France, he used all diligence to go and make his public entry there.

A few days after, by means of money and promises, the French got possession of the Castle, he who had it to keep for Ludovic Sforza playing him a base and wicked trick: for by it his master had always hoped to regain the Duchy. When the other places heard that the Castle of Milan had surrendered, they lost all hope, and submitted to the King of France. In like manner did they of Genoa, to whom he sent the Lord of Ravestain, a near relation of his own on his mother's side, as Governor. On the 4th of October, in the same year, the Queen of France lay in of a fair girl, named Claude. The King abode not long in the

Duchy of Milan, but, leaving the government of it to the Lord Jean Jacques, the Castle in keeping of the Lord of Espy, and La Rocchetta in that of a Scottish Gentleman, near of kin to the Lord of Aubigny, he returned to Lyons. This benefit he conferred on the Dutchy before his departure that he lessened the tributes and impositions one third; for which all the people praised him marvellously, and he quite gained the hearts of some. The King made no long sojourn at Lyons, but, proceeding farther in his Kingdom, came to Orleans, where he settled a dispute between the Dukes of Gueldres and of Juliers, and made them friends.

CHAPTER XIII.

How, after the conquest of the Duchy of Milan, the good Knight remained in Italy; and how he held a tourney in the town of Carignan, in Piedmont, whereat he gained the prize.

On the return of the King of France from Italy in joy and gladness at having conquered his Duchy of Milan, and made his enemy, Ludovic Sforza, fly into Germany, to crave the aid of Maximilian, King of the Romans, the garrisons of the French were left behind in Lombardy taking their pleasure, holding jousts, tourneys, and other entertainments. The good Knight, who in his childhood had been bred up in the House of Savoy, went to visit a worthy Lady, formerly married to his first master, Duke Charles. The Lady's name was Blanch; she resided in Piedmont, at a town belonging to her own dowry called Carignan. Being fraught with all courtesy she gave him a joyful welcome, and treated him as though he had been a kinsman of her own.

Now you must understand that there was no house of Prince or Princess, in Italy, France, or elsewhere, in which Gentlemen were better entertained, or more diversion afforded them, than in this. Of the household was a very worthy Dame, who had possessed great influence over the Duchess in her youth, and did so still, named Madame de Fluxas; her husband was also there, an honest Gentleman, under whom the whole house was managed. I must tell you that when the good Knight was given as page to Duke Charles of Savoy, this Madame de Fluxas was a young Lady of the household, attendant upon the Duchess; and thus, as people at their time of life are usually fond of associating together, they formed such a mutual attachment, consistently with honour, that, might they have followed their mere inclinations, with little regard to consequences, they would have straightway taken each other in marriage. But you have already heard how Duke Charles sent to Lyons to see the King of France, and gave him the good Knight for his page, through which the young lovers lost sight of each other for a long time. The expedition to Naples intervened, with many other occurrences,

for the space of four years, ere they had any intercourse with each other except by letters.

During this time the Lady married the Lord of Fluxas, one possessed of much wealth, and who took her for her personal graces; as of the goods of fortune she had very few. But desiring, as a virtuous woman might, to let the good Knight see that the honourable love she had borne him in former years still lasted, on his arrival at Carignan she showed him all the kindness and courtesy which a Gentleman could possibly receive, and talked much about their youth, and many other matters. This noble Dame of Fluxas, who, in the adornments of beauty, as well as of a sweet and gracious manner of speaking, yielded to no woman in the world, eulogized the good Knight in her discourse most highly. She reminded him of his success in arms when he made his first attempt against Messire Claude de Vauldré, of the tourney that he won at Ayre in Picardy, and of the honour that he gained in the battle of Fornova, the fame whereof was spread throughout France and Italy. In brief, she extolled and blazoned him to such a degree that the poor Gentleman blushed for shame. Quoth she to him: "My

Lord of Bayard, my friend, this is the House in which you were first brought up; and it were a most unseemly thing if you made not yourself known here, as you have done elsewhere." The good Knight replied: "Madam, you are aware that, from your youth I have loved, prized, and honoured you, and I hold you so wise and well taught that you wish ill to no one, and to me least of all people. Be kind enough to tell me what it is you would have me do, to please her Ladyship my good mistress, yourself above all, and the rest of the fair and worthy company here assembled." The Dame of Fluxas then said: "It appears to me, my Lord of Bayard, (but let me not be troublesome to you,) that you would do well to hold a tourney in this town, for the honour of my Lady, who will take it in exceeding good part. You have hereabouts many French Gentlemen of your own company, and others of the country, who will take delight in being present at it, I am very certain." "Truly," said the good Knight, "since you wish it, the thing shall be done. You are the first Lady in the world who ever gained my heart to her service, by her charms. I am sure that I shall never have any thing of you but your lips and hands, for, by

seeking more, I should only lose my labour: and on my soul, I had rather die than press you with a dishonourable suit. I do pray that you will give me one of your sleeves, for I have need of it." The Lady, not knowing what he wanted with it, delivered it to him, and he put it into the sleeve of his doublet, without explaining himself further.

Supper was now ready, at which every one made good cheer, and then the dances began, all acquitting themselves to the best of their abilities. The Lady Blanch talked with the good Knight about his bringing up, till midnight, when it became time to retire. The latter however closed not his eyes the whole night, as you may imagine, but lay meditating on what he had to do, and settled it all in his own mind. In the morning he sent a trumpet to the towns round about, where there were garrisons, to inform the Gentlemen, that, if they would repair, within four days after that Sunday, to the town of Carignan, arrayed in armour of war, he should bestow a prize, consisting of his Lady's sleeve, with a ruby worth an hundred ducats appended thereto, upon him who should perform the best at three strokes of the lance, without lists, and twelve of the sword. The

trumpeter did his devoir, and brought back a written answer from fifteen Gentlemen, who promised to attend. This came to be known by the Lady Blanch, who was right glad of it, and had her scaffold erected on the place where the courses and the combat were to be enacted. On the day fixed, about an hour after noon, the good Knight entered the ranks, armed at all points, with three or four of his comrades, as the Lord of Bouvent, the Lord of Mondragon, and others; but they had not been there long before all the rest, who intended to run, presented themselves. First began the good Knight, and against him came the Lord of Rouastre, a gallant Gentleman, bearing the ensign of Duke Philibert of Savoy; he was an expert and daring Knight, and made a brave thrust with his lance, which shivered it into three or four splinters. But the good Knight dealt him so resolute a blow on the top of his great buff, that, piercing it right through, he uncased him, and made his spear fly into five or six pieces. The Lord of Rouastre resumed his, and ran the second course, in which he performed very well, and broke his lance as potently as the first time, or more so. But the good Knight smote him within the visor, knocked off his crest, and

made him stagger: howbeit he was not unhorsed. At the third bout the Lord of Rouastre crossed; the good Knight's lance flew into shivers. After them came Mondragon and the Lord of Cheuron, who performed their courses to the admiration of every one. Two others followed them; and finally they all did themselves much credit, and gave satisfaction to the company.

The spears being made an end of, it grew time that the swords should come into play: but the good Knight had no sooner struck two blows than he broke his own, and caused his adversary's to fly out of his hand. Then came they on one after another, and acquitted themselves after such a fashion that their performance could not have been exceeded, and ere all was over it waxed very late. The Lady Blanch invited the Gentlemen, by the Lord of Fluxas, to sup at the Castle, which none of them declined, and you may be sure they were handsomely treated, as was the fashion of that place. After supper the hautboy players and minstrels sounded their instruments, when, before the dancing commenced, the prize must be given to him who had, in reason, deserved it. The Lords of Grandmont and of Fluxas, who were the judges, questioned all present, as well

Gentlemen and Ladies, as the combatants themselves, and it was their unanimous opinion that the good Knight had gained the prize by the law of arms. Accordingly the judges came to present it to him; but he, blushing with shame, refused it, saying that this honour was attributed to him wrongfully and without cause: but that if he had done any thing well the Lady of Fluxas was the occasion of it, she having lent him her sleeve, and that he referred it to her to bestow the prize where she thought fit. The Lord of Fluxas, who was not ignorant of the honourable character of the good Knight, conceived no jealousy of him, and went straight to his wife, with the Lord of Grandmont, saying: "Madam, my Lord of Bayard, to whom the prize of the tourney hath been awarded, declares, in presence of your husband, that it is you who have won it, on account of your sleeve which you have given him; therefore he sends it you to dispose of it as you like."

She, who was admirably versed in the arts of politeness, appeared nothing confused, but thanking the good Knight very humbly for the honour he did her, spoke these words: "Since my Lord of Bayard is good enough to say that my sleeve hath made him gain the prize, I will keep it all my

life for his sake. But with regard to the ruby, since he will not accept it, as the most worthy combatant, I am of opinion that it should be given to my Lord of Mondragon, who is thought to have done the best after him." What she ordained was executed, no one murmuring at it. The Lady Blanch felt much satisfaction in having bred up such a personage as the good Knight, whom every one spoke highly of. The prize being given, dancing commenced, and lasted till past midnight, when all separated. The French Gentlemen remained five or six days longer at Carignan in the midst of sports and festivities, passing their time most agreeably, and then returned to their garrisons. The good Knight also took leave of the Dutchess, his worthy mistress, telling her, that there was no Prince or Princess in the world, after his Sovereign, to whose service he was more devoted than to hers: for which she thanked him kindly. Then he proceeded to say farewell to his first love the Dame of Fluxas, who could not part from him without shedding tears, and he on his side was greatly moved. This honourable affection lasted between them till death, and no year passed that they did not send presents to each other. For a whole month nothing was talked of at the Castle,

and in the town of Carignan, but the prowess, honour, gentleness and courtesy of the good Knight. And he was as much set by in the former place as if he had been the heir of it. During his stay there he found Pisou de Chenas serving in some office, he that had been head groom to his master, Duke Charles of Savoy, and from whom he had once received civilities, which he was then desirous of requiting. After having taken him to his lodging, and entertained him well, he gave him a horse worth fifty crowns, for which the good man thanked him from the bottom of his heart. He asked what had become of the equerry that had charge of him when he was one of the household. Pisou de Chenas replied, that he dwelt at Montcallier, whither he had retired on marrying, and was grown very gouty. The good Knight, not ungrateful for his kindness to him in times past, sent him a very good and handsome mule by the same Pisou: and by so doing he clearly showed that he had not forgotten the benefits conferred on him in his earlier years.

CHAPTER XIV.

How the Lord Ludovic Sforza returned from Germany with a good number of Lansquenets, and retook the town of Milan from the French.

You have heard how the Lord Ludovic retired into Germany to the King of the Romans; now it must be understood that he went not thither unprovided with money, of which he had great need for the enterprize he was meditating; as appeared by proof, for, a little while after he had been driven away, he returned into Lombardy with a good number of German forces, both cavalry and infantry, along with some Swiss, and some Burgundian gendarms.

On the 3d of January, by means of private intelligence, he retook the town of Milan, and drove the French out: however the Castle remained still in the King's power. Following the example of this place several towns in the Dutchy revolted: among others, all those on the way to Genoa, as Tortona, Voghiera, and divers Castles. When

the King of France heard of the troubles in his Dutchy, like a valiant and vigorous Prince, he mustered a great army to send thither, at the head of which he put the Lord of Ligny, and the Lord Jean Jacques, who assembled their army in the Astesan, and began to march. I must now give you some account of what occurred to the good Knight without fear and without reproach during the time that Sforza was within Milan, and a little while after he took it. He had remained, by his master's permission, in Italy, when the King returned to France, being addicted to arms above all things else in the world, and imagining that, ere he had remained long there, the Lord Ludovic, who was gone to seek succours in Germany, would return with forces, and consequently that some fighting would ensue; for not much had taken place on the first conquest of the Dutchy. He was in garrison twenty miles from Milan, with other young Gentlemen, who were making marvellous fine courses against one another continually.

One day the good Knight was informed that, within Binasco, there were three hundred horse, whom it would be very easy to defeat: so he besought his comrades that they would be pleased

to go and pay them a visit in his company. Being greatly beloved by all he easily carried his point: so they got ready betimes in the morning, and went, to the number of forty or fifty men, to try if they could do any good service. The Captain who commanded within Binasco, was a very worthy Knight, wise, and experienced in war, named Messer Giovanni Bernardino *Cazache*. Having good spies, he received intelligence that the French were on their way to come and attack him. Unwilling to be caught unprepared, he put himself in a posture of defence, and drew out his men two bow-shots from the gates. So he proceeded to reconnoitre the enemy, the sight of whom gave him great satisfaction; as he was of opinion from their small number, that they could work him no dishonour. They began to approach one another crying, "*France, France;*" "*Moor, Moor;*" and great and perilous was the shock: for both parties were dismounted, and had much difficulty in getting upon their horses again. Whoever had seen the good Knight doing martial deeds, cutting off heads, and hewing arms and legs, would have sooner taken him for a furious lion than for an amorous young Gentleman. Briefly, this conflict lasted an hour, and victory was

still undecided; which greatly disturbed the good Knight, and he said to his comrades: "Gentlemen, shall these few hold us at work all day? If they within came to know of it, not one of us would escape. Let us instantly take heart, and beat them off the field." The words of the good Knight inspired valour into his companions, and, shouting "*France, France!*" with one accord, they made a sharp and terrible assault upon the Lombards; who began to lose ground, and to recoil before them, defending themselves very well. They continued to retreat for about four or five miles toward Milan, till, seeing themselves very near it, they turned their horses' heads, and galloped at full speed to the town.

The French followed so fast that they were hard upon them; then one of the eldest, who was well acquainted with war, cried, "Turn, man at arms, turn." Which every one obeyed but the good Knight, who, quite heated, continued to chase and pursue his enemies. So that he entered Milan amid them in the confusion, and pursued them as far as the Palace, where the Lord Ludovic had taken up his abode. As he bore the white crosses every one cried, "*Take him, Take him;*" he was surrounded on all sides and made

prisoner by *Cazache*, who led him to his own house, and had him disarmed. Finding him a very young Gentleman, not more than two or three and twenty years old, he was astonished that at such an age he could be possessed of the prowess he had witnessed in him. The Lord Ludovic, who had heard the uproar, inquired the occasion of it: some that were acquainted with the affair, related it to him, and how the Lord Giovanni Bernardino, while at Binasco, had been attacked by the French, who had at length driven him into Milan, and that amongst them in the chase a Frenchman had entered, a marvellously bold and valiant Gentleman, and extremely young. Then he ordered them to go and conduct him into his presence, which was immediately done.

CHAPTER XV.

How the Lord Ludovic wanted to see the good Knight without fear and without reproach; and how, after having talked with him, he sent him back, and caused his horse and his arms to be restored to him.

THEY went straight to the house of the Lord Giovanni Bernardino, to seek his prisoner, and carry him to Ludovic Sforza, who had sent for him. The Captain was afraid lest that Lord in his fury should offer him some affront; therefore, being a courteous and benevolent personage, he chose to conduct the good Knight himself, after having clothed him in his own apparel, and put him into the plight of a Gentleman. Then he presented him to the Lord Ludovic, who marvelled, when he saw him so young, that he should have gained such high applause. However he accosted him, saying: "Come hither, my Gentleman, who brought you into this town?" The good Knight, not in the least daunted, made answer: "Faith, my Lord, I thought not to enter alone, and sup-

posed that my companions were following me, but they understood war better than I:—had they so done they would have been taken prisoners as well as myself. Howbeit, with the exception of this mishap, I commend my fortune, which hath caused me to fall into the hands of so good a master as he that hath me in keeping; for he is a very wise and valiant Knight."

Then the Lord Ludovic asked him upon his honour how numerous the army of the King of France was. "On my soul, my Lord," replied he, "it consists of fourteen or fifteen hundred gendarms, and sixteen or eighteen thousand foot. But they are all chosen men, who have resolved to labour hard till they have secured the State of Milan to the King their master. And it appears to me, my Lord, that you would be as safe in Germany as here; for your people are not fit to war with us." The good Knight spake so boldly that the Lord Ludovic was quite pleased, notwithstanding that what he had said was enough to startle him. But, to show that he cared little for the return of the French, he said, as it were jestingly: "On my honour, my Gentleman, I have a great desire to see the King of France his army and mine encounter one another, in order that it may

be ascertained in battle to whom this territory of right belongeth; there seems to me no other way of settling the affair."

"By my oath, my Lord," said the good Knight, "I would it were to-morrow, provided that I was out of prison." "Truly, it shall not stick there," replied the Lord Ludovic, "for I set you free immediately; and moreover, ask what you will of me, and it shall be granted." The good Knight thanked the Lord Ludovic on his knees for the offers he had made him, as was due, and said: "My Lord, I ask nothing of you; except that if you will extend your courtesy so far as to cause my horse, and my arms, which I have brought hither, to be restored to me, and will send me to my garrison, which is twenty miles hence, you will do me a very great favour, and one for which I shall feel myself obliged to you all my life: and, as far as is compatible with the service of the King my master, and my own honour, I shall be very willing to make acknowledgment in any thing that you may be pleased to command." "In good faith," said the Lord Ludovic, "your request shall be complied with directly." So he said to Messer Giovanni Bernardino: "Captain, let them instantly find him his horse, arms, and all his accoutre-

ments." "My Lord," said the Captain, "it is easy to find them; they are all at my house." Upon that he sent two or three servants thither immediately, to fetch his horse, and his arms, and the Lord Ludovic made him arm in his presence. When he was equipped he mounted his horse, without putting foot into the stirrup. Then he asked for a lance, which was given him, and raising his visor, he said: "My Lord, I thank you for your courtesy: the Lord requite you!" He was in a handsome and spacious court; so he put spurs to his horse, which took four or five most spirited leaps; then he coursed him a little, and, in so doing, broke his lance against the ground into five or six pieces, at which the Lord Ludovic was not over delighted, and said aloud: "If all the French gendarms were like this one, I should be at a fearful pass." Nevertheless he gave him a trumpet to conduct him to his garrison: but he went not so far; for the French army was now only ten or twelve miles from Milan, fully informed of the capture of the good Knight, and of the daringness he had displayed; though his conduct savoured somewhat of his youth. When he arrived at the camp, his good master, the Lord of Ligny, went to meet him, and said, laughing:

"Ah! Picquet! who hath released you from prison, eh? Have you paid your ransom? In truth I purposed sending one of my trumpets to discharge it and bring you back." "My Lord," said the good Knight, "I thank you very humbly for your kind intention: the Lord Ludovic, of his great courtesy, hath set me free." So he related to them every particular of his being taken, and of his deliverance. All his companions came to see him, and welcomed him heartily. The Lord Jean Jacques asked whether he thought there were any hopes, from the look and discourse of the Lord Ludovic, that he would give battle; to which the good Knight replied: "My Lord, he let me not so far into his counsels; but, to all appearance, he is a man that may not be easily daunted: you will see what will happen in a few days. For my own part, I cannot complain of him, so well and honourably hath he behaved toward me. Most of his people are in Novara, and he hath resolved upon sending for them to Milan, or joining them there."

CHAPTER XVI.

How the Lord Ludovic retired into Novara, suspecting that the French would enter Milan by the Castle, and how he was taken.

When the Lord Ludovic knew that the army of the King of France was so near Milan, and considered that the Castle was not in his hands, he doubted that he should be surprized within the town; so he stole away by night with the forces that he had in Milan, except a few which he left there with his brother, the Cardinal Ascanio, and went to see his army at Novara; whither, when the matter became known in the French camp, the King's Lieutenant, with the Lord of la Trimouille, who had arrived there a few days before, resolved to go and attack him. The Lord Ludovic had numerous forces, but of very different nations, as Burgundians, Germans, and Swiss, and on this account not very easy to govern. For, however it came to pass, in a few days this town of Novara surrendered into the hands of the

King of France his Lieutenants. And, because a report ran that the Lord Ludovic was not in the town, and that he had retired for a second time into Germany, it was ordained that the infantry should all pass under the pike; which they did: and amongst them was recognised this poor Lord Ludovic, who submitted to the Lord of Ligny, when he found there was no help for it. I cannot tell how it happened, but he had been terribly ill served. This took place on the Friday before Palm Sunday, in the year 1500. The rest of his army came off clear. I believe that they did receive some pay; for it was said that the Swiss, whom the Lord Ludovic had with him, mutinied for want of pay: but since, I have heard the contrary, and that they were corrupted by the Bailiff of Dijon, who had great credit with them. Moreover the number of Swiss in the French army was greater than of those within Novara, and they declined fighting against one another. I have seen that happen many times in France, and occasion much mischief.

However it came about, the Lord Ludovic remained a prisoner, and was conducted forthwith to Lyons, then to the Liz St. George, and, lastly, to the Castle of Loches, in which he ended his

days. It was a great pity, for he had been a famous Prince in his life, but fortune looked unkindly on him at the latter end of it. The Cardinal Ascanio, his brother, who had remained in Milan, when he heard of this mischance, sent his two nephews, children of the Lord Ludovic, for safety into Germany, to the King of the Romans. For his own particular, he fled, well and numerously accompanied, namely, by four or five hundred horse, to Bologna; but was taken prisoner on the road by a Venetian Captain, called Sonzino di Gonzagua; who afterwards delivered him into the hands of the French; but he gave not up his personal goods and baggage, which were estimated at two hundred thousand ducats. When they of the Dutchy of Milan, who had revolted on the return of Ludovic Sforza, knew that he had been taken, it was not long ere they turned round again to the French, as they were terribly afraid of being sacked and plundered. But they met with nothing but mildness and friendship from them; having to do with a good Prince and virtuous Captains.

CHAPTER XVII.

How the Lord of Ligny went to visit Voghiera, Tortona, and other places in the Dutchy of Milan, which the King had given him: and of a handsome action which the good Knight did.

THE reader must understand that, when the King of France made his first conquest of the Dutchy of Milan, he wished to recompense his good servants by giving them lands and Lordships in the same: in particular to the Count of Ligny he gave Tortona, Voghiera, and some other places; the inhabitants whereof revolted on the return of the Lord Ludovic, which greatly troubled the Lord of Ligny. So he resolved to go and visit them, taking along with him his Lieutenant, the worthy Captain Louys d'Ars, the good Knight without fear and without reproach, who at that time bore his standard, and many other Gentlemen. He came to Alessandria, and gave out that he should deliver up Tortona and Voghiera to be pillaged; though he was of too good a disposition to intend any such thing. When his subjects

heard of his coming, and of the report which went about of their destruction, they were quite thunderstruck, and not without reason. They held counsel together that they would send a deputation to their Lord, in the humblest guise possible, to implore his clemency; which they did; and twenty of the most considerable inhabitants went two miles from Voghiera to make their excuses to him. But though they were brought before the Lord of Ligny, and he knew them well enough, yet he made as if he saw them not, and passed on through the town to the lodging that had been taken for him.

The poor people who had gone to meet him were much confounded at so uncomfortable a reception. They retired into their town as quietly as possible, and sought means of speaking with the Captain Louys d'Ars, that he might appoint a time for them to appear before their Lord: which he promised to effect if possible; for there never lived a better natured man. Accordingly he assigned them the next day. Meanwhile he went to expostulate with the Lord of Ligny, begging that he would be graciously pleased to give them a hearing: which was granted to his request: and on the morrow, after dinner, fifty of the most

considerable townsmen came to his lodging, and threw themselves on their knees before him, bare-headed, crying out "*Mercy.*" Then one among them, a very eloquent man, began to utter these, or similar words, in the Italian tongue; "My Lord, your very humble and very obedient subjects and servants of this poor town of yours, recommend themselves with their whole heart, and with all possible humility, to your good favour: beseeching you, of your nobless, to pardon the crime they have been guilty of, as well toward their Sovereign, the King of France, as toward yourself, in having revolted. And consider, in your own bosom, that this is no town to hold out against an armed force; and that, however they may have acted, their hearts remained unchanged, and were still completely French. And if, through their poorness of spirit, they have committed a heavy offence, of your great goodness let your wrath be assuaged, as they assure you, my Lord, they will never transgress in like manner again; and should they, abandoned by God, be led at any time to return to their former error, they put their wives, their children, and all they possess, at your disposal; and to demonstrate how desirous they are of remaining as I say in regard to you, they offer

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you, in all humility, a little present, proportionable to their means, consisting of three hundred marks of silver plate, which you will be pleased to accept, as a token that your anger against them is allayed."

Then he held his peace, and caused basins, cups, goblets, and other silver vessels to be produced upon two tables, which the Lord of Ligny deigned not even to look at: but replied scornfully, like an incensed man: "How dare ye come into my presence, wicked, base, infamous wretches, who have revolted like cowards, without cause or reason? What confidence henceforward can I ever place in you? Had your town been laid siege to, cannonaded, and assaulted, it would have been a different affair: but the enemies never even shewed you their faces: which clearly proves that you acquiesced in the usurpation of this Dutchy of your own free will and inclination. Ought I not, if I did my duty, to have you hung and strangled, like disloyal traitors, on the cross-work before your own windows? Go fly from before me! Let me never see you more!" All the while he was speaking these words the poor citizens remained on their knees.

Then the valorous and discreet Captain Louys

d'Ars took off his cap, and said with one knee on the ground: "My Lord, for the honour of God and his Passion, do me the favour of foregoing, at my request, your displeasure towards them: for I have promised them as much, and they would never more put any trust in me, if you denied me. I hope, my Lord, that you will find them good and true subjects all your lifetime." The poor people, without waiting for his answer, all began with one voice to cry; "My Lord, it shall be as the Captain says, if it please your Lordship." The good Count, hearing their clamour, was moved to pity, and almost weeping, made them rise, and said two things to them, the one friendly, the other severe, to shew that they had grievously offended. "In the first place, Go," said he, "for the sake of Captain Louys d'Ars, who hath rendered me so many services that I would not refuse him a much greater matter. I pardon you, and never repeat the offence. But, as for your present, you don't deserve that I should condescend to take it." Then looking around him, he cast his eyes upon the good Knight, to whom he said: "Picquet, take all this plate, I give it you for your kitchen;" to which he instantly replied, "My Lord, I humbly thank you for the

favour you do me: but God forbid that goods which come from such wicked people should enter my house! They would bring me ill luck." So he took all the plate, piece by piece, and made a present of some part of it to every one there present, without retaining the value of a penny for himself; which astonished all the company: for at that time he knew not how to come by ten crowns.

When he had disposed of the whole he left the room, as did the inhabitants. Thereupon the Lord of Ligny thus bespoke them that remained: "What say you, my Lords? Have you seen the spirit of Picquet, and his liberality? Hath not God done him great wrong in not making him the Monarch of some puissant Realm? He would then have won the whole world by his courtesy. Believe me, he will come to be one of the perfectest characters upon earth." In brief all the company greatly applauded the good Knight. When the Lord of Ligny had thought a little space, and recollected that nothing remained to Bayard of the present he had made him, he sent him, as soon as he got up next day, a beautiful dress of crimson velvet lined with embroidered satin, a very excellent steed, and three

hundred crowns in a purse; which lasted him not long; for his comrades all shared it. In a few days the Lord of Ligny returned to Milan, whither the Cardinal d'Amboise, Lieutenant-General for the King, was arrived. And thence he proceeded to France.

CHAPTER XVIII.

How the King of France sent a great army to Naples, where he made the Lord of Aubigny his Lieutenant-General.

THE reader hath already been told how, after the death of the Lord of Montpensier, the Neapolitans revolted, and all the French returned into their own country: which caused King Charles the Eighth great vexation, and would have been avenged by him had he lived: but death anticipated him. As soon as ever King Lewis the Twelfth came to the crown, he wished to bestow his whole attention upon the conquest of his Dutchy of Milan, on which account the affairs of the said Kingdom remained a long time in suspense; and Ferdinand, son of Alphonso, being dead, his uncle Frederic now reigned there. I must observe one thing namely, that, when the late King Charles conquered the Kingdom, he married his cousin, the Lord of Ligny, to a great Lady of the country, called the Princess of Altamura, but she lived not long. For, when that

King returned into France, he took the Lord of Ligny with him; upon which, it was rumoured, the Lady died of grief.

By her death, and also by gift of King Charles, divers lands had remained to the Lord of Ligny in the said Kingdom, especially in Puglia, as Venosa, Canosa, Monervino, Biseglia, and many others. Therefore, when King Lewis grew desirous of sending to reconquer that State of his, the Lord of Ligny surely thought to have gone thither: but his journey was broken off twice, and the mortification he felt on this account, some said, brought him to his end. So the Lord of Aubigny, a very noble and valiant Captain, was sent to be Lieutenant-General there, attended with a numerous force both of horse and foot: among which was the Lord of Ligny's company, under the conduct of his good Lieutenant, Captain Louys d'Ars. Now the good Knight had no thought of remaining behind, therefore he asked leave to depart of his kind Lord, who granted it with much regret, having conceived a great affection for him; and they never saw each other again.

Thus marched this valiant Captain, the Lord of Aubigny, straight to Naples, where he made

such happy exertions, and Don Frederic found so little aid and friendship from his men, that he was forced to abandon the Kingdom. He entered into some agreement with the Lord of Aubigny, who sent him with his wife and children to France; where he was well received by the King, and had the Dutchy of Anjou with other lands delivered to him, (agreeably to the composition;) these same he enjoyed till his death. After that took place his wife was not very well treated, which appears to me to have been amiss; and, for the widow of a King, she was reduced to great necessity. The Realm of Naples being won by this Lord of Aubigny, he settled his garrisons there by companies. That of the Count of Ligny was placed in his own domains, the government of some of which Captain Louys d'Ars conferred on the good Knight, who discharged that duty very well. There was peace for some time between the King of Arragon, who pretended a right to those dominions, and the King of France who had left him some portion of them: and that peace was proclaimed at Lyons the same year, between France, Spain, and the King of the Romans, by means of the Duke of Austria, who had the eldest daughter of Spain to wife, and returning with her passed

through Lyons, and went to see his sister then Dutchess of Savoy. It was but a hollow peace; for at that very time the King of Arragon sent a great force, by secret understanding with Pope Alexander, to Gonsalvo Hernandez in the said Kingdom, who retook the city of Naples, and great part of it revolted. The Lord of Aubigny did what he could; but at last was obliged to retire into Puglia.

It is not my purpose to speak further of what took place in Naples during two or three years, nor of the battles of Cirignuola, of Troia, of the Garigliano, and many others; in some of which the French were successful, and in others the reverse; for these things are treated of at large elsewhere. Though I must observe that, in the last, either for want of discipline, or of good fighting, the French were completely driven out, in the year 1504, and never returned afterward. Whether such were the will of God is not for me to say; but without hesitation I can affirm that neither he who drove them out then, nor he who at present possesses the Realm, hath any right there, except that of force,—the point which all princes strive at last to come to. I intend to speak solely of the fortunes of the good Knight without fear

and without reproach, during the hot war which the French and Spaniards carried on against one another. And first I will tell you of an adventure which he was engaged in.

CHAPTER XIX.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach went out of his garrison at Monervino. How he met with Spaniards in the field, and what came of it.

As the good Knight was in a garrison, where the valiant Captain Louys d'Ars had placed him, called Monervino, with some of his comrades, tired of being pent up for such a length of time without seeing the country, he said to them one evening: "Gentlemen, methinks we stay idling here too long, instead of going to seek our enemies; from this two great evils may arise; one is, that, for want of exercising arms frequently, we shall all grow effeminate: the other, that our foes will take new courage, thinking that we dare not quit our strong hold for fear of them. Wherefore I am resolved to go to-morrow and make an excursion between this place and Andri, or Barletta; perhaps too we may meet with scouts from their army, which I shall greatly rejoice in; for we may have a skirmish together, and let them win the honour to whom God shall vouchsafe it."

To these words not one but answered agreeably to his wishes; so they who intended to be of the excursion looked to their horses, and put themselves in order to perform what they had undertaken. They rose very early, and went afield, about thirty young Gentlemen, all on horseback, and rode, very resolute, toward the enemies' garrisons, hoping to have some notable rencounter. That same day there had left the town of Andri, impelled by a similar motive, a Spanish Gentleman closely related to the great Captain Gonsalvo Hernandez, named Don Alonso de Sotomayor, a very noble Knight, and skilled in arms, having in his company forty or fifty Spaniards, all chosen warriors, and mounted on horses from their own country. Such was the luck of the two Captains, that, on descending from a little hill, they spied each other, at about the distance of a cannon shot: both were highly delighted, (which the most so I am unable to say,) especially when they perceived that their force was equal. Then the good Knight, when he had clearly made out the red crosses, began thus to address his people: "My friends, we are on the point of battle. I pray let every one take special care of his honour, and, if you see me not do my duty this day, look on me ever after

as a coward and a braggart." All answered, "Let us go, Captain, let us fall on our enemies first; we will not allow them the honour of commencing." Then they lowered their visors, and crying "*France! France!*" put their horses to a great gallop in order to charge their adversaries: who, with a fierce and sturdy countenance, riding at full speed, and crying "*Spain! St. Iago!*" received them gallantly at their spear points. In this first shock of the encounter both sides were borne down to the earth, and raised by their companions with great difficulty. The engagement lasted half an hour ere it could be discovered which party had the advantage; and, as each desired that the issue should be to his own glory, they set upon one another, as if they had been quite fresh, with a most perilous assault. But, as every one knows, in such affairs one side or the other must of necessity come off victorious: so it befel the good Knight, through his own strong endeavour, and the courage that he inspired into his people, that, in this last outset, he broke through the Spaniards. There remained dead on the field to the number of seven, and as many were taken prisoners; the rest took to flight, and among them the Captain Don

Alonso: but he was closely pursued by the good Knight, who often called out to him: "Turn, cavalier! great disgrace wilt thou incur if thou diest flying; better choose honourable death, than shameful flight." Then, like an enraged lion, he turned round upon the good Knight, and fiercely attacked him; and they gave each other fifty blows with the sword, never pausing for a single moment. Meantime the other Spaniards continued to fly, abandoning their Captain, who, though left alone, fought on gallantly; and, had all his men done like him, I cannot tell which side would have got the better. In short, after the two Captains had combated a long while, Don Alonso's horse grew tired, and would not go forward any more; which being perceived by the good Knight, he said: "Yield, man of arms, or thou diest!" "To whom," replied he, "must I surrender?" "To Captain Bayard," said the good Knight. Thereat Don Alonso, who had already heard speak of his valiant deeds, finding that he could not escape, as he was inclosed on all sides, yielded himself up, and gave the good Knight his sword, which was received with great joy. Then the band set out on their return to the garrison,

rejoicing in the good fortune which God had given them that day. For they lost not a single man; though five or six were wounded, and two horses killed; but they had prisoners to repay them. Arrived at the garrison, Bayard, who was an adopted son of Dame Courtesy, having learnt, on the way, to what family Don Alonso belonged, assigned to him one of the handsomest apartments in the Castle, and gave him a habit of his own, saying these words: "Señor Don Alonso, I am informed by the other prisoners within here that you belong to a good and great House, and, what is better, that you are, in your own person, highly renowned for prowess; wherefore I am resolved not to treat you as a captive; give me but your word that you will not quit this Castle without my leave, and you shall have no other prison. It is spacious; you may take your pleasure here among the rest of us, till you have settled about your ransom, and discharged it, in regard to which you will find me very lenient." "Captain," replied Don Alonso, "I thank you for your courtesy, assuring you on my honour that I will never depart hence without your permission." But he did not keep his promise over well, which brought

him ill luck in the end, as will be shewn hereafter. Howbeit one day, as they were talking together, Don Alonso agreed upon a thousand crowns for his ransom.

CHAPTER XX.

How Don Alonso de Sotomayor attempted to steal away by means of an Albanian who furnished him with a horse, but was retaken upon the road, and kept in stricter confinement.

A FORTNIGHT or three weeks Don Alonso remained with Captain Bayard, called the good Knight, and his companions, passing his time pleasantly, going and coming at the Castle, unreproved by any; seeing that he was on his word of honour, which no one imagined he would ever break. It fell out otherwise, though he had nothing to complain of, as he afterwards owned, but alleged in his defence, that, as none of his people came to him, he was going to seek his ransom of a thousand crowns himself, and send it to the good Knight. The matter happened thus: Don Alonso grew weary of his abode at the Castle, and, talking one day with an Albanian, who belonged to the garrison, he said: "Come hither, *Theode*, you may as well do me a good turn as not; if you will, I pledge my word you shall want

for nothing during my life. I am tired of being here, and still more of hearing no news of my people. If you will provide a horse for me, seeing that I am under no guard here, I will make my escape to-morrow morning. It is but fifteen or twenty miles hence to the garrison of my men; I can go that distance in four hours, and you shall accompany me. I will settle a handsome salary upon you, and give you fifty ducats." The Albanian, who was of a covetous temper, promised to comply, but said to him beforehand: "Sir, I have heard that you are upon your word of honour in this Castle; our Captain would quarrel with you for it." "I will not break faith," said Don Alonso; "he hath agreed to take a thousand crowns for my ransom; I will send him them; I am not bound to anything else." "Well then," said the Albanian, "to-morrow, at break of day, I will not fail to be on horseback, at the Castle gate; when it opens make a pretext of going out to pursue your diversions, and you will find your man." This was concerted between them, and executed next day. They did as they had proposed, and Don Alonso got on horseback, and rode away as fast as he could; the porter taking no heed to him; for, having been told that he was on his word of

honour, he used to let him come and go as he would. Not long after, the good Knight, ever vigilant, went into the lower court of the Castle, and inquired where his prisoner was, as he wont to play with him every morning; but no one could give him any information on this head. He was dismayed, and went to ask the porter if he had seen him: who replied that he had, about day-break, hard by the gate. The watchman sounded to discover him; but he was not to be found, nor the Albanian either. Greatly concerned was the good Knight at this.

He commanded one of his soldiers called *Le Basque*, saying: "Mount instantly, you and nine others, and ride full speed straight towards Andri, to see if you can find our prisoner, in which case let him be brought back alive or dead: and if you can lay hold on that wicked Albanian bring him back also; he shall be hung up on the battlements of this place, as a warning to any who may incline to play the same base trick in future."

Le Basque made no tarrying; but forthwith mounted a horse, and, galloping away without once looking to see who followed him, (though a good number did so,) shaped his course towards Andri; and about two miles from that place found

Don Alonso adjusting his horse's girths which were broken. Seeing himself pursued he thought to remount, but could not. So he was caught, made prisoner, and put on his horse again. The Albanian was not so mad as to let himself be taken, well knowing that his life would be in danger. Therefore he got away into Andri, and Don Alonso was brought back to Monervino, where, when the good Knight saw him, he said: "Ha! How comes this, Señor Don Alonso? After having promised me on your word of honour not to quit this place without my leave, have you done after this fashion?" Don Alonso replied, "I thought not to do you any wrong; you have set my ransom at a thousand crowns; within two days I would have sent you that sum, and what impelled me to go away was the trouble I was in at hearing no tidings of my own people."

His excuses would not pass current with the good Knight, who, still quite incensed, had him led to a tower, and there kept for a fortnight, without however putting him into irons, or doing him any injury; on the contrary, with regard to his eating and drinking, he was so well treated, that he had every reason to be satisfied. At the end of fifteen days a trumpeter came to desire a

safeconduct for one of his people, who wanted to bring the money of his ransom. It was granted, and the money brought two days after: by which means Don Alonso regained his liberty. He took leave of Bayard and of all the company civilly enough, and then returned to Andri. But, before his departure, he saw the good Knight give away the whole of his ransom money to his soldiers, without retaining a single penny for himself.

CHAPTER XXI.

How Don Alonso de Sotomayor unjustly complained of the treatment he had received at the hands of the good Knight, which occasioned a duel between them.

When Don Alonso arrived at Andri he met with a cordial reception from all his relations and friends: for, in very deed, there was no man in the whole Spanish army more highly considered than he, nor any that had a greater love for arms. They all consoled him in the best manner they could, contending that it should not disturb him to have been a prisoner; that it was the condition of war to lose one time and win another; and that it sufficed that God had restored him safe and sound to his friends. After much discourse he was questioned concerning the good Knight's manner of life, what kind of man he was, and how he had been treated by him during his imprisonment. To which Don Alonso replied: "I promise you on my honour, sirs, that, in regard to the person of the Lord Bayard, I believe there is

not a bolder Gentleman in the world, or a more active; for, when he goes not to war, he is constantly doing something in the town where he is stationed with his soldiers, always employed in wrestling, leaping, throwing the bar, or other becoming sports, which Gentlemen are wont to exercise themselves with. In liberality he hath no equal, and that I have witnessed in divers instances; specially, when he received the thousand crowns of my ransom, he distributed them among his soldiers in my presence, and kept not a ducat to himself. In short, sooth to say, if he live long he will attain to very great eminence. But, as for his treatment of myself, concerning which you question me, I cannot exceedingly commend that; whether it were by his orders or no I am unable to say, but his people have not treated me like a Gentleman, but, on the contrary, more rudely than they should, and it will stick with me as long as I live."

Some were amazed at these words, considering the good Knight's reputation for courtesy. Others said none ever found a prison exceeding delightsome. Others again blamed him. And this conversation proceeded so far, that a prisoner of the garrison of Monervino, on his return thither,

brought an ample account to the good Knight how Don Alonso complained outrageously of the ill treatment he said he had received from him, and threw out big words, of no honourable nature; whereat he was quite astounded, and, immediately calling all his people to him, he said to them: "Gentlemen, Don Alonso complains among the Spaniards that I have treated him infamously. You all know how the case was. It is my opinion that no prisoner could have been better treated than he was, before he sought to escape: neither since, albeit he were more closely confined, was aught done to him whereof he can reasonably complain. And, on my honour, if I thought he had suffered any wrong, I would make him amends. Wherefore tell me, I pray, if you have descried any thing which hath not come to my knowledge." Whereto they all replied: "Captain, had he been the greatest Prince in Spain, you could not have treated him better, and it is a sin and a shame for him to make any complaints on the subject." "Faith," said the good Knight, "though I have the quartan ague, I will write and tell him, that, if he asserts I have treated him ill, I will prove the contrary in combat between our two selves, on foot or on horseback, whichever he pleases." He

sent instantly for a clerk, and dictated a letter to this effect: "Señor Alonso, I am informed that, on your departure from my prison, you have complained of me, and published it among your country folk that I have not treated you like a Gentleman. You well know the contrary. But seeing that, if it were true, it would be a great discredit to me, I have thought fit to write this letter, whereby I entreat you that you will readjust your expressions in presence of those who heard them at the first, confessing, as is most fit, the good and honourable treatment you have received at my hands; by so doing, you will consult your own honour, and redress mine, which you have unjustly trampled upon. If you refuse to do this, I declare that I am resolved to make you retract your words, in mortal combat of your person with mine, on foot or on horseback as it likes you best. And so farewell. From Monervino, this tenth day of July." A trumpeter belonging to the valiant Lord of la Palisse, named *La Lune*, conveyed this letter to Don Alonso within the town of Andri; when he had read it, without asking advice of any one, he made reply by the same trumpeter, and wrote a letter couched in the following terms: "Lord of Bayard, I have seen your letter which

the bearer brought me, and, among other things therein contained, this, that I had let fall words, in presence of my countrymen, importing that you did not treat me like a Gentleman, while I was your prisoner, and that if I will not make recantation you are determined to fight with me. I declare to you that I never unsay any thing I have said, and that you are not the man to make me do so. Therefore, in regard of the combat you offer me atwixt us two, I accept it, between the present time and twelve or fifteen days hence, two miles from this town of Andri, or wherever else it shall seem good to yourself." *La Lune* brought this answer to the good Knight, who would not have exchanged it for ten thousand crowns, sick as he was. He sent back word immediately that he accepted the combat, and had no objection to the day named. The thing thus agreed upon and adjusted, the good Knight directly made it known to the Lord of la Palisse, who was a man of great experience in these matters. And for his guidon, after God, he took his old comrade Bellabre. Now drew nigh the day of the combat, which took place in the following manner.

CHAPTER XXII.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach fought Don Alonso de Sotomayor, and vanquished him.

When the day appointed for the duel arrived the Lord of la Palisse, accompanied by two hundred gendarms, (for so it had been settled between the two combatants,) conducted his champion to the field, mounted on a very good and handsome courser, and clothed all in white, as a token of humility. Don Alonso was not yet come; so *La Lune* went to hasten him, of whom he asked what estate the Lord Bayard was in. He replied that he was on horseback, accoutred as a gendarm. "How say you?" said he, "it is my privilege to choose the weapons, and his the field. Trumpet, go tell him that I will fight on foot." Now whatever show of bravery Señor Alonso might put on, he would have been right glad not to have proceeded so far; for he never imagined, seeing the good Knight's malady, that he would venture to combat on foot. But when he saw that things

must come to an issue, he chose that method of fighting for two reasons; one, that in the whole world was not to be found a more adroit Gentleman on horseback than the good Knight; the other, that the disorder he had upon him must have materially weakened him, whereby he was in great hopes of coming off conqueror. *La Lune* came to the good Knight, and said; "Captain, here are news for you; your adversary says that he will fight on foot, and that he hath a right to choose the weapons:" which was certainly true; nevertheless it had been settled before that the combat was to be on horseback, in armour of a cavalry soldier: and this looked as if Don Alonso wished to avoid the lists.

When the good Knight heard what the trumpeter had to say, he remained awhile in thought: for he had had his ague that very same day. Nevertheless, with the courage of a lion, he replied: "*La Lune*, my friend, go hasten him, and say this shall not stand in the way of his redressing my honour, with God's aid, to-day; and if the combat please him not on foot, I am ready to fight just in whatever way he chooses." So the good Knight immediately had the field prepared, which was done merely by putting great

stones side by side. He placed himself at one end of it, attended by many good, bold, and valiant Captains, as the Lords of la Palisse, of Orose, of Humbercourt, of Fontrailles, the Baron of Bearn, and divers others, who all besought our Lord to help their champion.

When *La Lune* returned to Don Alonso, and he found there was no alternative, but that, if he tendered his honour, the combat must take place, he came on very well attended, as by the Marquis of *Licite*, by Don Diego Quiñones, Lieutenant to the great Captain Gonsalvo, Don Pedro de Valdes, Don Francisco de *Altemese*, with many more, who accompanied him to the field. Arrived there he sent weapons to the good Knight for him to take his choice of, namely, a long rapier, and a poniard. Both being armed with neck-piece and steel cap, he did not waste much time in choosing; but was put within the field at one end by his companion Bellabre: him he had taken for his second, and the Lord of la Palisse for the keeper of the field on his side. Don Alonso came in at the other end, where he was stationed by his second, Don Diego de Quiñones; and the keeper of the field for him was Don Francisco de *Altemese*. When both had entered, the good Knight

threw himself on his knees, and breathed a prayer to God: then he stretched himself out at his full length, and kissed the earth. That done, he rose, made the sign of the cross, and walked straight toward his enemy, as securely as though he were in a palace, dancing amid Ladies. Don Alonso also appeared in no wise daunted, but, coming steadily up to his antagonist, addressed him in these words: "*Señor de Bayardo, que me quieres?*"* Whereto he replied in his own language: "*Je veulx deffendre mon honneur.*"† And without further speech they approach, and rush on each other both at once, with a marvellous thrust of the rapier, that of the good Knight grazing upon Don Alonso's face. Brisk and vigorous were they both, to a certainty, and not a single thrust went for nothing. Never met on the field two champions that had more the semblance of brave men. They made many passes without hitting each other. The good Knight, who instantly perceived his adversary's intent, and covered his face the moment he had thrust, so that he could do him no injury, bethought him of a stratagem:

* "Lord of Bayard, what want you with me?"

† "I wish to defend my honour."

when Don Alonso raised his arm to make a pass, the good Knight also raised his, but merely held the rapier aloft in the air, without doing any thing more; and then with perfect confidence, when that of his adversary was put by, and himself uncovered, gave him such a furious blow in the throat, that, notwithstanding the goodness of his neck-piece, the rapier penetrated four inches therein, so that he could not draw it out again. Don Alonso, feeling himself wounded to death, dropped his rapier, seized upon the body of the good Knight, who likewise took hold of him in guise of one wrestling, and they pulled each other about till both fell upon the ground together. The good Knight, alert and swift, takes his poniard and puts it into the nostrils of his enemy, saying: "Yield, Don Alonso, or you die!" But he could make no answer, having just expired. Then said his second, Don Diego de Quiñones: "*Señor Bayardo, ja es muerto, vencido aveis.*"* Which all quickly perceived to be true; for he never stirred hand or foot again. Right sorry was the good Knight, who would have given an hundred

* "Lord of Bayard, he is dead already, you have conquered."

thousand crowns, had he possessed them, to have conquered him alive. Howbeit, sensible of God's grace vouchsafed to him, he knelt down, and returned Him humble thanks; then kissed the earth three times, and after that dragged his enemy off the field, saying to his second: "Señor Don Diego, have I done enough?" Who replied mournfully: "*Troppo, Señor Bayardo, por l'onór d'España.*"* "You know," said the good Knight, "that I have a right to do what I please with the body; however, I restore it to you; and, of a truth, I would it had fallen out otherwise, could that have been without detriment to my honour."

Briefly, the Spaniards carried off their champion amid piteous lamentations, and the French led away theirs, with sound of trumpets and clarions, to the garrison of the worthy Lord of la Palisse, where, before he did any thing else, the good Knight returned thanks to God in the church. Afterwards, they made the greatest rejoicings possible. The French Gentlemen could none of them be satisfied with applauding the good Knight: insomuch that, throughout

* "Too much, Lord Bayard, for the honour of Spain."

the Kingdom, not only among the French, but also among the Spaniards, he was esteemed one of the most accomplished Gentlemen that was any where to be found.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Of a combat which took place in the Kingdom of Naples, between thirteen Spaniards and as many Frenchmen, wherein the good Knight distinguished himself by deeds of surpassing valour.

It hath just been related how the good Knight overcame Don Alonso de Sotomayor, which sorely grieved the hearts of the Spaniards, and they were constantly seeking a way to revenge themselves. A few days after Don Alonso's death a truce of two months was agreed upon between them and the French, for what reason I know not: howbeit during this truce the Spaniards went to take their diversion near the enemies' garrisons, and sometimes, without the forts, fell in with Frenchmen come thither likewise for the sake of sport; on which occasions they often had words together: for the Spaniards were ever given to quarrelling. One day a band of thirteen Spanish Gentlemen, gendarms, all well mounted, went to amuse themselves near the garrison of the good Knight, whither the Lord of Orose, of the House of Urfé,

a very worthy Captain, was come to visit him. They two having sallied forth to take the air half a league from the town met and saluted the said Spaniards, who did the like to them. They entered into conversation on many subjects, and, among other speeches, a bold courageous Spaniard, named Diego de *Bisaigne*, who had belonged to the company of the late Don Alonso de Sotomayor, and had not yet forgotten his death, made the following: "Gentlemen of France, I know not whether this truce, begun a week since, displease you or no; but it annoys us terribly. If, while it continues, a band of you, ten, twenty, more or less, were willing to fight upon our masters' quarrel, I would undertake to find the same number to engage you on our side, and those who are beaten shall remain prisoners of the adverse party." Hereon the Lord of Orose and the good Knight looked at each other, and the latter said: "My Lord of Orose, what think you of these words?" "Nothing," said he, "but that the Gentleman speaks very discreetly. I know well what reply I would make, but I entreat you to answer according to your own opinion." "Since you wish it," said the good Knight, "I will tell him what I think of the matter. Sir, my companion

and I apprehend your meaning perfectly well. It appears that you are vastly desirous of a combat, equal numbers engaged against each other. You are here thirteen horse. If you will repair, eight days hence, two miles from this place, mounted and armed, my companion and I will bring thirteen to meet you, and he who hath a brave heart, let him show it." Then all the Spaniards replied in their own tongue, "We are willing." They went their way, and the Lord of Orose with the good Knight returned to Monervino. They assembled their companions, and, on the appointed day, sought the place agreed on with the Spaniards, who repaired thither likewise. There were many others of both nations, who came to look on. They limited their ground, with a stipulation that whosoever passed beyond the boundary was to remain a prisoner, and not fight any more that day. Likewise he that should be unhorsed was to combat no longer. And, in case one party were not able to conquer the other by night-fall, though but one of their adversaries remained on horseback, the combat was to be at an end, and that one should be allowed to carry off all his companions free and clear, who were to leave the field in equal honour with their antagonists. To come

to the point, the French ranged themselves on one side, and the Spaniards on the other. All couched their lances, and spurred their steeds. But the Spaniards endeavoured rather to kill horses than men, which they did to the number of eleven, and only the Lord of Orose and the good Knight remained on horseback. But this cunning availed not the Spaniards; for by that time their horses would not move another step, spur them as they might. The Lord of Orose and the good Knight made frequent and sharp assaults upon them, and, when the whole troop would have charged them, they retired behind the dead horses of their companions, which served them for a rampart. To conclude, the Spaniards were well beaten; and, although they were thirteen horse against two, could not win the field, so that night arrived before they had gained any thing. Wherefore each party was at liberty to go forth, according as they had agreed together: and the honour of the day remained to the French; two of them having battled during four hours against thirteen without being overcome. The good Knight, above all, conducted himself with surpassing gallantry, insomuch that his glory and renown received great augmentation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

How the good Knight took a treasurer and his man, who were carrying fifteen thousand ducats to the great Captain Gonsalvo Hernandez, and what he did with them.

About a month after this combat, when the period of the truce was expired, the good Knight received intimation from his spies, that a treasurer at Naples, who supplied money, was about to carry some to Gonsalvo of Cordova, and that he could scarce avoid passing within three or four miles of his garrison. He never lay down to sleep, after he had heard it, without appointing strict watch to be kept, until his people came and told him that the aforesaid treasurer was arrived in a place held by the Spaniards, which was only fifteen miles from Monervino, and that in the morning he purposed retiring to the great Captain, accompanied by some *genetaires** for his security. The good Knight, who had a great desire to get this money into his hands, not for himself, but to distribute among his soldiers, rose two hours

* Cavalry armed in a particular manner.

before day-break, and placed himself in ambush between two little hills, accompanied by no more than twenty horse. In another direction he sent his companion Tardieu, with five-and-twenty Albanians, in order that, if he escaped by one side, he might not be able to do so by the other. The matter happened on this wise. At about seven in the morning the good Knight's scouts heard a noise of horses, and informed him of the circumstance. He was so well concealed between two rocks that it was easy to pass by without perceiving him, as did the Spaniards, with the treasurer and his man in the midst of them, carrying the money in a great pouch behind their horses. When they had got just beyond the spot, the good Knight and his people set upon them, without further delay, crying "*France! France! kill! kill!*" When the Spaniards found themselves thus attacked and taken in disorder, supposing the number of people to be much greater than it really was, they began to fly in the direction of Barletta. They were pursued a little way, but not far, the object of the enterprise being the poor treasurer, who was taken with his man, and conducted to Monervino; where their bags were produced, and goodly ducats found therein. Bayard would have

counted them, but the treasurer said to him in his own Spanish tongue: "*Non contaeis, Señor, sono quinze mil ducados*"*: a booty with which he was highly delighted. In the meanwhile Tardieu arrives, and, when he sees this fine sight of money, is very ill pleased that he hath not taken the prize. However says he to the good Knight: "Comrade, I go shares with you, for I have been of the *undertaking*." "True," rejoined the good Knight with a smile; "but you have not been of the *taking*:" then, in order to make him lower his tone, he added, "and even supposing you had, you are under my command; I will give you what I please." Thereat the said Tardieu grew very angry, and, swearing by the name of God, vowed he would have justice done him. So he went and complained to the King of France his Lieutenant General, who sent for the good Knight, and was waited on by him forthwith. Bayard being arrived, each told his own story: after which the Lieutenant General took the opinions of all the Captains, and in the end declared that, from all he could gather, Tardieu had no right to any of the booty. He was greatly mortified at this, but, being

* Don't count, Sir, there are fifteen thousand ducats.

a light-hearted and a very facetious man, he cried: "By the blood of St. George, I am vastly unlucky." Then he addressed the good Knight, saying: "By God, it is all one, for you will have to maintain me as long as we tarry in this land." The other began to laugh, and this did not hinder their returning together to Monervino, where, when they were arrived, the good Knight caused the ducats to be brought out and displayed on the table before Tardieu, in order to humble him, saying: "Companion, what do you think, are not these pretty things?" "Yes," replied he, "but I have no part in them. Had I but the half of that sum I should never want for any thing, and be a rich man all my life." "How, comrade," said the good Knight, "would you come short of nothing but the certainty of your own life in this world? Truly, what you have proved unable to wrest from me by force I give you with right good will, and you shall have a full half of the money." So he had seven thousand five hundred ducats immediately counted, and delivered them to him. Tardieu, who thought at first this was but a jest, when he saw himself in possession of the money, fell upon both knees, with tears of joy in his eyes, and said: "Alas! my master and my friend,

what return can I ever make for the benefit you confer on me?" "Hold your peace, companion," said the good Knight: if I had it in my power I would do much better for you." In fact Tardieu by means of this money was a wealthy man all his days; for on his return from Naples to France he was enabled, through it, to marry an heiress, daughter of a Lord of St. Martin, who had three thousand pounds a year. I must now relate what became of the other seven thousand five hundred ducats. The fearless and irreproachable Knight, with heart as pure as a pearl, called all his garrison together, and shared them out to each according to his quality, without keeping a single penny for himself. Then he said to the treasurer, "My friend, I know well enough that, if I chose, I might have a good ransom for you: but I am content with what I have got. When you and your man wish to depart I will have you guided safely into whichsoever of your countrymen's towns you prefer; and nothing more shall be taken from you, neither shall you be searched." For he still had about him, in rings and money, to the value of five hundred ducats or more. The poor treasurer therefore heard this with great satisfaction, and was, by a trumpeter of the good

Knight's, to whom he gave three crowns, conducted with his man as far as Barletta; very fortunate, considering the accident he had met with, in having fallen into such good hands.

CHAPTER XXV.

How the good Knight defended a bridge on the river Garigliano by himself, for some time, against two hundred Spaniards.

THE reader may have seen in other histories, how, toward the end of the war carried on between the French and Spaniards in the Kingdom of Naples, the army of the former kept their station a long time beside the river Garigliano, and that of the latter on the opposite bank. It must be understood, that, if there were good and valiant Captains among the French, such were likewise to be found on the side of the Spaniards; amid others, the great Captain Gonsalvo of Cordoba, a wise and vigilant man, with another named Pedro de Paes, who was not three feet high, but as brave a creature as you could any where find. He was so little and so hunch-backed that when he rode you could see nothing but his head above the saddle. One day the said Pedro de Paes took it into his head that he would give an alarm

to the French, and, with an hundred or an hundred and twenty horse, he set about crossing the Garigliano in a certain place, where he was acquainted with the ford, and had placed behind each horse a footsoldier furnished with an arquebuse. He gave this alarm in order that the army might run thither, abandoning the bridge, while the Spanish force was arriving; and this he carried into effect. He executed his enterprise very well, and raised a sudden and violent alarm in the camp of the French, whither they all retired, thinking the Spaniards were about to make no further effort; but they were deceived.

The good Knight, always anxious to be near the scene of action, had stationed himself hard by the bridge, with a bold Gentleman, one Pierre de Tardes, surnamed *Le Basque*, Equerry to King Lewis XII. These two began to arm when they heard the noise, (whether or no they were soon equipped and mounted need is not to inquire,) intent on flying to the spot where the fray was taking place. But when the good Knight looks on the other side of the river, he spies about two hundred Spanish horse, coming straight toward the bridge to get possession of it; which they would have done without finding much resistance, and thereby

caused the total destruction of the French army. So he said to his companion: "Master Equerry, my friend, go quickly and seek some of our men to guard this bridge, or we are all ruined; I will endeavour to hold the enemy in play till you come back: but make haste." He obeyed; and the good Knight, grasping his spear, goes to the end of the bridge, which the Spaniards on the other side were already preparing to pass; but he put his lance in the rest, and, like a furious lion, charged the troop, who were now in the very act of crossing. So that three or four were staggered; whereof two fell into the water, and never rose more, the stream being large and deep. That done, much work was cut out for him, he being so fiercely assaulted, that without exceeding good horsemanship he could not have resisted. But, like a chafed tiger, he threw himself against the rail of the bridge, that the enemy might not get behind him, and defended himself so well with the sword, that the Spaniards were confounded, and thought he must be a fiend, not a man. In short, he held out so well and so long, that he gave not up till the Equerry *Le Basque* brought him a considerable reinforcement, namely one hundred gendarms; who, on their arrival, forced the

Spaniards to abandon the bridge entirely, and pursued them a mile beyond. They would have done more, when they perceived a great troop, consisting of seven or eight hundred horse, coming to succour their foes; whereon the good Knight said to his companions: "Gentlemen, we have done enough to-day in having saved our bridge; let us retire, keeping as close together as we can."

His advice was held good; so they began to retreat in a leisurely manner. Bayard was ever the last, and sustained all the charge, or most part of it, whereby in the long run he found himself hard pressed, on account of his horse, which was so weary that it could hardly support itself, he having fought upon it the whole day. Then the enemies made another great onset, falling all together, like a torrent, upon the French, in such sort that some of them were overthrown. The good Knight's horse was driven back upon a ditch, and there he was surrounded by twenty or thirty, who called out: "*Rende, rende, Señor.*"* He still fought on, and knew not what to say but: "Sirs, I must surrender, for I cannot withstand your whole might alone."

* "Surrender, surrender, Sir."

His companions were now a good way off, and continued to retire straight toward their bridge, believing the good Knight to be still in the midst of them. When they were at some distance, one among them, named the Chevalier Guiffray, a Gentleman of Dauphiny, and a neighbour of Bayard's, began saying: "Ah! Gentlemen, we have lost every thing! the good Captain Bayard is either dead or taken, for he is not with us. Shall we never learn aught more concerning him? This very day how well hath he conducted us, and how much honour hath he caused us to acquire! I vow to God, that though I go alone, I will return, and gain tidings of him, at the risk of being killed or taken." I cannot tell which of the troop was most afflicted, when they found what Guiffray said to be true. Every one got down to re-adjust his horse's girth, then remounted, and, with invincible courage, set off at a great gallop after the Spaniards, who were carrying away the flower and perfection of all gentility, purely through the fault of his horse; had the animal been able to endure as much as himself, he would never have been taken. It must be understood, that, whilst the Spaniards were retiring, carrying off with them the good Knight, they scorned, by

reason of their numbers, to strip him of his arms, or take away the sword suspended from his side; though they dispossessed him of a battle-axe which he held in his hand. As they proceeded they asked him continually who he was; but, well knowing that, if he told his real name, he should never escape alive out of their hands, (because the Spaniards dreaded him more than any other individual of the French nation,) he substituted another, telling them, however, that he was a Gentleman. Meantime, the French, his companions, arrive, shouting, "France! France! turn, Spaniards, turn! you shall not thus carry off the flower of Knighthood;" at which cry, the Spaniards, though numerous, were quite astounded. Nevertheless, they received this heavy shock of the French with a good face, but, for all that, several even of the best mounted among them were thrown upon the ground. Which being seen of the good Knight, who was still completely armed, and wanted nothing but a horse, his own being quite spent, he set foot upon the ground, and, without putting it into the stirrup, mounted a gallant courser, from which the Equerry *Le Basque* had tumbled down Salvador de Borgia, Lieutenant of the company of the Marquis *de la*

Padule, a gallant Gentleman. Seated thereon, he began to perform most surprising feats, crying: "France! France! Bayard! Bayard! whom you have let go." The Spaniards, when they heard that name, and became sensible of their inadvertence in leaving him his arms, after they had taken him, without exacting from him any promise, (for, had he once pledged his word, he would never have gone from it,) lost all heart, and said among themselves: "Let us away to our camp; we shall perform no worthy achievement this day;" and they put their horses into a gallop. The French, seeing night approach, overjoyed at having recovered their very standard of honour, returned in high glee to their camp, where, for a full week, they never ceased talking of their fine adventure, in particular of the prowess of the good Knight.

This same year, King Lewis XII. sent a good number of men into the county of Roussillon, under the conduct of the Lord of Dunois, to reduce it to his authority. But they returned without performing any thing great or honourable. In this expedition died, on the side of the French, a noble Knight named the Lord de la Rochepot.

After that, with whom the blame lay I know not, the French tarried but a short space in the

Kingdom of Naples, returning to their own country, most of them in poor estate. As they passed by Rome, Pope Julius shewed them a multitude of civilities; for which, however, he made them pay dearly afterward. The valiant Captain Louys d'Ars, who still held some places in Puglia, and in his company the good Knight without fear and without reproach, remained about a year after the return of the French army in the said Kingdom, spite of the whole power of the Spaniards. During this time, they performed many bold sallies and smart skirmishes, whereof they generally carried away the honour. And they would have held these places still longer, had not King Lewis, their master, commanded that they should leave them and repair to him; which they did with regret in the year 1504. They met with a very honourable reception from every one, as they well deserved; especially from their good master the King of France, who, being discreet and wise, took the fortunes of war as it pleased God, his chief refuge, to send them.

I will quit these subjects for a little while, and relate what happened in France and the neighbouring countries during the space of two years.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Of divers events which took place in the course of two years, in France, Spain, and Italy.

After all these occurrences, some cessation from war ensued between the French and Spaniards, not very opportunely for the former, since their enemies had what they wanted, and they not.

In the year 1505 died Joan of France, Duchess of Berry, once the wife of Lewis XII., who, that same year, fell into so grievous a sickness at his town of Blois that his life was despaired of, and himself abandoned by his physicians, and by all human aid. But I believe that, at the entreaty of his people, and by reason of their prayers, (he being greatly beloved, because he had never tyrannised over them and oppressed them with taxes,) our Lord prolonged his days.

In the same year, at Plessis les Tours, died Frederic of Arragon, formerly King of Naples, the last descendant of Peter of Arragon, who, without right or reason, usurped that realm: and

they who have since held it, and hold it yet, do so by no other title.

In the year 1506 one of the most triumphant and glorious Ladies which the earth hath seen for these thousand years departed this life. I speak of Queen Isabella of Castile, who helped to conquer Granada from the Moors by force of arms. She took the children of the King who then occupied the throne prisoners, and caused them to be baptized. Her life was such that she richly deserves a crown of laurel after death, as I can assure the readers of the present history.

That same year died her son-in-law, who by her death became her heir, Philip of Spain, in his wife's right Archduke of Austria and Count of Flanders.

Pope Julius, by the aid of the King of France, through his Lieutenant General at the Dutchy of Milan, Charles d'Amboise, Lord of Chaumont, a brave and diligent man, conquered Bologna from Messer Giovanni di Bentivoglio; and, by way of recompense and payment, he granted a precious set of indulgences in France. I know not who gave this counsel, but the French were never after exceeding secure in Italy; for, besides that the Pope loved not the French in his heart,

he fortified himself on this side the Alps against the King's territories in Lombardy. I allude to what followed in the sequel: many at the time found their account in it; for some Captains who governed this Lord of Chaumont got presents of money by it, and some ecclesiastics benefices. In short, it is a base humour that gratifies avarice at the expense of honour, and one that hath ever prevailed more in France than any where else. Though it be the most excellent country in Europe, yet all good lands bear not good fruit, however that come to pass. I agree with him who writ the Romaunt of the Rose, Jean de Meun, that good gifts exalt the donors, but degrade the receivers.

The King of Arragon, a widower by the death of Queen Isabella, took to wife, that same year, Germaine de Foix, the King of France his niece, who was conducted in great triumph to Spain. There came to fetch her the Count of Cifuentes, and a Dominican Bishop. A precious requital hath she made the French for the honours they paid her, from the time she set foot in Spain; all who have been since acquainted with her declare they never met with one less friendly to our nation.

CHAPTER XXVII.

How the Genoese revolted, and how the King of France passed the mountains, and reduced them to obedience.

I DO not mean to deny that every true Christian should be subject and obedient to the church, but at the same time I must be allowed to say that all her ministers are not good men: whereof I might allege ample proof in the conduct of Pope Julius, who, as a recompense for the good offices done him by King Lewis in putting him, by what title I know not, in possession of Bologna, invited the Genoese, in order to drive the French out of Italy, with subtle and sinister devices, to revolt, and conspire against the nobles, all of whom they forced to abandon the town. They chose for their leader, out of their own body, a mechanic, by trade a dyer, named Pagolo di Nove.

A Genoese Gentleman, named Gian Luigi dal Fiesco, who was strongly attached to the French, the Governor of the little Castle, and many others, sent information of their proceedings to the King

of France; and as this wise prince, who had much experience in such affairs, perceived that, if not speedily put a stop to, they might breed great disorders, he resolved to pass the mountains, with a vast and mighty force. This he put into effect with all diligence; which the affair demanded. The good Knight was then at Lyons, sick of his quartan ague, which held him for seven years or more. He had met with a sad accident in one arm from a blow of a pike which he had formerly received, and which had been so ill looked after, that it produced an ulcer, not yet completely healed.

On his return from the Kingdom of Naples the King his master had detained him as one of his equerries, till there should be some company of gendarms vacant to provide him with. He thought in his own mind, that, although he were not cured, it would be accounted great baseness in him to do other than follow his Prince; and, regarding no inconvenience, he resolved to march with him. In two or three days he arranged all his matters, and set about crossing the mountains like the rest. The army travelled with such speed that they soon reached the city of Genoa, the inhabitants whereof were much dismayed; for they had hoped in a

few days to receive great succours from the Pope, and from Romagna, particularly seven or eight thousand of them called *Bresignels*, who are the best footsoldiers in Italy, and very bold in war. Nevertheless they did their utmost, and, at the top of the mountain, by which the French had to pass, they constructed a wonderful strong little fortress, furnished with good soldiers, and with artillery, which struck consternation into the whole army: whereon the King assembled all the Captains that they might consult together what was to be done. There were many different opinions. Some said the army might thereby incur great danger, that there might be a considerable force at the top of the hill which they did not then see, but which might repulse them, if they went thither without sufficient strength, and cause them disgrace. Others said they were but a rabble, and would offer little resistance. The King looked at the good Knight, addressing him with, "Bayard, what think you of the matter?" "On my honour, Sire," replied he, "I know not what to say yet; I must go see what they are doing up there. And for my part, if it please you to give me leave, before an hour be over, unless I be killed or taken, you shall receive information

thereof." "I pray you do so," said the King; "for you understand these matters." The good Knight delayed not long, but, with divers of his friends and companions, as the Vicomte de Rhodez, the Captain Maugeron, the Lord of Beaudisner, the Bastard de Luppe, and many more, to the number of an hundred or an hundred and twenty, among whom were two noble Lords of the House of Foix, the Lords of Barbasan and of l'Esparre, sons of Viscount Lautrec, caused an alarm to be sounded. His comrades being all assembled, he was the very first to begin climbing the mountain. When they saw him on before many followed, and they toiled hard ere they attained the summit, where they took breath a little, then marched to the fortress, encountering great resistance by the road, and a sharp conflict ensued: however at last the Genoese turned their backs, and the French would have pursued them, but the good Knight called out: "No, Sirs, let us go straight to the little fort. It is possible there may still be men within it, who might inclose us. We must find this out." Every one approved of this advice, and all proceeded thither. The case was as he had told them, there being still two or three hundred men within, who at the

first set about defending themselves very sturdily: but at length they abandoned the fort, flying like lightning to the bottom of the mountain, in order to gain their town.

Thus the fort was taken, and after that the Genoese achieved no worthy action, but yielded themselves up to the King's mercy, who entered the city, and made the inhabitants defray the charges of his army. Moreover he had a strong Castle, named Codifa, constructed near the city at their expense. Their General was beheaded, with another called Giustiniano: so that they were sufficiently punished for one season.

A little while after, the Kings of France and Arragon, the latter on his return from Naples to Spain, met in the town of Savona: Germaine de Foix, Ferdinand's wife, was there, and conducted herself with strange audacity. She made small account of any of the French, even of her own brother, the noble Duke of Nemours, who will be mentioned hereafter in this history. The King of France entertained the great Captain Gonsalvo Hernandez very honourably; and the King of Arragon treated with high consideration Captain Louys d'Ars, and the good Knight without fear and without reproach, saying these words to King

Lewis: "My royal brother, happy is the Prince who maintains two such Knights." The Monarchs, after passing some days together, separated, one going into Spain, the other returning to his Dutchy of Milan.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

How the Emperor Maximilian made war on the Venetians, to whose aid the King of France sent Marshal Jean Jacques de Trivulce accompanied by a great force.

After the taking of Genoa, and the interview between the two Kings at Savona, Lewis repaired to his town of Milan, where the Lord Jean Jacques de Trivulce gave him one of the grandest feasts that ever was beheld in the house of a private Nobleman: for from all one can learn there were present at it more than five hundred guests, not including Ladies, of whom there were an hundred or an hundred and twenty, and it was impossible to be better entertained than they were with dishes of the first and of the second course, with farces, plays, and other pastimes.

Then the King returned to France, where, the year following, he was informed by the Venetians, his allies, that the Emperor Maximilian purposed coming to make war upon them in their own country. On this account, they sent an Ambassador of theirs, named Antonio Gondelmare, to implore

his aid; which he willingly granted, and commanded the Lord Jean Jacques de Trivulce to go thither with six hundred horse, and six thousand foot. He obeyed, and set out to join the Venetian forces, at a place called La Pietra, whither the Emperor's army was already arrived, and would have gone further, had it not been for the coming of Trivulce, which stopped his progress: and after that the Emperor's army did no great things. The Venetians, who are subtle and cautious, thought it better to enter into a composition, than to go on with the war. Therefore they cast about to effect this, and at last succeeded. I believe they produced some money, for that was the one thing in this world which the Emperor stood most in need of. Accordingly he made his army retire; the Lord Jean Jacques, who had not been in any way admitted to a share in this composition, remaining very ill satisfied. He told the Proveditore of the Republic that he should inform the King his master of it, who, in his opinion, would deem it a very strange thing, and be little pleased thereat. This matter continued a while in suspense; mean time Lewis the Twelfth of France, with his good consort the Queen, went to make his entry into Rouen, and

a very glorious one it was. If the Gentlemen of the town did their duty that day, the very children did no less. There were jousts and tournaments held for the space of eight days. However a league was proposed between the Pope, the Emperor, and the Kings of France and Spain; to conclude which, it was settled by them or their Ambassadors, that they should meet at the town of Cambray, on a certain day appointed by them; thither was sent, on the part of King Lewis, the Cardinal d'Amboise, Legate of France, his nephew, Grand Master of that realm, Lord of Chaumont, and head of the House of Amboise, with many more; and, on the part of the other Princes, Ambassadors with full powers. Whatever conclusion they came to, nothing is more certain than that their view was to ruin the Seigniory of Venice, which then flourished in great pomp, glory, and opulence, but with little knowledge of God, lightly regarding the other Princes of Christendom: whereat perchance our Lord was offended, as it appeared. For before these Plenipotentiaries removed from Cambray they made an alliance for their masters, agreeing to be friends of each other's friends, and enemies of each other's enemies. And then it was settled,

that after Easter, in the following year 1509, the King of France in person should pass over into Italy, and enter the Venetian territories forty days before any of the rest took the field. I know not with what view they assigned this term, unless it were to feel their way beforehand: and, peradventure, if the King of France had had the worst of it they would have fallen upon him instead of upon the Venetians. To say the truth, it is my belief they wanted to make the French try their fortune first, and to play the children's game, "*If it is good I take it, if it is bad I leave it.*" However this good King Lewis sped so well that he executed his enterprise to his own great honour, and the advantage of his allies, as shall be set forth presently.

CHAPTER XXIX.

How King Lewis the Twelfth of France made his army march into Italy against the Venetians, and of the victory which he gained over them.

At the end of the year 1508, about the month of March, the King sent his cavalry into the Dutchy of Milan, together with his French adventurers, who were fourteen or fifteen thousand in number. The command and conduct of them he intrusted to good and valiant Captains, to wit, the Lords of Molart, of Richemont, of la Crote, the Count of Roussillon, the Lord of Vendenesse, the Captain Odet, the Cadet of Duras, and many others, of whom each in his own district endeavoured to procure the most worthy associates. The good Knight without fear and without reproach was sent for at this time by the King, who said to him: "Bayard, you know that I am going to cross the Alps, for the sake of chastising the Venetians, who unjustly withhold from me the county of Cremona, Ghiaradadda, and other lands. In this enterprise, though for the present

I give you the company of Captain Chatelart, (who, I grieve to hear, is dead,) I wish you to have the charge of infantry: your Lieutenant, Captain Pierrepont, who is a very worthy person, shall lead your gendarms." "Sire," replied the good Knight, "I will do as you please. But what number of foot will you give me to conduct?" "A thousand," said the King; "no man hath more." "Sire," replied the good Knight, "they are too many for my abilities; I beseech you suffer me to have but five hundred. I swear to you on my honour, Sire, I will take care to choose such as shall do you service. Methinks even this is a heavy charge for one that would do his duty." "Very well," said the King. "Go quickly to Dauphiny, and be in my Dutchy of Milan by the end of March." Of all the Captains there was none who did not well furnish his band; and they so contrived that, by the end of March, or the beginning of April, they were all transported into Italy, and lodged by garrisons in the Dutchy of Milan.

The Venetians, against whom war had, by this time, been denounced by the Herald Montjoye, prepared to defend themselves, and, being acquainted with the forces of the King of France,

which were not very numerous, (for he had in all but thirty thousand men, whereof twenty thousand might be infantry, including six thousand Swiss, together with two thousand gendarms,) mustered a gallant army, consisting of above two thousand horse, and full thirty thousand foot. Their Commander in chief was the Count of Pitigliano, and the Captain General of their foot Bartolomeo d'Alviano, who, among his other men, had a fine band of those *Bresignels*, clad in his livery of red and white, all of good family, and bred up to arms. I will not make a long recital of the movements to and fro; but, to speak briefly, the King of France having crossed the Alps, and arrived in his town of Milan, learnt that the Venetians had retaken Trevì, a little town on the river Adda, which had been won from them a few days before by the Grand Master, Lord of Chaumont, and Captains Molart, la Crote, Richemont, and the good Knight, they having repaired thither the first with their men. To this town of Trevì the Venetians had set fire, on account of its having turned to the French, and had led away prisoners all the horse commanded by Captain Fontrailles. A like fate attended Captain de la Porte, the Lord of Estançon, and two other Captains of infantry,

the Chevalier Blanc, and Captain Ymbault. These tidings being received by the King he marched straight to Casciano, where he had two bridges of boats constructed immediately on the river Adda; by one the horse passed over, and by the other the foot; himself, armed at all points, keeping order the while. His whole force having crossed, on the morrow a little town called Rivolta was taken and sacked; and two days after both armies met in a village of the name of Agnadello, on quitting another called Pandino: and, although the Captains Pitigliano and D'Alviano had express orders from the Republic not to give the King battle, but only to gain time by defending towns and Castles, so as to harass the enemy and wear them out by long delay, D'Alviano, more bold than prudent, would risk an engagement; thinking within himself, like a presumptuous person, that, whether he lost or won, he could never obtain a greater honour than that of having fought a King of France. Desirous therefore to try his fortune, he proceeded straight to battle, wherein the assault was sharp and the tumult deadly. For, to say the truth, the forces of the Republic approved themselves very well at first. During this battle, the Lord Bartolomeo d'Alviano, going to recon-

noitre the rear of the French army, in the midst whereof came the good Knight, marching with extreme eagerness, and wading up to his middle through ditches of water, was by them attacked on one side, in such sort that he and his troop were greatly dismayed. After that they made not much further effort, but were broken and entirely defeated. The red and whites were left upon the field, and D'Alviano himself, after receiving wounds in many places, was taken prisoner by the Lord of Vendenesse, brother of the noble Lord of La Palisse, and in very truth a little lion.

The Count of Pitigliano, seeing his infantry defeated, would tempt his fate no longer, and soon retired with his troops. He was pursued, but not far, as the footsoldiers detained the French, who, after having done their part, retired, each to his flag, with little damage. Fourteen or fifteen thousand of their enemies remained upon the field. The Lord Bartolomeo was led prisoner to the lodging of the King, who, after dinner, caused a false alarm to be raised, in order to discover whether his men would be on the alert if an affair were really to happen. This Lord D'Alviano was asked what it could be: he replied in his own language: "I can only say that you have a mind to

fight one another; for as to our men, I can assure you, on my life, they will not visit you this fortnight." And jestingly, as one that well knew his nation, he spoke these words: "The said battle took place on the fourteenth day of May, in the year 1509."

CHAPTER XXX.

How King Lewis the Twelfth of France gained all the towns and strongholds of the Venetians, even to Peschierà.

THE King of France tarried a day or two on the field of battle. Meantime the Castle of Caravaggio stood a storm: but at the end of two hours it was carried, and, some country fellows being taken therein, the conquerors tried whether their necks were strong enough to carry away a battlement. This intimidated the other strongholds, in such sort that there was not a town or fortified place which would fight, except the Castle of Peschiera, and that, by holding out, incurred the worst consequences, few of them within escaping death or imprisonment. Among these was a Proveditore of the Seigniory with his son, who would have paid a noble ransom; but that availed them nothing, both being hung upon a tree, which was, in my opinion, a great piece of cruelty. A very brave Gentleman, called *Le Lorrain*, to whom their

word of honour had been pledged, pleaded warmly on their behalf with the Grand Master, the King's Lieutenant General; but was unable to obtain his suit. The King lodged in this same Castle of Peschiera, after having got into his possession all the towns and fortresses he claimed, as Cremona, Crema, Brescia, Bergamo, and an hundred other little places; every one of which he took in five or six days, except the Castle of Cremona; that held out for some time, but surrendered at last. This Prince did more even: for, by means of the battle he had gained, Ravenna, Forli, Imola, Faenza, and many other places which the Venetians held in Romagna, were ceded to Pope Julius; and to the King of Spain Brindici and Otranto, in his own Kingdom of Naples. The keys of Verona, Vicenza and Padua were presented to himself; these he put into the hands of the Emperor, who disputed his right thereto; but kept some of them not over well, whereby ill consequences ensued to him, as you shall see hereafter.

While these events were taking place, the Venetian army retreated, much dismayed, toward Trevisano, and Friuli, imagining that they should certainly be pursued; which they were not; a great misfortune for the Emperor, who, day after

day, was expected by the King of France in this little town of Peschiera; he having promised to enter a vessel, accompanied as he should judge fit, upon a lake which surrounds part of the said town, that they might confer together more fully on their affairs. Accordingly the Legate d'Amboise had been sent to him at Rovigo, but could nowise induce him to come. Wherefore, when he returned, bringing with him the Bishop of Goritz, the Emperor's Ambassador, sent for the purpose of excusing his master to the King of France in the best way he could, the said King journeyed back to Milan in the beginning of July. Meantime the town of Padua, into which the Emperor had sent only eight hundred Lansquenets to guard it, though it is six miles in circumference, was retaken by the Venetian forces. Messer Andrea Gritti, with another Captain named Lucio Malvezzo, gained entrance therein by a stratagem which I am going to relate. The Venetians had always kept up some understanding in the town. And it is proper to make one observation, that never were there in this world masters more beloved by their subjects than they have ever been, entirely on account of the equal justice they administer amongst them.

Now you must understand that, in the beginning of July, which is the time of the second hay harvest in Italy, one Tuesday morning, the said Captains, Andrea Gritti, and Lucio Malvezzo, came and placed themselves in ambush about a bow-shot from the town of Padua, (the environs of which are so full of trees that you could see to no great distance there,) with four hundred gendarms, and two thousand foot. Now into this same town much hay was gathered daily, and the carts are made so large in those quarters that in passing through a gate they make their way in a manner by force. On the day of the ambuscade, as soon as it was light, these carts began to enter the town: four having passed, after the fifth came six Venetian gendarms, and, behind each, seated on the same horse a foot-soldier furnished with a loaded arquebuse. With them they took a trumpet, to sound as soon as they had gained the gate, by way of summoning the ambushed body of their force to join them. The few Lansquenets within were keeping careful watch, and had left but two gates open, each of which had constantly at least thirty men to guard it.

There was a Gentleman in the town, called

Messer Geraldo *Magurin*, who had been apprized by the Seigniory of this undertaking, and charged to arm himself with all of the Venetian party, as soon as he perceived that the affair was begun. No sooner had the fifth cart entered, than the six gendarms who followed it began to cry, "*Marco! Marco!*" the footsoldiers leapt down, and discharged their guns, with such unerring aim that each killed his man. The poor Lansquenets, finding themselves surprised, were much affrighted; but they put themselves into a posture of defence, and sounded the alarm. That availed them little however, for as soon as ever the trumpeter's blast was heard, the great body approached, making a tremendous noise, and shouting "*Marco! Marco! Italia! Italia!*" In another quarter the aforesaid Gentleman, Geraldo *Magurin*, had done his endeavour in the town, whereby more than two thousand men issued from the houses armed with triple-forked spears and javelins: so that the Lansquenets knew not what to do, but to stand close, and rush all together into the market-place, where they offered battle. It was not long ere they were assailed in two or three places; but never did men defend them-

selves better; for they held out two hours before they were routed.

At length their enemies grew so numerous, that they could resist no longer; they were broken, scattered, and cut to pieces, not one of them obtaining mercy. It was a great pity!—but they sold their lives dear: for of them could not die more than their own number; but they slew past fifteen hundred, as well of the townsmen as of regular soldiers. However the city of Padua was taken, and the Count of Pitigliano, who arrived there soon after, made all haste to repair and fortify it, considering that it would do the Seigniory great service. When these news came to the ears of the Emperor, he was well nigh distraught, and swore to go thither in person and avenge himself: which he did. He wrote a letter to the King of France, who was still at Milan, requesting that he would lend him five hundred horse for three months, to enable him to chastise the Venetians. This was granted, and you shall hear what followed thereupon.

CHAPTER XXXI.

How the King of France sent the Lord of La Palisse to the Emperor's assistance, with five hundred gendarms, and many Captains, whereof the good Knight without fear and without reproach was one.

When the King of France heard that Padua had revolted, he was much troubled, and the more so because it happened through the fault of the Emperor, who had sent no more than eight hundred Lansquenets to guard such a town. However at his request he ordered the Lord of la Palisse to take five hundred of the bravest gendarms that were in Italy, and repair to the service of the Emperor, then about to enter the Paduan. That Lord, who liked nothing better than such commissions, war being his whole delight, set about making preparations. As he was quitting the Castle of Milan he found the good Knight, to whom he said: "My friend and comrade, shall we two join company?" Then he recounted the affair to him at full length. Bayard, delighted

to be a partaker in the enterprise, especially in the company of la Palisse, replied courteously; "that he might dispose of him at his pleasure."

At this expedition were also present the Baron of Bearn, who commanded part of the Duke of Nemours his company, the Baron of Conty, who led three hundred horse, the Lord Theode de Trivulce, the Lord Jules de St. Severin, the Lord of Humbercourt, Captain la Clayette, the Lord of la Crote, Lieutenant to the Marquis of Montferrat, and the good Knight. With the five hundred gendarms more than two hundred Gentlemen joined company: among others the Lord of Bucy's eldest son, cousin german to the Grand Master Chaumont, who gave him twenty of his horse; and two gallant Gentlemen, the one a native of Bretagne and a very famous Knight, named the Lord of Bonnet, the other the Lord of Mypont, of the Dutchy of Burgundy; both of whom the good Knight looked upon as brothers, and honoured exceedingly, on account of the great prowess which he knew to be in them. The gentle Lord of la Palisse, having arranged all his affairs, began to march with his companions in the direction of Peschiera. Meanwhile Lewis the Twelfth returned to his Kingdom, leaving his

Dutchy, and those places which he had conquered from his enemies, in a state of tranquillity. I must observe that, as soon as the Venetians had retaken Padua, they made an excursion to Vicenza which surrendered immediately; for it is not a town to hold out against force. They would have done the same with regard to Verona; but the good Lord of la Palisse, who had been apprized thereof, dislodged with his companions, two hours before daybreak, from a place called Villa Franca, and presented himself before the town; whereby the Venetians were alarmed, and retired toward Vicenza. But, had they gained Verona, the Lord of la Palisse his troops must have been obliged to return: for the town is strong, and a very impetuous river runs through it, so that by the mere efforts of cavalry it would not have been an easy matter to take it.

Great benefit reaped the Lord of la Palisse of his diligence, and of that of the good Knight, who always led the vancouriers. He had then but thirty gendarms under him, but of that number twenty-five deserved to be Captains over an hundred. This whole troop entered Verona, where the Bishop of Trent, who was there for the Emperor, received them with great joy;

for he had been in a terrible consternation. They only remained two days within the town, heartily welcomed by the inhabitants, and then proceeded to Vicenza: whence they whom the Seigniory had placed there, being informed thereof, decamped, some to Padua, others to Treviso. In Vicenza the Lord of la Palisse and his companions tarried five or six days, awaiting some tidings from the Emperor, who was now said to have taken the field. When they found that he did not approach, they left Vicenza, and repaired to a large village called Castelfranco, where they abode a fortnight. This was ten miles from Padua. Meanwhile the Lord of le Reux arrived at the French camp with some Burgundian gendarms, and about six thousand Lansquenets, conducted by a noble Lord of Germany, valiant and marvellously enterprising, as he hath evinced thoughout his life, and named the Prince of Anhalt. In the beginning of August the Emperor arrived at the foot of the hill below a Castle named Bassano, and all his equipage after him, which, though it had no very high mountain to cross, was eight whole days before it descended into the plain. The Emperor, when he met the Lord of la Palisse, and the French Captains, gave them a cordial greet-

ing. This first interview took place near a little town called Este, from which the Dukes of Ferrara take their surname. At that time one of the finest armies was assembled there which had been seen for a whole century.

CHAPTER XXXII.

How the Emperor Maximilian sat down before Padua, and what happened during the course of the siege.

THE Emperor made the French wait a long time for him, which they found very irksome, but when he did reach the plain it was after an imperial manner: and, had his forces done their duty, they would have sufficed to the conquest of a world. It is fitting that I give a description of his train of artillery, which was as follows: he had six hundred pieces of ordnance on wheels, the least whereof was a falcon, and six large brass bombards, which were not capable of being drawn on carriages, but were conveyed along, each on a strong cart, and laden with engines: when to be employed for the purpose of battery they were set down upon the ground, on which occasion the mouth of the piece was raised a little, and a thick log of wood placed underneath, while behind a huge target-fence was erected, for fear of its recoiling. These cannons were loaded with balls of

stone, for metal ones could not have been carried, and were only able to play four times a-day at the very utmost. The Emperor was accompanied by at least one hundred and twenty Dukes, Counts, Marquisses, and other Princes and Lords of Germany, about twelve thousand horse, and five or six hundred gendarms from Burgundy and Hainault. The German infantry could hardly be counted, but they were reckoned at more than fifty thousand. The Cardinal of Ferrara came to the Emperor's succour in lieu of his brother, and brought twelve pieces of artillery, five hundred horse, and three thousand foot. As many, or nearly so, brought the Cardinal of Mantua. In fine, including the French troops, the number of combatants on the field was calculated at one hundred thousand. A great want was experienced in regard to the artillery, there being means of conveyance for not more than one half of it; and, when the army marched, part were under the necessity of remaining to guard it, till the first division was unloaded in the camp, where they were to take up their quarters, and then the cart returned to fetch the rest; which was exceeding troublesome. The Emperor got up betimes, and made his army march forthwith, nor would

he pitch his tent till two or three hours past noon, which, at that time of year, was by no means refreshing to troops with their helmets on.

The first encampment that he made was near the Palace of the Queen of Cyprus, eight miles distant from Padua. There arrived a young French Gentleman, the Lord of Millaut, a bold enterprising Captain, and son of a wise and valiant Knight, the Lord of Alegre, with a thousand or twelve hundred French adventurers, all chosen men, and fit for skirmishing. In this camp it was determined to go and besiege Padua, a council being held, wherein there was a diversity of opinions; for the Emperor's Lieutenant General, a Greek, named the Lord Constantine, wanted to do every thing of his own head, which produced very ill consequences to his master in the end, as you shall hear. He lay under some suspicion of treachery, and the Lord of la Palisse wished to fight him thereupon, but could never bring him to the point. Let us now leave this matter, till it again become necessary to speak of it. A resolution was formed at the said council of laying siege to Padua, and that in the approaches the French gendarms should go foremost, together with the Prince of Anhalt, and his Lans-

quencts, the noblest band of all the Germans: but that first it was absolutely necessary to take a little town called Monselicé, where there was a very strong Castle, six or seven miles from Padua: because the garrison which the Seigniory had placed therein, might have terribly harassed the camp, and intercepted provisions coming to it.

Next morning the army departed, and went to take up their quarters half a mile from this little town, which held not out against them, for it was but of small strength. The Castle might have been defended for a long time, had the knaves within been good for any thing; but their hearts failed them immediately. The approaches being made, when the artillery had effected but a very slight and inconvenient breach, the alarm was sounded for the commencement of the assault. It was necessary to go up a good bow-shot, but Captain Millaut's French adventurers arrived on a sudden, and seemed as if they had not tasted food for a week, so light were they. The garrison made some resistance, but did not stand out long; for in a quarter of an hour they were overcome, and all cut to pieces. These adventurers gained a rich booty there, among other things seven or eight and twenty admirable horses. The town

and Castle were given into the hands of the Duke of Ferrara, who laid claim to them: but he paid thirty thousand ducats in exchange. Two days after the taking of Monselicé the army removed, making straight for Padua, to which siege was laid.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

How the Emperor Maximilian laid siege to Padua, and of the gallant approaches made by the French Gentlemen, together with a great instance of courage exhibited by the good Knight without fear and without reproach.

After the taking of the town and Castle of Monselicé, and the delivery of them into the hands of the Cardinal of Ferrara, who attended for his brother, a good garrison was placed therein by the said Cardinal. The Duke was making war on the Venetians in a different quarter. That same year he gave them a defeat on the Po, which cost them little less than the battle the King of France won from them. For, in the intent of laying waste a portion of territory adjoining the Ferrarese, called Polesino di Rovigo, the Venetians embarked fourteen or fifteen gallies on the river Po, with three or four thousand men therein, and sailed from Chiozza to Francolino. But the Duke of Ferrara had constructed two small fortresses, one near the tower of *Loiselin*, the

other at *Popos*, which are opposite to each other, had placed three or four thousand effective men within them, and launched four good gallies on the Po well armed and manned. He knew that the greater part of his enemies were disembarked, he sought and conquered them, not one escaping. Then with his gallies and other great boats he proceeded to fight their vessels, which were almost all stripped of their men. Two of them were destroyed, and six taken, with all the crews and artillery, which consisted of thirty good brass cannons, not to mention hand guns. It was a glorious victory, and won at little expense, except the death of Count Ludovico della Mirandola, who was killed by a cannon-ball. The Venetians sustained a great and grievous loss.

Let us now return to the camp of the Emperor. The army removed from Monselicé, and advanced in one journey till they were not more than a mile off Padua, which is a very large city, and difficult of approach. Within was the Count of Pitigliano, accompanied by one thousand gendarms, twelve thousand foot, and full two hundred pieces of artillery: and however closely they were besieged, the inhabitants could never be deprived of the use of a canal, which passes through the

town and goes to Venice, that city being only eighteen miles distant from Padua. When the army had thus approached the town, the Emperor assembled all his Captains, specially the French, whom he greatly honoured, to consult when the siege should be planted. Each delivered his opinion; but it was finally concluded on that the principal camp, which was to contain the Emperor in person, together with the French, should be pitched near the gate leading to Vicenza. At another gate higher up the Cardinal of Ferrara, the Burgundians and Hainaulters, with ten thousand Lansquenets, were to be stationed; at one below the Cardinal of Mantua, his brother the Lord Giovanni of Mantua, and the Prince of Anhalt's troop of Lansquenets, in order that each of these two bands might be succoured by the main camp, if it should be necessary. This arrangement was approved, and the army had nothing to do but to march.

The good Knight was ordered to the approaches, and had in his company the young Lord of Bucy, and Captains La Clayette and La Crote. Now in order to reach the gate looking toward Vicenza it was necessary to enter a large and perfectly straight road, where four great barriers had

been constructed, two hundred paces from one another, with combatants posted at each of them. On both sides of this way, as is known to those who have been in Italy, there were ditches, on which account they could only be attacked in front. On the city walls much artillery was planted, which the Venetians discharged as thick as hail upon the French, when they entered the great road. Notwithstanding that, the good Knight and his companions began to skirmish, advancing briskly to the first barricade, at which there ensued a vigorous contest, and much firing of guns; however, it was gained, and the enemies driven back to the second. If there was good fighting at the first barrier, at this there was still better. The young Lord of Bucy was shot in the arm, and his horse killed under him; nevertheless it was not possible to make him retire, and no man fought more bravely than he that day.

Captain Millaut arrived at this second barricade with an hundred or an hundred and twenty peasants, whom he had previously exercised, and who made great havock. I must observe that these approaches were carried on at mid-day, so that there was plenty of light to see who fought the best. The assault endured a good half hour at

this second barrier, at the end whereof it was carried: and so hotly were they pursued who guarded it, that they had no leisure to remain at the third, but were forced to abandon it without a struggle, and betake themselves to the fourth, which was defended by a thousand or twelve hundred men, and three or four falconets; these began to play along the great road, but did little execution, except killing two horses. This barricade was but a stone's throw from the city bulwark, which inspired the men of the Republic with great resolution to fight well: and they did accordingly, for the conflict lasted an hour in that place, being carried on with pikes and arquebuses.

When the good Knight found it continue for such a length of time, he said to his companions, "Gentlemen, these people detain us too long: let us get down upon our feet, and press forward to the barricade." So they dismounted immediately, to the number of thirty or forty gendarms, and, raising their visors, and couching their lances, drove straight on to the barricade. The gentle Prince of Anhalt was always by the side of the good Knight; with him also was the Lord of Millaut, attended by two others, one known by the name of great John of Picardy, and Captain Maulevrier,

who made much slaughter; but the Venetians were ever and anon relieved by fresh forces. The good Knight, perceiving that, exclaimed aloud: "Gentlemen, they will keep us here six years at this rate, for they have new succours sent them continually. Let us make a resolute attack upon them, and every one follow me." To this proposal all assented: whereon he cried: "Sound, trumpeter!" and, like a lion robbed of its whelps, advanced with his companions to make a fearful onset, so that he obliged the enemy to retire a pike's length from the barricade; then calling out: "On, comrades, they are ours!" he proceeded to leap the same, and after him thirty or forty more, who met with a sharp reception. However, when the French saw the jeopardy their companions had put themselves in, they all began to pass over to them, and, crying: "*France! France! Empire! Empire!*" made such an assault upon their enemies that they forced them to abandon the place, turn their backs, forsake every thing, and retire almost routed into the town.

Thus were the barricades before Padua won at mid-day, whereby the French, horse as well as foot, acquired great honour, above all the good Knight, to whom the glory was universally ascribed.

So the approaches were made, and the artillery was brought to the edge of the foss, where it remained for six weeks, till such time as the siege was raised, which happened in the manner that I shall relate hereafter.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Of the great and formidable battery which was carried on before Padua, and of the vast breach that was effected there.

THE works being made before Padua, and the artillery planted, each repaired to the quarters assigned him, in the three camps, according to the order that hath been described. The number of people was so great that the said camp extended on all sides over more than four miles of territory: and it was a remarkable circumstance, that, during the siege, which lasted about two months, the foragers never had to go farther than six miles in the country to procure plenty of hay, corn, oats, meat, poultry, wine, and other necessaries both for men and horses. So great abundance was there that, when the siege was raised, the army burnt one hundred thousand ducats' worth of victuals, which they had provided in the expectation that it would have continued longer. This is an incident;—let us return to the main subject.

On the day after the approaches, the cannoniers began to do their part; the storming lasted eight days, and was the most impetuous and terrible that had been witnessed for a century before; above twenty thousand shots of artillery being discharged from the three camps. If the Emperor and his people served the men of the town unsparingly with cannon-balls, you may be sure they received the like measure from them again; nay, the obligation was returned two-fold. In short the town was so well battered that all the three breaches were made into one. During this time a cannonier of the Emperor's was taken, it being discovered that, instead of firing into the town, he turned his battery on his own people. It was said that the Lord Constantine instigated him to it, and, what was worse, that he sent the Count of Pitigliano daily information of all he designed to do. I know not whether there were any truth in this or no, but, as for the cannonier, he was put upon a mortar, and shot piecemeal into the town. Many invectives were poured upon the Lord Constantine, but the fact could not be proved against him. The Lord of la Palisse called him a base villain, and declared he would fight him; but he replied nothing to the purpose, and referred the

matter directly to the Emperor, who was quite infatuated with him.

Now these three breaches, being combined, formed one of the extent of four or five hundred paces; which was an excellent passage to make the attack by; for as to the ditches they were of no great consequence. But the Count of Pitigliano had so well ordered the town within that, had five hundred thousand men appeared before it, they could not have entered against the will of the inhabitants: I will explain to you how this was brought about. Behind the breach the Count had caused a flat-bottomed ditch or trench, twenty feet deep, and almost as many in width, to be dug, plenty of fagots and old wood well sprinkled with gunpowder being laid therein; and at every hundred paces there was a bastion of earth furnished with artillery, which played along this trench. After the enemy should have passed that, were such a thing possible, the whole Venetian army assembled in the city, cavalry and infantry, were ready to join battle; for there was a fine esplanade, on which twenty thousand men, horse and foot, were capable of being disposed: and behind were platforms whereon twenty or thirty pieces of ordnance had been mounted, which they might

have fired over their own forces, without doing them any hurt, straight to the breach.

Of this terrible danger the French were advertised by certain prisoners, taken in skirmishes, and sent back on payment of their ransom, to whom the Count had revealed all these things, in order that they might represent them to the Lord of la Palisse, and to the French Captains. Moreover on dismissing them he spoke these words: "I hope my friends, with God's aid, that the King of France and the Seignory of Venice will some day return to their former state of amity; and, were it not for the French who are with the Emperor, believe me, in less than four and twenty hours, I would sally from this town, and oblige him disgracefully to raise the siege." I know not how he could have done that, seeing the numerousness of his adversaries. These discourses were repeated to the Captains of France; who gave no heed to them, they being employed by their master in the service of the Emperor, and bound to do what he ordered them. I have already described the notable breach that had been made in the town, and which was more than sufficient to admit one thousand men abreast; whereof the

Emperor was duly certified. He therefore resolved on making the assault, as you will presently hear. But first I shall speak of an enterprise executed by the good Knight and his companions.

CHAPTER XXXV.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach, during the siege of Padua, made a hostile irruption with his associates, wherein he acquired great honour.

At the time of the siege of Padua alarms often came to the Emperor's camp, as well on account of the sallies which the townsfolk made, as of their people which were in garrison at Treviso, a good and strong town, situated twenty or five and twenty miles from Padua. Therein, among other Captains, was Messer Lucio Malvezzo, an enterprising warrior if there was one upon earth. Twice or thrice a week did he rouse the Emperor's camp without aid of trumpet, and, if he saw that he could effect any thing, spared himself not among his enemies; on the other hand, if that was out of his power, he retired very discreetly, never losing a single man.

This course was pursued by him so long that he came to be prodigiously talked of. From such a method of proceeding the good Knight

received great annoyance: and, without making any noise about it, from spies to whom he was so liberal of money that they would sooner have died than deceived him, he gained much intelligence respecting the motions of the said Malvezzo; so that he determined to go and meet him in the open field. Accordingly, seeking two of his companions, who lodged in the same house with him, the one Captain La Clayette, and the other the Lord of La Crote, both gallant and victorious leaders, he thus addressed them: "Gentlemen, this Captain Malvezzo gives us much disturbance. Day hath scarcely dawned ere he comes and awakens us;—no one is spoken of but he;—I am not jealous of his great exploits, but grieved that he is not made to form a different notion of us. I have learnt much concerning his affairs. If you will come forth to battle you shall see somewhat; I hope that we shall meet with him tomorrow morning; for it is two days since he gave us the alarm." His comrades both replied, "We will go wherever you like." "Then let each of you," said Bayard, "arm thirty of the bravest gendarms he hath two hours after midnight. I will bring my own company, and the good fellows that are with me, Bonnet, Mypont,

Cossey, Brezon, and others, whom you know as well as I. Without blowing a trumpet, or making any noise, let us mount our horses: and depend upon me for providing an excellent guide." As he said so it was done. And, between the hours of two and three, in the month of September, they went to horse, putting their guide before them, whom they kept closely guarded by four archers, and gave to understand that he would receive good payment if he did his duty, but that, if he played false, his life must answer for it. Bayard had made this regulation, because spies are frequently arrant knaves, and cause the loss to fall on which side they please. The one in question however did his duty very well; and conducted them full ten miles into the country, till day began to appear. Then they went to view a great Palace, inclosed by a long wall; whereon the spy said to the good Knight: "Sir, should Captain Lucio Malvezzo come to-day out of Treviso, to visit your camp, he must of necessity pass this place. If you think fit to conceal yourself in that edifice, which is now deserted, by reason of the war, you may see him go by, and he will not be able to see you." The Captains all approved of the scheme, and posted themselves with-

in; where, after staying about two hours, they heard a great noise of horses.

The good Knight had made an old archer of his company, called Monart, a man of as much experience in war as any living, climb up into a dovecot, to discover who these might be that were about to pass by, and what their number. The same espied Messer Lucio Malvezzo coming along at a good distance, accompanied, as far as he could judge, by one hundred gendarms, with helmets on their heads, and full two hundred Albanians, conducted by a Captain of the name of Scanderbeg, all well mounted, and, to appearance, effective men. They passed by a stone's throw from the edifice where the French lay in ambush. When they had advanced beyond it Monart joyfully descended, and made his report. Well pleased were one and all; and the good Knight enjoined them to adjust their horses' girths. Now there was not a page or groom in the band: for so it had been ordained. He said to his companions, "Gentlemen, we have not met with so noble an adventure these ten years: if we are brave fellows they are twice as many as we; but that is nothing: let us go after them." "Let us go, let us go!" cried the rest.

Accordingly, having mounted their horses, they opened the gate, and set off at a quick trot after their enemies. They had not gone a mile when they spied them on a fine large road. Then the good Knight said, "Blow, trumpet, blow!" which he did incontinently. The Venetian Captains, who had never suspected that there were people behind them, thought it was some of their own men who chose to quicken their pace. Howbeit they halted, and long enough to discover that it was in very deed the enemy. They were somewhat dismayed to find themselves inclosed between the Emperor's camp, and those whom they beheld, so that they must either face them or do worse. Some comfort however they derived from the small number of their pursuers. Captain Lucio Malvezzo, with an undaunted mien, enjoined all his men to fight bravely; representing to them that they must of necessity either vanquish or be vanquished. On both sides of the road were great ditches. A gendarm, unless very well mounted, would not have ventured to leap across, for fear of falling into them. Fight they must therefore, let it be how it would.

So the trumpets on both sides began to sound, and they, from the distance of a bow-shot, or

thereabout, to rush upon each other, one party crying: "*Empire! Empire! France! France!*" the other: "*Marco! Marco!*"—verily it was a pleasure to hear them. In this first charge many men were borne down to the ground. Specially Bonnet made a push with his lance which pierced one of the adverse troop through and through. Every one did his best. The Albanians quitted the great road, and deserted their cavalry, in order to take the French behind; which the good Knight perceiving said to Captain La Crote: "Comrade, guard the rear, that we may not be surrounded. The day is our's." It was done accordingly, and when the Albanians thought to approach they were encountered, and soundly beaten; insomuch that a dozen remained upon the ground, and the rest betook themselves to flight. The gentle Captain La Crote pursued them not far, but returned to the main business in hand. However on his arrival he found the Venetians routed, and every one intent upon taking his prisoner. Messer Lucio Malvezzo, who was advantageously mounted, quitted the high road, together with twenty or thirty that were the best furnished in regard of horses, and made with all speed for Treviso. They were followed a little

way; but vainly, so well did their steeds serve them, in addition to the hearty endeavour of the riders. The pursuers therefore retired, and began to return with their prisoners, which were more in number than themselves. For there were as many as an hundred and sixty or an hundred and eighty taken, whom they deprived of their swords and maces, and placed in the midst of them.

Arrived at their camp they found the Emperor walking in the vicinage; who, spying the great dust, sent a French Gentleman of his household, named Louys du Peschin, to learn the occasion of it: the same quickly returned, and said: "Sire, it is the good Knight Bayard, and Captains La Clayette and La Crote, who have had the finest rencounter that hath taken place these hundred years. They have more prisoners than soldiers, and have gained two standards." The Emperor was highly delighted. He drew nigh to the French, and wished them a good evening, they saluting him in fashion suitable to so august a Prince. He commended each Captain in his turn prodigiously; then said to the good Knight: "Lord of Bayard, my brother, your master, is very fortunate in having a servant like you. I would give an hundred thousand florins a year for

à dozen such." The good Knight made answer: "Sire, you are pleased to say so, and for your commendations most humbly I thank you. Thus much I have in my power to promise, that, while my master is your ally, you shall nowhere find a better servant than myself."

The Emperor thanked him, and Bayard and his comrades took their leave and withdrew, each to his lodgings. Never was so great noise made before in any camp as this noble enterprise occasioned, whereof the good Knight carried away the chief honour; though, in all companies, he ascribed the merit of it entirely to his two companions; for a more sweet, and courteous Knight the whole world could not produce. I shall make an end of this discourse, and relate another excursion which the good Knight took, unaccompanied save by his own band.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Of another excursion made by the good Knight without fear and without reproach, wherein sixty Albanians and thirty cross-bow men were taken.

THREE or four days after the excursion which Captains La Crote and Clayette and the good Knight made together, this last was informed by one of his spies, that Captain Scanderbeg and his Albanians, with a troop of cross-bow men, headed by Captain Rinaldo Contareni, had retired into a Castle named Bassano, and that they every day fell upon those who were coming to the camp, and on the Lansquenets who were returning into Germany to secure the cattle they had got from the enemy: in such sort that in the last two or three days they had defeated several hundred men, and recovered above four or five hundred cows and oxen, which they had carried into this Castle of Bassano. And, if they were willing to encounter them some morning in a pass

at the foot of the mountain below the said Castle, they could not fail to meet with them.

The good Knight, who had always found this spy to be depended on, and had moreover enriched him with more than two hundred ducats, resolved to go thither, without saying a word to any body; for he was very certain, as he understood there were only two hundred light horse in all, that he might easily defy that number with his thirty gendarms, they being all chosen men. However he had eight or ten Gentlemen with him, who had accompanied him to the Emperor's camp of their own accord, and solely for the good will they bore him. These, with his own company, were not men to be defeated in a few hours. He told them of the enterprise he had in contemplation, to know if they chose to be partakers in it. They were delighted with the proposal, and desired nothing better. Wherefore, an hour before day-break, on a Saturday, in the month of September, they mounted their horses, and went fifteen miles without stopping, till they arrived at the pass whither the spy was conducting them, but so secretly that they were espied by no one. This was about the distance of a cannon-shot from the Castle. There they lay in wait, and had

not tarried long when they heard a trumpet in the said Castle sounding to horse; whereat they were greatly rejoiced.

The good Knight asked his spy what road he thought they would take. He replied: "Whithersoever they are bound, they must perforce go over a little wooden bridge, a mile hence, which two men only might keep against five hundred. But, when they have passed this bridge, you shall send a few of your people to guard it, and hinder them from returning to the Castle, and I will conduct you behind this mountain to a pass I know of, so that you shall not fail to meet with them in the plain, between this spot and the Palace of the Queen of Cyprus." "Well counselled," quoth the good Knight: "who will remain at the bridge?" The Lord of Bonnet said: "My companion Mypont and I will guard it if you please, and you shall leave some people with us." "I am willing," said he: "Little John de la Vergne, and such and such, to the number of six gendarms, and ten or twelve archers, shall bear you company."

While they were discussing this matter they saw the Albanians and cross-bow men descend from the Castle, persuaded that they were going

to a marriage-feast, and to gain the fair spoils they had done the two preceding days: but it fell out far otherwise, as you shall hear. When they were gone by, Bonnet set out for the bridge with his people, and the good Knight, with the remainder of his company, for the pass, conducted by the spy, who guided him so well, that, in less than half an hour, he brought him to the plain, where you might have seen a man on horseback six miles off. They descried their enemies at the distance of a long culverin shot or thereabouts, on the way to Vicenza, where they expected to find their prey. The good Knight called the bastard Du Fay, his Standardbearer, and said to him: "Captain, take twenty of your archers, and go skirmish with these people. When they see you so few, they will attack you no doubt; in that case, turn your horses' heads, as though you were afraid, and bring them hither; I shall await you by the side of this mountain, and you shall see good sport." He needed not twice telling, being thoroughly versed in the art of war, but begun to march till he came into the enemy's view.

Captain Scanderbeg, delighted at this rencounter, begun to march fiercely with his men, till he recognised the French by the white crosses.

Whereat his band commenced an attack upon them, crying: "*Marco! Marco!*" Du Fay, who had his lesson by heart, made as though he were affrighted, and set about returning. He was briskly pursued, and beaten back to the place where the good Knight lay in ambush; he with his men, helmet on head, and sword in hand, burst upon them like a lion, shouting "*France! France! Empire! Empire!*" In this first charge above thirty of the enemy were thrown out of saddle. The assault at the beginning was fierce and vehement; finally, however, the Albanians and cross-bow men took to flight, at a great gallop, thinking to gain Bassano, the way to which they were well acquainted with. If they ran their best, the French pursued their best; but their light horses went so well that the good Knight would have lost his prey had it not been for the bridge guarded by Bonnet, who with his companion Mypont forbade the enemies' passing. So that Captain Scanderbeg found they must either fight, or fly at a venture. They preferred the latter course. But the French made such good use of their spurs that sixty Albanians and thirty cross-bow men were taken, with two Captains. The remainder traversed the country to Trevisano.

Six days before a young Gentleman from Dauphiny named Guy Guiffry, son of the Lord of Boutieres, and not above sixteen or seventeen years old, had been made archer of the good Knight's company; he was sprung of a good stock, and had a desire to emulate his kindred. During the combat he saw the Standardbearer of Rinaldo Contareni's cross-bow men throw himself over a ditch in the intent of escaping. The youth, desirous to try his strength, leapt after him, and gave him so hard a thrust with his demi-lance, that he broke it, and brought the man to the ground. Then he grasped his sword, and cried out to him: "Yield, Ensign, or I kill thee!" The Ensign, who had no wish to die just then, gave up his sword and flag, and surrendered to the young lad, who was gladder than if he had got ten thousand crowns. So he made him remount, and led him straight to the good Knight, who caused the retreat to be sounded, having got more prisoners than he knew what to do with. Bonnet saw the young Boutieres coming from afar, and said: "Sir, I pray you, look at Guy coming along with a prisoner and a standard that he hath taken;" at these words he arrived. The good Knight, when he knew of it, received as

much pleasure thereat as ever he had done at any thing in his whole life, and said: "How, Boutieres, have you won this standard and taken this prisoner?" "Yes, my Lord," replied he: "such was God's will; he did wisely to surrender, otherwise I should have killed him." At this all the company laughed, especially the good Knight, who was highly pleased, and said: "My good friend Boutieres, you have made a worthy beginning; God grant you may persevere in the same course!" And it did so come to pass, for afterwards, by means of his deserts, he became Lieutenant of an hundred gendarms, which the King of France gave to the good Knight on account of his gallant defence of Mesieres against the Emperor's army; whereof you will hear in due season.

After these discourses the good Knight said to Mypont, Bonnet, and Captain Pierrepont, at that time his Lieutenant, an honourable, sage, and valiant Knight, and to those of highest consideration in his company: "Gentlemen, we must have this Castle, for there is abundance of booty within, which will fall into the hands of our people." "That would be well," rejoined they, "but it is strong, and we have no artillery." "Hold your

peace!" said he; "I know a method by which I can have it in a quarter of an hour." He called for the two Captains, Scanderbeg, and Rinaldo Contareni, and said to them: "Gentlemen, you must cause this place to be delivered up immediately; for I am persuaded it is in your power to do so: if you refuse, I vow to God, I will have your heads cut off before the gate this very hour." They replied that they would effect as much if possible; and so they did; for it was held by a nephew of Scanderbeg's, who gave it up as soon as his uncle had spoken with him.

The good Knight and his whole company went up to the Castle, and there found more than five hundred cows and oxen, with a great deal of other booty, which was equally divided, to the content of every one. The cattle was taken to Vicenza to be sold. They had their horses well fed, and got wherewith to regale themselves likewise. The good Knight made the two Venetian Captains sit at his table, and, just as they were about to finish their repast, the little Boutieres arrived; he came to see his Captain, and brought with him the prisoner he had taken, who was twice his height, and thirty years of age. When the good Knight saw him he begun to laugh, and

said to the two Venetian Captains: "Gentlemen, this young lad, who was a page but six days ago, and whose beard is barely of three years' growth, hath taken your Standardbearer: it is a strange circumstance. I know not what is customary with you; we French are wont to intrust none but the most able with our standards." The Venetian Ensign was abashed, and saw that he had forfeited his honour on this occasion: so he said in his own tongue: "Faith, Captain, I surrendered to him that took me not through fear of him, for he of himself is not a person to make me prisoner. I might easily have escaped out of his hands, or of a better warrior than he, but I could not contend with your whole troop alone." The good Knight looked at Boutieres, and said: "Do you hear what your prisoner says, that you are not a man to take him?" The boy was moved, and replied with heat: "My Lord, I entreat you to grant me a boon." "Ay, marry," quoth the good Knight: "what is it?" "It is," said he, "that I may restore to my prisoner his arms, and his horse, that I may mount myself, and that we may both go down below there; if I conquer him a second time let him look for nothing but death, which I vow before God he shall receive at my

hands; if he escape, I will give him his ransom." Never had a proposal been made to the good Knight with which he was better pleased, and he cried aloud: "In good sooth you have my permission." Which, however, proved superfluous, as the Venetian would not accept the challenge, thereby gaining little honour, and young Boutieres, on the other hand, much.

After dinner the good Knight and the French remounted and returned to the camp, whither they brought their prisoners. This noble capture was talked about for more than eight days, and the good Knight gained great applause on account of it from the Emperor, and from all the Germans, Hainaulters, and Burgundians. 'Specially the good Lord of la Palisse made marvellous rejoicing thereat; to him was told the story of the little Boutieres' exploit, and how he had challenged his prisoner. What merriment this excited in the camp may easily be imagined. The Lord of la Palisse said he had been long acquainted with the race of the Boutieres, and knew all of that House to be gallant Gentlemen." Such was the success wherewith this adventure of the good Knight without fear and without reproach was attended.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

How the Emperor resolved to assault Padua, and of the reason why he broke off the siege.

I HAVE heretofore related how the artillery of the Emperor, of the Duke of Ferrara, and of the Marquis of Mantua had made three breaches, which coalesced into one half a mile, or little less, in extent. This the Emperor, accompanied by his Princes and Lords of Germany, went one morning to take a survey of. He was amazed at it, and took great shame to himself, that, accompanied by so numerous a force as he was, he had not ordered the assault to be made before. For, during the preceding three days, the cannoniers had only lost their labour by firing into the town, because in the part they occupied the wall was completely destroyed. Wherefore, having returned to his own lodging, which was not more than a stone's throw from that of la Palisse, he called for a French secretary of his, and made him write a letter to the said Lord in substance as

follows: "My cousin, I went this morning to view the breach in the town, which I find more than sufficient for such as will do their duty, and I deem it expedient that the attack should be made there this day. I therefore request of you that, as soon as you shall hear my great drum sound, which will be about noon, you will prepare all the French Gentlemen under your command, and, by order of my brother, the King of France, in my service, to repair to the said assault along with my foot-soldiers. And I hope, with God's aid, that we shall carry the place."

The same secretary that had writ the letter was sent with it to the Lord of la Palisse, to whom this appeared a very strange procedure. However he dissembled his thoughts, and said to the secretary: "I am astonished that the Emperor hath not sent for my companions and me to deliberate more advisedly on this affair. However you may tell him that I shall have them called hither, and shew them the letter. I believe that not one will fail of yielding obedience to what the Emperor is pleased to command." The secretary returned to deliver his message, and the Lord of la Palisse sent for all the French Captains, who repaired to his tent. It had already been noised

throughout the camp that the assault was to be made upon the town at mid-day, or soon after. Then were the priests, (a marvellous circumstance,) retained by sums of gold to hear confession, all feeling anxious to be put into a good state at such a juncture. And many gendarms gave them their purses to keep: by reason whereof no doubt their reverences would have been far from displeased had they, whose money they were intrusted with, fallen in the assault.

One thing I must remark to the readers of this history, namely, that so much money had not been seen for five hundred years in any Prince's camp, as was in this. Not a day passed but three or four hundred Lansquenets stole away into Germany carrying off cows, oxen, beds, corn, silk for spinning, and other useful articles. So that the loss sustained by the Paduan, as well in moveables, as in houses and Palaces burnt and destroyed, amounted to two millions of crowns. Now let us return to our subject. The French Captains, on arriving at the lodging of the Lord of la Palisse, were accosted by him in these words: "Gentlemen, it is fit we dine: for I have something to tell you, which, if you heard it beforehand, might

perhaps prevent you from making good cheer." These words were spoken in jest, for he knew his companions well, and that not one among them but was a second Hector, nay Orlando; particularly the good Knight, who was never in his life overcome by aught he either saw or heard.

During dinner they did nothing but break jests on one another. The Lord of la Palisse ever bent his raillery upon the Lord of Humbercourt, who paid him back in his own coin, with all honourable and pleasant speeches. I believe the names of the French Captains assembled there have been mentioned already; and it is my opinion that the whole of the rest of Europe could not have furnished as many like unto them. After dinner all were ordered to quit the apartment except the Captains; to them the Lord of la Palisse communicated the Emperor's letter, which was read twice over, in order to the better understanding thereof. This done, each looked laughing at the other, to see who would begin to speak first. So the Lord of Humbercourt said, addressing himself to the Lord of la Palisse: "There needs not so much pondering, my Lord; send word to the Emperor that we are all in readiness. I begin

to tire of the country, for the nights are cold, and moreover good wines are about to fail us." Whereat every one laughed.

There was none of the Captains that did not speak before the good Knight, and all agreed to the Lord of Humbercourt's proposal. The Lord of la Palisse looked at him, and perceived that he pretended to be picking his teeth, as though he had not heard what his companions had proposed. So he said smiling: "Ha! you Hercules of France, what say you to the matter? This is no time to pick teeth: the Emperor must have our answer forthwith."

The good Knight, who had ever a habit of jesting, replied pleasantly: "If we are to believe my Lord of Humbercourt, we have nothing to do but to proceed, one and all of us, straight to the breach. Yet, as I conceive it sorry pastime for gendarms to go afoot, I would willingly be excused. However, since I needs must deliver my opinion, you shall have it. The Emperor commands in his letter that you should make all the French Gentlemen go on foot to the assault, together with his Lansquenets. For my particular, though I am not possessed of much wealth, yet I am a Gentleman. All of you are great Lords, and

of great families. So are many of our gendarms. Does the Emperor deem it a fitting thing to place such a number of noble persons in risk and jeopardy along with footsoldiers, whereof one is a shoe-maker, another a baker, another a blacksmith, mechanics who are not so chary of their honour as men of high degree? There is something unseemly in this arrangement, saving his grace. My advice is, that you, my Lord," pursued he, addressing la Palisse, " should return the Emperor the following reply: namely, that you have assembled your Captains agreeably to his desire, and that they are determined to execute his orders, according as they were instructed by the King, their master. He knows well that the King of France admits none but persons of gentle birth into the number of his ordinary men of arms. To put such among footsoldiers, who are of low rank, would be treating them with too great a want of consideration. But there are many Counts, Lords, and Gentlemen of Germany; let him order them to go on foot, with the gendarms of France, who, in that case, will readily shew them the way. His Lansquenets may follow, if the enterprise afford a prospect of success." When the good Knight had uttered his sentiments they were com-

bated by no one, but were accounted just and reasonable. So this reply was returned to the Emperor, who thought it a very proper one, and forthwith had his drums and trumpets hastily sounded, to call together his retinue, which contained all the Princes, Lords, and Captains of Germany, Burgundy, and Hainault. Being met, they were informed by the Emperor how he had resolved upon assaulting the town within an hour, and had communicated this his intention to the French Gentlemen, who were ready enough to do their parts in the undertaking: but had besought him that the Gentlemen of Germany might go along with them, in which case they would willingly lead the way. "Wherefore, Gentlemen," said he, "I entreat you to accompany them on foot. And I hope, with God's aid, we shall vanquish our enemies in the first assault." As soon as the Emperor had done speaking, there suddenly arose a strange and marvellous commotion among his Germans, which continued for half an hour ere it could be allayed. Then one appointed to answer for all declared that they were not fit persons to go on foot, or be sent to a breach; and that it was their place to fight on horseback like Gentlemen." This was the only reply the Emperor could obtain

from them. But, although it was by no means consonant to his wish, nor did exceedingly please him, he uttered never a word, save: "Well, Gentlemen, we must then consider what is best to be done." Thereupon he sent directly for a Gentleman of his, named *Rocandolf*, who went continually to the French as Ambassador, in fact he was with them during most part of the siege, and thus bespoke him: "Go to the lodging of my cousin, the Lord of la Palisse; commend me to him, and to all the French Captains you shall find in his company, and tell them the assault will not be made to day." He delivered his message, and all went to doff their armour, some glad and others sorry. Certes the priests were not over delighted, they being obliged to restore what had been given into their keeping. I know not how it came about, nor who advised the measure, but the night after this conference the Emperor removed, in one journey, more than forty miles from the camp, and ordered his people to raise the siege; which was done, as I am going to relate.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

How the Emperor withdrew from the camp before Padua, when he found that his Germans would not make the assault.

It may well be imagined how angry the Emperor was when he saw the willingness of the French Captains, and that his Germans would do nothing for him. The gentle Prince of Anhalt differed from the rest in this matter; and would have been ready enough to comply with the desire of the Emperor, offering his services to him, and likewise seeking out the French Captains, for the purpose of justifying himself to them. Amid the other leaders of his bands was one named Captain Jacob, who afterwards entered into the service of the King of France, and fell at the battle of Ravenna, which will come to be treated of hereafter. The same had daily skirmishes in company with the French, and was richly endowed with courage and every honourable quality. But these two Germans could not supply the place of all.

The Emperor, swelling with rage and vexation, two hours before dawn, on the following day, left his camp as quietly as possible, accompanied by five or six hundred of his most familiar servants, and removed in one journey to a distance of forty miles making towards Germany. He sent the Lord Constantine, his Lieutenant General, and the Lord of la Palisse word, that they must raise the siege as honourably as they could. All were amazed at this sort of conduct, but there was no help for it. The Captains, Frenchmen, Germans, and Burgundians, holding counsel together, agreed to raise the siege, the executing of which was very troublesome and inconvenient, because there were six or seven and twenty pieces of artillery before the town, and carriages for not one half of them. The French were ordered to keep guard while the artillery was removed. But the noble Prince of Anhalt, well acquainted with the base temper of his countrymen, kept close to the ordnance, with his band of seven or eight hundred men, which redounded greatly to his honour. For they were obliged to continue fighting from break of day till two hours of the night had elapsed, and took their food, if at all, not much at their ease, as there were constantly great and

terrible alarms, they of the town making many fearful sallies. Moreover it was necessary to convey part of the ordnance to the camp where they were about to take up their quarters, to leave it there, and bring back the horses and oxen to fetch the remainder. The siege was raised without any loss either of the Emperor's people or of the French. One very ill deed was committed by the Lansquenets, who set fire to all their lodgings, and to every thing they passed by.

The good Knight, out of a charitable spirit, caused seven or eight of his gendarms to remain in a handsome house, where he had lodged during the siege, to save it from the fire till the Lansquenets had gone by, and, of a truth, such incendiaries were little to his liking. The army went from camp to camp till they arrived at Vicenza, whither the Emperor sent some presents to the Lord of la Palisse, and all the French Captains, according to his ability: for he was very liberal, and it would have been impossible to find a better Prince than himself, had he possessed wherewith to be generous. He had one fault, that of never confiding in any one, and the keeping his enterprises so secret hath been a great disadvantage to him throughout his life. Most of the

Germans left Vicenza; but part remained in the city to guard it with the Lord of le Reu. So the Lord of la Palisse and his companions returned on All-Saints day to the Dutchy of Milan, except the good Knight without fear and without reproach, who remained some time in garrison at Verona, and received much honour there, as you will hear. The Venetians still held a town called Lignago, where they had a great garrison, and often made incursions upon them of the Veronese.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach, being at Verona, made an incursion upon the Venetians, in which he was taken and rescued twice in one day, and what was the upshot of all this.

THE good Knight was ordered to be in garrison at Verona, with three or four hundred gendarms, which the King of France lent the Emperor. Thither came shortly after they that were for the said Emperor at Vicenza, knowing that town to be incapable of resistance, and that the Venetians were marching in great force to besiege it. But when these latter saw it abandoned they drew off their army to a village named St. Bonifacio, fifteen or eighteen miles from Verona. It was hard upon the winter season, and the soldiers within the town were under the necessity of sending to seek forage for their horses, sometimes from a great distance, through which both grooms and beasts were so often lost that they found it needful to furnish them with a convoy. But scarce a day

passed that they fell not in with the enemy, and that a sharp conflict did not take place. On the side of the Venetians was a Captain Giovanni Paolo Manfrone, a very brave and enterprising person, who made hostile incursions every day to the very gates of Verona. He did this so long that the good Knight was irritated, and resolved, the first day the foragers went afield, to be their escort himself, and to put in practice some warlike stratagem. So secretly however could he not execute his purpose but Captain Manfrone got notice of it from a spy that dwelt at his lodgings.

Wherefore he determined to take such an effectual force with him when he went out into the country, that, if he met the good Knight, he might make him quit the field with disgrace. One Thursday morning the foragers were sent out of Verona, followed by thirty or forty gendarms, and others under the conduct of Captain Pierrepont, the good Knight's Lieutenant, a wise and cautious man. They quitted the main road, to go in search of the victualling houses, and to make their bargains. The good Knight, accompanied by an hundred gendarms, thinking to be undiscovered, was gone to throw himself into a village on the

high road, called St. Martino, six miles from Verona. He sent some scouts to look abroad, who were not long ere they spied their enemies, five hundred horse or thereabout in number, marching straight toward them who were gone in search of provisions. They came and made their report to the good Knight, who was delighted thereat, and instantly mounted his horse, to go and encounter them along with his men.

Captain Manfrone, who had been warned of this enterprise by the spy, had ambushed five or six hundred pikemen and arquebusiers, infantry, in a Palace thereabout, having taken great pains to make them understand what they were to do; and among other things he told them they must not come forth till they saw him retire, and the French pursue him; as he should make pretence to fly, and by that means should not fail to surround and defeat them. The good Knight, having gone out into the country, had not advanced two miles ere he saw his enemies fair before him. He marched straight up to them, and crying, "*Empire! et France!*" would have charged them. They made some show of resistance, but, on seeing him approach, began to retreat along a road straight to their ambuscade,

which they passed a little way; then stopping short, and crying, "*Marco! Marco!*" began to defend themselves valiantly. The infantry quitted their place of concealment, with a terrible outcry, and rushed upon the French, discharging a great number of guns; whereby the good Knight's horse was shot, and he fell unfortunately with one foot under the animal. His men, who would sooner have died than have left him there, made a great onset, and one, of the name of Grandmont, dismounted, and freed his Captain from peril. But, manfully as they fought, they could not escape remaining prisoners among the foot, who were going to have disarmed them. Captain Pierrepont, who was with the foragers, hearing the noise, galloped immediately to the spot. He came in time to find his Captain and Grandmont at an ill pass; the enemies were then taking them out of the crowd, in order to conduct them away securely. As may well be supposed, the good Knight was overjoyed, and like a lion struck them who held him, whereat they suddenly relinquished their captive, and withdrew to their troop, who fought furiously, as well as the remainder of the French. The good Knight and Grandmont were quickly furnished with fresh steeds, and returned directly

to assist their men, who had much to contend with, being assailed before and behind; but when rejoined by Bayard and Pierrepont they were greatly relieved. Nevertheless the parties were very ill matched, the Venetians being as four to one against them, add to which that their arquebusiers did the French a vast deal of mischief.

At this conjuncture the good Knight observed to Pierrepont: "Captain, if we do not gain the high road we are undone: if we once get thither, we can make off in spite of them, and, by God's help, without loss." "I am of the same opinion," said Captain Pierrepont. Accordingly they began, still fighting, to make toward the high road, which they reached, but not without undergoing a great deal. However they had lost no men as yet, while forty or fifty of the enemy's infantry had fallen, and seven or eight of their horse. When the good Knight and the French were on the high road leading to Verona, they began to retreat as closely and quietly as possible, and, at every two hundred paces, turned round upon their enemies in a wonderfully gallant manner. But on both their wings they had the Venetian foot constantly firing upon them; insomuch that, at the last charge, they killed the horse of the good Knight, who, feeling

him stagger, leapt down upon the ground, sword in hand, and performed miracles of prowess. But he was soon surrounded, and it would have gone ill with him, had not his Standardbearer, Du Fay, and his archers, made so furious a charge, that they rescued their Captain from the midst of the Venetian troop, placed him on horseback in spite of their teeth, and then fell back together to the rest of their party. The night now approaching, Bayard commanded his men to make no more attacks, declaring that it was sufficient for them to retire without loss of honour, as they did, to St. Martino, whence they had set out in the morning. There was a bridge furnished with barriers, at the end of which they halted. Captain Manfrone saw plainly that he could do them no more damage, and also that they might receive succours from Verona. So he caused the retreat to be sounded, and set about returning to St. Bonifacio, preceded by his foot, who were very weary of this day's work, having fought four or five hours. They chose to tarry in a village four or five miles from the one just mentioned. But Captain Manfrone, who was not of their mind, returned with his own troop, much out of humour at having been used so roughly, and by such a handful of men. The good Knight

and his people lodged that evening in the village of St. Martino, where they made good cheer with the provisions they had, discoursing of their admirable retreat: for they had only lost one archer, and had four horses killed, their adversaries having sustained a heavy loss in comparison. Meantime one of the spies from the village of St. Bonifacio arrived. He was brought before the good Knight, who asked him what their enemies were doing. He made answer: "Nothing further. A great troop of them are within St. Bonifacio, and they have spread a report that they shall speedily get possession of Verona, and fancy they have much intelligence within the town. Just as I was departing, Captain Manfrone arrived, terribly heated and chafed; I heard he said that he was come from battle, and had met with devils of hell instead of men. And in my way hither, four or five miles from this place, I passed through a village full of their foot, who are lodging there, and who appear heartily weary, to look at them." Then said the good Knight, "I'll lay my life they are the infantry we fought with to-day, who have not chosen to go as far as St. Bonifacio. If you please they are in our hands. The moon shines bright,

let us give our horses a fresh feed, and go rouse them in the space of three or four hours."

The scheme was approved of:—they got ready their horses as well as they could, and, after having set the watch, addressed themselves to repose. But the good Knight, taken up with the contemplation of his enterprise, slept very little; and about three hours past midnight, he and his people got on horseback without any noise, and went straight to that village where the Venetian infantry had taken up their quarters. They found them sleeping like swine, without any watch, or a very bad one, at least. On arriving, they cried, "*Empire! Empire! France! France! Kill! Kill!*" at this joyous chaunt the country people awoke, and issued from their houses one after another, but were dispatched like cattle. The Venetian Captain, with two or three hundred men, repaired to the market-place of the village, thinking there to muster his forces and gather strength; but he had not time allowed him for this, being assailed in so many places, that he and all his people were vanquished and routed, and only three remained alive, the Captain, and two other Gentlemen, brothers; in exchange for whom, on

their release, two French Gentlemen were set free from the prisons of the Seignory of Venice. When the good Knight had entirely, and to his great honour, completed his enterprise, he would tarry no longer, dreading some mishap. So he returned with his people into Verona, where he was joyfully received. On the other hand the Venetians, when they heard of the loss of their people, were much afflicted: and Messer Andrea Gritti, Proveditore of the Seignory, strove to throw the blame on Captain Manfrone, because he had left them behind. But he vindicated himself satisfactorily, saying, that it was not in his power to get them out of the village where they were defeated, and that he had warned them strongly of the disaster, but could not make them listen to reason. However in his own mind he meditated revenging himself in a few days: but he only augmented his disgrace, as you will hear.

CHAPTER XL.

How the good Knight had like to have been betrayed by a spy, who had promised Captain Giovanni Paolo Manfrone to put him into his hands, and what came of it in the end.

SEVEN or eight days after this fine adventure, Captain Manfrone, very ill pleased at meeting with so grievous a discomfiture and repulse, and at having his men killed and made prisoners, while the enemy received little or no damage, resolved to take vengeance in some way or other. He had a spy, who often went backward and forward from Verona to St. Bonifacio, and served both him and the good Knight, persuading each that he was intent upon no other than his interest. But these spies in their hearts ever incline more to one than another, as this did to Captain Manfrone; who said to him one day, after thinking a little upon the matter: "You must needs go to Verona, and tell Captain Bayard that the Seignory of Venice hath written word to the Provedi-

tore that he is to despatch me to Lignago for the security of the place; because the Captain now there is to be fetched away, and sent into the Levant, with a number of gallies; that to your certain knowledge I shall set out to-morrow at break of day, with three hundred light horse; and that infantry I take none. I am certain his spirit is so elated that he will not suffer me to pass without coming to attack me; which if he do attempt, I expect he will hardly escape being either killed or taken, as I shall bring two hundred horse, and as many thousand foot, which I shall place in ambush at Isola della Scala; when I approach the same I should like to fall in with them. If you discharge your commission well, I promise on my honour to give you an hundred golden ducats." Spies, as every one knows, are created by Dame Avarice alone, and therefore, if out of six that are taken, one escape, he hath reason to thank God; seeing that the true remedy for the disease they are cursed with, is an halter.

Now this fellow assured Captain Manfrone that he could do the business well enough. He went immediately to the house where the good Knight lodged at Verona, being well known of all the servants there, who made sure that he was

entirely at their master's devotion. They brought the man to him, as he was finishing his supper, and he received him kindly, saying: "Welcome, Vincentino; you have not repaired hither without a cause; what news?" "Very good news, God be thanked, Sir!" said he. So Bayard rose instantly from table, and took the spy apart, to learn what it was. He related the affair circumstantially, and made it appear so much to the good Knight's liking that never man was more delighted than he. He ordered Vincentino to be taken to supper and treated with excellent cheer: then drawing aside Captain Pierrepont, Captain La Varenne, who bore his standard, the Bastard Du Fay, and a Burgundian Captain, who had supped with him that evening, and was called my Lord of Sucre, repeated to them what the spy had told him, and how Captain Manfrone was about to remove next day to Lignago, accompanied by no more than three hundred horse: adding that if they would shew themselves worthy comrades, his journey should not be effected without striking of blows, and that the matter required to be quickly concluded upon. They all found what he said to their mind: and it was forthwith settled between them that they should depart at break of day,

bringing two hundred gendarms apiece. They wished the Lord of Conty to join them in this enterprise, and informed him of it, that he might hold himself in readiness as well as the rest. He required no long entreaty, being a very courteous Knight. The matter thus arranged, all went home to make their preparations for the next morning; among the rest Captain Sucre, who had a long way to go, and this was a fortunate circumstance; for on his return he observed the spy that had lately conferred with the good Knight coming out of the house of a Veronese Gentleman, thought to be ill affected to the Emperor, (as indeed he had *Marco* written in his very heart,) which made him suspect treason. So he stopped the spy, and asked him where he had been. The other knew not what answer to make on the sudden, and changed colour; which increased his suspicions, and, taking hold of the said spy, he went straight back to the place where he had supped. On arriving he found the good Knight ready to get into bed; however he wrapped him in a nightgown, and they two seated themselves by the fire together, no one else being present. The spy meantime was given into good keeping.

Then Captain Sucre disclosed to the good

Knight the occasion of his sudden return, namely, his having seen the spy leave the house of Messer Battista Volteggio, who was more attached to the Venetians than any one upon earth; which led him to suspect some villany, "for," said he, "when I surprised him, he was marvellously confounded." On hearing this the good Knight was not without his suspicions, any more than Captain Sucre. He sent for the spy and asked him what his business was at the house of Messer Battista Volteggio. At first he said he went thither to see a relation of his; then he told another story, and in short was convicted in five or six words. They sent for thumb-screws, and put them upon him, to make him speak after a different fashion. The good Knight said: "Vincentino, tell the truth, without concealing any thing, and I promise you, on the word of a true Gentleman, that, be it what it may, no injury shall be done you, even though my death have been plotted; on the other hand, if I find you in a lie, I will have you hung and strangled to-morrow at break of day."

The spy, seeing that he was detected, threw himself on his knees, and begged for mercy, which being assured of, he began to relate every particular

of the treason; how Captain Manfrone had laid an ambush at Isola della Scala of two hundred horse and two thousand foot to overpower the good Knight; and how he had visited the house of Messer Battista Volteggio to apprize him of the same, and also to shew him by what means he might deliver up one of the gates of the town some night to the Proveditore, Messer Andrea Gritti. These and many other things were confessed by that vile spy. He declared however that Volteggio had told him he would have no hand in so iniquitous a proceeding, and that, being under allegiance to the Emperor, he was resolved to live and die faithful to the same.

When he had ended his precious narration the good Knight said to him: "Vincentino, ill did I bestow the money I gave you; and within that body of yours is contained the heart of a base and wicked man; though indeed I never took you for any thing else. You richly deserve death: but since I have pledged my word to the contrary, no evil shall be done you, and I will have you put out of the town in safety. But take care you never return to it while I remain therein; for, if you do, not all the world shall hinder my having you hung and strangled." He was taken

out of their presence, and shut up in an apartment, till he should be wanted. The good Knight said to Captain Sucre: "My friend, how shall we deal with this Captain Manfrone, who thinks to overcome us by craft? We must give him the meeting, and, if we can accomplish what I am going to tell you, it will be as glorious an exploit as hath been performed these hundred years." Sucre replied, "My Lord, command, and you shall be obeyed." "Go then," said he, "now directly to the house of the Prince of Anhalt, commend me humbly to his good graces, and, after laying the affair fully before him, prevail upon him to send us two thousand of his Lansquenets to-morrow morning: we will conduct them along with us at a leisurely pace, and leave them somewhere in ambuscade; and if, before all be accomplished, you do not behold wonders, lay the blame upon me."

Captain Sucre departed instantly, and went straightway to the lodging of the Prince, who happened to be asleep. He had him awakened; and, going to him, acquainted him with all that I have just been relating. The gentle Prince, who esteemed nothing above war, and had conceived such an affection for the good

Knight, among all Gentlemen, on account of his prowess, that it must have been a strange thing which he would have refused him, said he was very sorry that he had not known of this enterprise sooner, as he would then have joined in it himself, but that the good Knight could dispose of his men better than he could do; and he sent directly for his secretary to apprize four or five Captains thereof, who, to make the story short, were as much in readiness by day-break, as the gendarms that had known of the intended excursion since the evening, and were at the gate at the same time with them. This excited much surprise in the Lord of Conty, he having received no intimation of the matter the night before; and he asked the good Knight what was the meaning of it, who unravelled the whole scheme to him from beginning to end. "On my honour," said the Lord of Conty, "God willing, we shall do a noble work this day." The gate being opened, they took their way toward Isola della Scala. The good Knight said to Sucre: "You and the Lansquenets must lie in wait at *Servode*," (this was a little village two miles from Isola,) "and give yourselves no concern about any thing: for I will bring the enemy close up to you, whereby

you will gain much honour this day, if you be gallant fellows.'" It was done according to his words; on arriving at that village the Lansquenets remained in ambush; while the good Knight, the Lord of Conty, and their troop, proceeded toward Isola as if they nothing knew who were within that place.

The same looked out upon a noble plain whence the eye could reach to a great distance on every side. Thither they went with some light horse to see if they could descry Captain Manfrone. The good Knight sent his Standardbearer, Du Fay, attended by some archers, to skirmish with them, marching leisurely after him with the cavalry. It was not long ere he saw the Venetian foot sally from the town of Isola della Scala, with a troop of horse. He pretended to be somewhat dismayed, and bade the trumpet sound to recall the other troop. Du Fay, hearing this, retired, agreeably to the instructions he had received, with all his men, who kept very close: and, pretending to make straight for Verona, went softly toward that village where their Lansquenets were posted, sending forward an archer to bid Captain Sucre come forth to battle.

The horse of the Seigniory, flanked by their

troop of infantry, made quick and frequent charges upon the French, with such a noise that thunder could not have been heard at the time, fancying that they whom they beheld would not be able to escape them. The French were not routed, but skirmished discreetly; so that when they were a bow-shot from *Servode*, they discerned the Lansquenets, who were coming quietly along in perfect order, and now discovered themselves, to the great consternation of the enemy. The good Knight then said: "Gentlemen, it is time to make the assault;" this they all did, falling upon the Venetians, who approved themselves good soldiers; nevertheless many of them were thrown to the ground: their foot were unable to fly, by reason of the great distance from any place of refuge. They were likewise charged by the Lansquenets, and, incapable of bearing up against their numbers, were disordered, overthrown, and all cut to pieces, not one being taken prisoner. This took place before the eyes of Captain Manfrone, who did his duty very well; however perceiving that, unless he made his retreat, he should be either killed or taken, he began to gallop at a great rate toward St. Bonifacio, which was a long way off. He was

pretty well chased; but the good Knight caused the retreat to be sounded: by reason whereof every man returned, but not without great gain of prisoners and horses, and exceeding rich booty. The Venetians underwent a heavy loss, the whole of their two thousand foot, and as many as five and twenty horse, being slain upon this occasion. About sixty were taken prisoners, and carried to Verona; there the French, Burgundians, and Lansquenets had a joyful reception from their companions, who were much concerned that they had not been with them.

Such was the success of this noble enterprise,—high luck for the good Knight, who received great commendation from all sorts of people. Returned to his lodging, he sent for the spy, to whom he said: "Vincentino, you shall go, as I promised, to the Venetian camp; moreover ask Captain Giovanni Paolo Manfrone, whether Captain Bayard be not as subtile in war as he, and say that he may find him in the field ready to do battle with him whenever he listeth." The good Knight ordered two of his archers to conduct the man out of the town, which they did. He went straight to St. Bonifacio, where Manfrone, as soon as he

set eyes upon him, had him seized, hung, and strangled, saying that he had betrayed him, and no excuse that he could make was of any avail.

The Venetians still held the town of Lignago, where they had a numerous garrison; the inhabitants of the Veronese and they making frequent incursions upon each other. In this state things remained during the whole of the winter.

In the beginning of the year 1510, soon after Easter, the King of France, Lewis XII., was taken leave of by his nephew, the worthy Duke of Nemours, of whose short life this history will make ample mention; for he well deserves to be chronicled in every possible way. He passed over into Italy, taking with him Captain Louys d'Ars, a brave and worthy Knight; they were received, on their arrival, each according to his quality, by the Lord of Chaumont, Grand Master of France, and Governor of Milan, and by all the Captains at that time in Italy, as honourably as could be, above all by the good Knight without fear and without reproach, who was much loved of the Duke of Nemours, and of his head Captain Louys d'Ars. By order of the King of France the Lord of Molart had also repaired thither, with two thousand adventurers, and many other

Captains. Then the Grand Master Chaumont laid siege to the town of Lignago which the Venetians held: and, to the end that it might receive no succours either of men or provisions, the Lord of Alegre was sent thither with five hundred horse, and four or five thousand of the Lansquenets then at Vicenza, in charge of the worthy Prince of Anhalt, who still had under him that Captain Jacob that afterwards entered the service of King Lewis. This place of Lignago stood a vast deal of cannonading. Moreover there was much good artillery, especially that of the Duke of Ferrara, who, among other pieces, had a culverin twenty feet long, called by the adventurers *the great devil.* In brief, the town and Castle were carried, and all within, or the major part of them, put to death. In this taking the Lord of Molart and his adventurers behaved very well, and acquired much honour; for they had no time to wait till the breach were of a competent size before they made the assault. The Lord of Chaumont appointed Captain La Crote to guard it, with an hundred gendarms, of whom he had charge under the Marquis of Montferrat, and a thousand foot under two Captains, the one named L'Herisson, the other, (a Neapolitan,) Giacomo Corse.

During this siege of Lignago the Lord of Chaumont sustained a heavy loss in the death of his uncle, the Legate D'Amboise, who had been the means of procuring him the honours he had attained unto, having likewise done great things for all his family, by promoting them in the church, and in other ways: for he completely governed both Lewis XII. and his Kingdom. He had been a very wise prelate and a worthy man in his day. He never would have more than one benefice, and at his death was only Archbishop of Rouen. He might have had many had he chosen it. This lamentable event bitterly afflicted the Lord of Chaumont, indeed he did not long survive it: of that however, before other men, he betrayed little outward semblance, but continued to manage his master's affairs as well and wisely as ever.

When he had given his directions at Lignago, he went to join himself to the Emperor's forces, in the intent of marching over the territories of the Venetians, and bringing them to reason. A few days before, the King of Spain had sent to the succour of the Emperor four hundred Spanish and Neapolitan horse, of a marvellous good appearance, under the conduct of the Duke of Termini; but they, being fatigued, were sent to sojourn at Verona.

The armies of the Emperor and of the King of France advanced to a place called Santa Croce, where they abode some time, for it was thought the Emperor intended to come down to them; but that was not the case. During their encampment, the heat was so excessive that most who were there called this *the hot camp.*

Just before their departure a horrible occurrence took place near a great village called Longara; all having fled away at this time by reason of the war, above two thousand persons, men and women, and among them those of most consideration in the flat country, had retired into a cave, a mile or more in length, within a mountain, and had carried thither abundance of provisions, and also some ammunition and guns to keep off any that would force their way in, which it would have been almost impossible to effect, as not more than one man could come in front of the entrance. The adventurers, the like of whom are commonly wont to go in search of plunder, especially such as are good for nothing in war, came to the mouth of this cavern, which is called in the Italian tongue the Grotto of Longara. They had a marvellous desire to enter, but were besought with all mildness to go away, as nothing

was to be gained there, they within having left their property at their own houses. The miscreants would not be put off by these entreaties, and sought to break into the cave, but were prevented from so doing, and some shots were made which killed two of them. The rest went to fetch their comrades, who, ready enough to do evil, repaired to the spot. On arriving they saw plainly that it would be impossible for them ever to get in by force: so they bethought them of a great piece of baseness and cruelty: right over against the aperture they placed much wood, straw, and hay, together with fire, whereby this cave, which received no air save thence, was speedily filled with so dreadful a smoke that all in the inside thereof were stifled, and perished miserably, without ever being touched by the fire. When that was extinguished, and people entered the place, a number of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen were there found lifeless; one might have fancied they were sleeping. The adventurers got much booty there. But the Grand Master, and all the Captains were marvellously displeased, especially the good Knight without fear and without reproach, who busied himself all day to discover the perpetrators of the action, and

caught two of them, a man with no ears, and another that had but one. He prosecuted so strict an examination into their conduct, that they were led in front of this grotto by the Provost Marshal, and there hung and strangled by his executioner, the good Knight choosing to be present at the time. While this was a doing, behold, as it were by miracle, there comes out of the cave a young lad, about fifteen or sixteen years old, apparently more dead than alive, and all yellow with smoke. He was brought before the good Knight, who asked him how he had been preserved. He replied that, when he found the smoke increase, he went to the extremity of the cave where there was a very small cleft from the top of the mountain, and took air through that. He also told him a grievous thing, that many Gentlemen and their wives, when they perceived the cave was about to be set fire to, wished to go out, seeing they must otherwise perish. But the peasants, who were by much the strongest, would never consent to it, and came before them with the points of their triple-forked spears, saying that they should die along with them. Thus the poor people were assailed both by the fire, and by one another.

From Longara the camp marched straight to Monselicé which the Venetians had retaken, and fortified, having also lodged a thousand or twelve hundred men within. On the road the Lord of Alegre, and the good Knight, with the Lord *Mercure* and his Albanians, then in the Emperor's service, met some light horse belonging to them of the Seigniory, called Croats, who are more Turks than Christians, and were come to see if they could win any thing from the army. But they made a bad booty; for all, or most part of them, were slain after being prisoners about a quarter of an hour. Among them the Lord *Mercure* recognised the Captain, as he afterwards said, to be his cousin german, who had thrust him out of his inheritance in Croatia, occupying the same by force, and was the greatest enemy he had in the world. He reminded him of all the ill he had done him, intimating that vengeance was now in his hands. The other said that was true; but that he had been taken in honest warfare, and ought of right to go free, on paying a ransom, according to his ability, for which he offered six thousand ducats, and six goodly and excellent Turkish horses. "We will talk of that at leisure:" said the Lord *Mercure*; "but tell

me on your honour, if you had me in your power, as I have you, what would you do with mé?" He replied: "Since you urge it to me so strongly upon my honour, I must tell you that, if you were at my mercy, as I am at yours, not all the gold in the world should save you from being cut to pieces by my command." "In good sooth," said the Lord *Mercure*, "I will deal no worse with you." So he ordered his Albanians, in his language, to make use of their scimitars, and they instantly fell to work with the same, after such fashion, that there was not a Captain, or any other that had not ten strokes after his death. Then they cut off their heads, and stuck them at the end of their carbines, saying that they were not Christians. They had a strange sort of headtire; it resembled a damsel's hood; and the part that covered the scull was furnished with five or six pieces of paper glued together, so that a sword could make no more impression on it than on a steel cap.

Siege was laid to Monselicé, which endured a battery of four or five days, and would never have been taken, by reason of the fortifications that had been made there, had not they that held it sallied out, often a stone's throw from their fort, to skirmish with the French adventurers, who desired

mightily to see what was doing in the inside of the place. One afternoon Captain Molart's men, with the Baron of Montfaucon, went unexpectedly to skirmish with them of the Castle, who came boldly to the fight, and performed wonders. Insomuch that they give the adventurers disgraceful rebuffs on two or three occasions. Once however they pursued them too far, and when they thought to retire found themselves aweary. Which being perceived by the adventurers, they chased them with eagerness, so that they entered promiscuously along with the enemy into the place. When they who guarded it saw that they were undone they withdrew into a great tower, where they were immediately besieged, fire being set to the foot of it. The greater part chose rather to be burnt than to surrender. The others going out by the battlements, the adventurers received them on the points of their pikes. In short very few of them escaped alive. On the side of the French there was a Gentleman killed of the name of Camican, and the Baron of Montfaucon was dangerously wounded; he recovered however, but with very great difficulty.

They had the fortifications of the place repaired and put a great garrison therein, purposing to go

and lay siege to Padua. But news came that Pope Julius had deserted their cause, and was going to make war upon the Duke of Ferrara, an ally of the King of France, to whom the said Duke had despatched a full account of the matter, in order to obtain succours: which Lewis was very willing to grant, and directed the Grand Master by letter to furnish him therewith. This he did, sending to his assistance the Lords of Montoison, of Fontrailles, of le Lude, and the good Knight, with three or four thousand French foot, and eight hundred Swiss, whom a Captain, named Jacob Zemberc, had brought from their own country as adventurers. On their arrival at Ferrara they were very well received by the Duke and Dutchess, and by all the inhabitants.

The Grand Master with the remainder of his army retired to the Dutchy of Milan, on receiving information that the Swiss, who a little while before had forsaken the alliance of the King his master, were making a descent upon it, and had already come as far as the bridge of La Treglia. When he arrived he tarried not at Milan, but, with his cavalry, the two hundred Gentlemen, and a small number of foot, went to await them in the plain of *Galeras*, and had all the iron works of

the mills, and every kind of victuals, removed from their road: nay, worse than that, it was said he caused all the wines at *Galeras* to be poisoned, until the Swiss came and drank their fill: but not a jot was any one of them the worse of it. They remained but a short space in the country, being obliged, by the failure of provisions, to return to their own land, whither they were closely attended the whole way, in order that they might not set fire to any of the villages. Some of the French went to *Galeras*, and would drink of the wine that had been poisoned for the Swiss, whereby there died more than two hundred of them. We must either say that this happened through the special interposition of God, or that the spice remained at the bottom of the cask.

I will now leave this subject for a brief space, and return to the war betwixt the Pope and the Duke of Ferrara. But first I shall depaint a strange and perilous adventure which happened the same year to them of Lignago.

CHAPTER XLI.

How they of the garrison of Lignago made an incursion upon the Venetians, on the information of some spies, who betrayed them, whereby they were defeated.

When the gentle Knight of La Crote had ordered his matters within Lignago, not many days passed ere he became ill, and in great danger of dying. He was surrounded by young people and volunteers, among whom was a Gentleman, named Guyon de Cantiers, passing valiant, but of more courage than conduct. The Venetians often came close up to Lignago, but they that were placed in garrison there durst not go out, as they had been charged to do no more than keep it safely. This Guyon de Cantiers had spies in various quarters, and contrived to make acquaintance with one of the town of Montagnana, distant from Lignago twelve or fifteen miles, who came often to visit Cantiers in his own fort, and was always telling him that, if he would go forth some day with a

number of horse and foot, he could not fail of taking prisoner Messer Andrea Gritti, the Proveditore of the Seignory of Venice; as he often came to Montagnana, with two or three hundred light horse; and that Cantiers and his companions, placed in ambush near the town, some morning before daybreak, might make sure of laying hold on the Proveditore as he came out of the same, and afterwards might take and pillage the town; the fellow moreover undertook to point out with certainty the day on which the attempt might successfully be made.

Cantiers, who had a great desire to make incursions, and no slight one to gain this noble booty, assured him that he would not fail on his part, if only the other would give him true information. Which he promised, and, returning to Montagnana, disclosed to him that kept it for the Seignory the trap he had laid for them of Lignago, adding, that if they would concur with him in the business, they might rely upon having great part of the garrison at their mercy, and thereby might easily retake the place, which was of amazing importance to them. The Captain of Montagnana thought his plan feasible, and immediately sent word of it by an express to the Proveditore, Mes-

ser Andrea Gritti, who brought three hundred gendarms, eight hundred light horse, and two thousand foot. Of this band, on arriving within two or three miles of Montagnana, he sent two hundred horse and a thousand foot to lie in wait, with instructions to let them that should come out of Lignago pass by, and then to bar their proceeding.

They did not forget what they had been enjoined to, but played their parts vastly well. The spy from Montagnana went back to speak with Guyon de Cantiers; the same gave him a hearty welcome, inquiring what brought him to Lignago; who replied with a confident air: "Good news for you, if it please you; Messer Andrea Gritti arrives this evening at our town, with two hundred horse only. If you will depart an hour or two before daybreak, I will be your guide, and you shall not fail to lay hands on him." Well pleased was Cantiers, and going directly to his comrades, in particular to a Gentleman who bore their standard, called the young Malherbe, recounted to them every tittle of the affair. Never was any thing more highly approved of. As far as their own inclinations were concerned they were for going, without any sort of controversy; but it was first requisite to gain permission. Captain La

Crote still kept his bed, not being as yet thoroughly recovered from his malady.

So the two Gentlemen, Cantiers and Malherbe, went and besought him that he would give them leave to make an incursion, whereby they should acquire high honour and great emolument; and they rehearsed the enterprise to him from beginning to end. When he had listened to their discourse he made answer like a wise and prudent Knight: "Gentlemen, you know that I have this place intrusted to me on my honour and life, to keep merely. In case your adventure proved unfortunate, I should be for ever ruined and undone, and should wear out the remnant of my days in melancholy; wherefore I am resolved against granting you permission." They began to ply him with the most earnest remonstrances possible, affirming, that there was no danger, and that they were sure of their spy. They urged the point so much, that, half willing, half conquered by their importunity, he yielded consent. But, sooth to say, it was almost by force. That gave them no uneasiness, for their brains were all in a ferment, and they determined to try their ill fortune, how dear soever it might cost them.

They informed all their companions of the

affair, and gained them over to their bow, and when they found the time approach, they made about fifty gendarms mount their horses, under the command of Malherbe, while Guyon de Cantiers conducted nearly three hundred foot. About two hours after midnight they left Lignago, along with their treacherous spy, who was guiding them to the slaughter. Certes there quitted Lignago that day the very flower of chivalry, as far as respected hardihood; but Youth was also of their company. They went together along the road which led from Lignago to Montagnana, the foot before, and the horse by their side. They proceeded till they approached the first ambuscade of the men of the Seignory, who were stationed in a little village; but, suspecting nothing, they passed on, till they were a short mile's distance from Montagnana.

Then said the spy to them; "Gentlemen, let me go, and do you remain here, and stand close; I will go see what is doing in the town, that I may acquaint you therewith." They suffered him to depart: but far better had they cut off his head; for no sooner was he arrived there than he sent to Messer Andrea Gritti, and said to him: "Sir, I have brought you the greater part of them of Li-

gnago with the rope about their necks; it is not possible for one of them to escape, unless it be your pleasure, for they have already passed your ambuscade, and are even now a mile hence." Messer Andrea Gritti instantly got on horseback, and all his men with him, both horse and foot: and, issuing out of the town, sent forward about an hundred men to skirmish. They very soon met with the French, who were marvellously rejoiced, thinking they had no one else to encounter, and that the Proveditore was in this troop. The French cavalry began to charge them, and they turned their backs and fled, till they rejoined the main body of their force. Which the former perceiving were much appalled, and, returning to the foot, they said to them: "We are betrayed, for there are three thousand men or more; we must try to get away." They of the Seignory followed them with great fury, crying, "*Marco! Marco! A carne! A carne!*"* and rudely assaulted the French, who put their foot on before, and their horse in the rear to support them. And in fact they retreated without loss to the village, where was the first ambuscade of the Venetians,

* "Mark! Mark! Kill! Kill!"

and whence they sallied forth at the sound of a trumpet, according to the instructions they had received, and threw themselves between Lignago and the French. Thus they were inclosed and assailed on both sides. And it must be acknowledged that, since God created heaven and earth, there was never better fighting for one day, according to the number of men. Above four hours did the conflict last; yet in all that time the French, who ever kept retreating, could not be discomfited.

Messer Andrea Gritti hit upon an expedient, which was to take them in flank by means of some cross-bow men mounted on horses, who fell upon the foot and partly threw them into disorder. Nevertheless they still made for their town; and came within four miles of it, but there were forced to stop, being charged in so many places, that most part of the gendarms were dismounted, having their horses killed under them. When Guyon de Cantiers saw that all was lost, he rushed amid the Venetian infantry like a chafed lion, and did wondrous feats of arms, killing five or six with his own hand: but his men were too few in number to cope with their adversaries. He was therefore of necessity overpowered and slain, with the whole

of his three hundred men, not one of whom escaped alive. Captain Malherbe had gone out into the country with the few horse that he still had, and fought for the space of a full hour; but in the end was taken prisoner, with five and twenty of his companions, the rest falling on the spot. To conclude, not a single man got off alive to tell the tale at Lignago.

When Messer Andrea Gritti saw that victory was completely on his side, he bethought him of the following stratagem. He caused all the French infantry that were slain to be stripped and disarmed, and the same number of his own men to be arrayed in their spoils; he also took the armour of the gendarms, their horses, and plumes, and gave them to some of his own people. Moreover he delivered to them an hundred or an hundred and twenty of his men, whom they led along as though they were prisoners, and he made them take three falcons which they of Lignago had brought. Then said he to them: "Go in this guise even to Lignago, and, when you are near the same, cry: "*France! France! Victory! Victory!*" They within will think it is their people who have prevailed; and, in order more fully to possess

them with this idea, beside their ensigns carry also two or three of ours. I make no doubt but they will open their gates to you; in which case do you rush into the town: I shall be a bow-shot from you, and at the sound of the trumpet will repair thither immediately. Thus if you manage the affair well we shall this day retake Lignago, which is of great importance to the Seignory, as you all know."

These injunctions were very well executed, and, making a show of joy and festivity, they approached within a bow-shot of Lignago, sounding trumpets and clarions. The Lord of La Crote had a Lieutenant in the place called Bernard de Villars, a wise old Knight, and of great experience. He went up into the tower of the gateway, to see these people, who were counterfeiting so great gladness in order that the gate might be opened to them. He marked their carriage from afar, and was startled thereat, saying to one near him: "These are the horses and accoutrements of our people; but it appears to me that the men themselves ride not after our fashion, and are none of ours, unless I be mistaken. Ill luck may have betid our party, and my heart misgives me that it is so. Descend I

pray you, and cause the draw-bridge to be lowered, and then to be drawn up. If these be our people you will know it soon enough: if they be enemies betake yourself to the barricade. I have here two pieces loaded; if it prove necessary you shall be succoured therewith." At the words of Captain Bernard his companion descended, thinking to meet his own townsmen, and cried: "Whom are you for? Where is Captain Malherbe?" They replied nothing: but, supposing that the bridge was lowered, put their horses into a gallop. The other got off as well as he could to the barrier. Then the two pieces of artillery were discharged, which stopped them short in their career. Thus was the town of Lignago saved on that occasion; but great shame and loss accrued to the French, as many perceived. When the poor Lord of la Crote became acquainted with this sad business he had like to have died of grief. The King of France was mightily displeased, and went nigh to work him evil on this score, but his wrath was appeased by means of the Lord Jean Jacques, who visited France at that time to stand god-father to the Lady Renée, daughter of King Lewis XII. and his wife Anne, Dutchess of Brittany, and used

many arguments with him in exculpation of the Lord of la Crote.

Let us now leave this subject, and return to Pope Julius II., who was marching toward Ferrara.

CHAPTER XLII.

How Pope Julius went in person to the Dutchy of Ferrara, and laid siege to Mirandola.

Pope Julius, who was hugely desirous to regain the Dutchy of Ferrara, pretending that it belonged to the Church, mustered a great army in the Bolognese, wherewith to enter the said Dutchy. He lodged on the way in a large village, between Concordia and Mirandola, called Santo Felice. The Duke of Ferrara, and all the French that were with him, had taken up their quarters twelve miles from Ferrara, between two branches of the Po, in a place named L'Ospitaletto, where the Duke had a bridge of boats made, and took care that it should be well guarded; for the enemy were often skirmished with thereon. The Pope, on arriving at Santo Felice, sent to the Countess of Mirandola, natural daughter of the Lord Jean Jacques de Trivulce, and then a widow, to desire that she would put her town of Mirandola into

his hands, it being necessary to him in his attempt upon Ferrara. The Countess, who, like her father, was completely in the interest of the French, and well knew that the King of France favoured and succoured the Duke of Ferrara, would sooner have died than have done so. She had with her a cousin german of hers, Count Alexandre de Trivulce, who joined her in answering him that had come on the part of his Holiness. He was told that he might return when he listed, and tell his master that the Countess of Mirandola would on no consideration deliver up her town; that it was her own; and that she would hold it fast, with God's aid, against all that should seek to take it from her. The Pope was marvellously incensed at this reply, and swore by St. Peter and St. Paul that he would have it either by fair means or by foul. So he ordered his nephew the Duke of Urbino, Captain General of his army, to go and lay siege to it the next day.

Count Alexandre de Trivulce, who looked for no less, sent to beg the Duke of Ferrara and the French Captains at L'Ospitaletto, which was only twelve miles off, to send him an hundred good soldiers, and two cannoniers, seeing that he was not very well furnished with men, albeit in daily

expectation of a siege. His request was granted without hesitation; as the loss of Mirandola would have been of high concernment to the Duke of Ferrara, who is a worthy Prince, sage and vigilant in war, and that understands almost all the seven liberal arts, together with many other mechanical ones, such as casting artillery, with which he is as well provided as any Prince, his peer, in the whole world; and moreover he knows very well how to play the same, and to make the carriages and balls. We must now quit the subject of his virtues, whereof he had and still hath a great many. By the advice of the French Captains, he sent to Mirandola the two cannoniers, and the hundred soldiers that had been asked of him: with them went two young Gentlemen, the one from Dauphiny, called Monchenu, a nephew of the Lord of Montoison, the other a nephew of the Lord of le Lude, Chantemerle by name, and a native of the country of Beausse: to whom the good Knight without fear and without reproach said on their departure: "My sons, you are going into the service of the Ladies; approve yourselves gallant comrades in order to acquire their favour, and make yourselves talked of. The town whither you are bound is a very good and

strong one. If it is besieged you will acquire honour in defending it." The good Knight made them many other pleasant speeches to encourage them; moreover he got on horseback himself along with his company, to be their escort, and conducted them till they entered the town, where they were received by the Countess and Count Alexandre in a very honourable manner. They had not been there three days ere the siege commenced, and the artillery, planted on the border of the ditch, began to play with great vehemence: while they of the town, betraying no signs of terror, returned the same as well as they were able.

The good Knight, who never grudged money if he could but learn what the enemy was doing, had spies, who often brought him news of the camp and of the Pope, how he was still at Santo Felice, and designed to set off within a day or two for the sake of being present at the siege he had caused to be laid to Mirandola. He likewise sent back one of the said spies to Santo Felice, which was only ten miles distant, to learn for certain when the Pope would depart: and the same by diligent inquiry ascertained that he was going to the camp the next day. So he came and told the good

Knight thereof, who was very glad to hear it. For he had formed a plan whereby he hoped to take the Pope and all his Cardinals. This he would have achieved, had it not been for an unlucky accident which I am going to give the reader an account of.

CHAPTER XLIII.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach thought to take the Pope between Santo Felice and Mirandola, and what hindered the accomplishment of his design.

THE good Knight went to the Duke of Ferrara and the Lord of Montoison, and said to them: "Gentlemen, I am informed that the Pope is going to leave Santo Felice to-morrow morning for Mirandola. These two places are six good miles asunder. I have conceived a project, which, if you accede to it, will be remembered an hundred years hence. A couple of miles from Santo Felice there are two or three fine Palaces, which have been abandoned by reason of the war; all this night I have been revolving it in my mind to go and station myself in one of them with an hundred gendarms, attended neither by page nor groom: and to-morrow morning when the Pope shall remove from Santo Felice, guarded, as I am informed, by none but his Cardinals, Bishops

and Prothonotaries, and an hundred horse, I shall sally from my ambuscade, and cannot fail to lay hold on him. It is impossible for the alarm to reach the camp ere I shall have made my escape, as it is full ten miles from that place to this. And, supposing I were pursued, you, my Lord," said he to the Duke of Ferrara, "with my Lord of Montoison, will pass the bridge in the morning, with all the rest of the horse, and will await and receive me four or five miles hence, if perchance any disaster should befall me."

Never did any proposal meet with higher approbation than this scheme of the good Knight's, and nothing now remained but to put it into act; which was not long delayed. For, after having had the horses well fed during the night, he took an hundred chosen men, and, when all were in readiness to encounter the shock of battle, went with his spy, in a leisurely manner, straight to that little village. He was fortunate enough to meet no one, man or woman, who might discover him, and settled himself in his post about an hour before day. The Pope, being an early riser, was already up, and, when he saw it grew light, got into his litter that he might proceed to his camp. Prothonotaries, Clerks, and officers of all sorts went

on before to take lodgings, and set out upon their way unweeting of what was to happen.

As soon as the good Knight heard them he tarried not, but issued from his ambuscade, and fell upon the country people, who, much daunted, returned at full speed to the place they had come from, crying, "*Alarm! Alarm!*" But all that would not have prevented the Pope, with his Bishops and Cardinals, from being taken, had it not been for an accident, very opportune for his Holiness, and equally unfortunate for the good Knight. Which was this; when the Pope had got into his litter, and quitted the road of Santo Felice, he had not proceeded a stone's throw ere there fell from heaven the most sharp and violent storm of snow that had been beheld for an hundred years; so that the travellers could not see one another by reason of the impetuosity thereof. The Cardinal of Pavia, who at that time entirely governed the Pope, then said to him: "*Pater Sancte*, it is impossible to go on while this lasts; indeed, there is no necessity for it; methinks you should return without attempting to proceed farther." The Pope assented, though not aware of the ambuscade. And, as ill luck would have it, when the fugitives returned, the good Knight pursued them

at full speed, without stopping to take any one, that not being the point he aimed at. Just as he reached Santo Felice, the Pope was about to enter the Castle, and was so terror-stricken at the cry he heard, that, leaping suddenly from his litter without assistance, he helped to raise the bridge himself; which was wisely done, for, had he delayed while one might say a *Pater noster*, he would assuredly have been snapped.

Great was the disappointment of the good Knight; for, albeit he knew that the Castle was not very strong, and might be taken in a quarter of an hour, he had not a single piece of artillery. Moreover he considered that he should soon be discovered by them of the camp at Mirandola, who might give him a disgraceful overthrow. He therefore addressed himself to return, after having taken as many prisoners as he could; among others two Bishops, and many baggage mules, which his gendarms carried away. But never did man return so melancholy as he at having missed such a noble prize, though not by his own fault; for no enterprise could have been better, or more skilfully conducted than this was. When he came up to the Duke of Ferrara, the Lord of Montoison, and his other companions,

whom he found six miles from their bridge, ready to succour and aid him, in case that had been necessary, he acquainted them with his ill luck, and they were much concerned. However they consoled him as well as they could, arguing, that the fault lay not in him, and that no man could have done better. Thus they led him along, conversing pleasantly, and talking with their prisoners, most of whom they sent back on foot by the way. The two Bishops paid some trifling ransom, and were permitted to return.

The Pope remained in the Castle of Santo Felice the whole day, shaking as in an ague-fit after the terrible consternation he had been thrown into, and at night he sent for his nephew, the Duke of Urbino, who came to him with four hundred horse, and conducted him to the leaguer before Mirandola, where he abode till the town was taken. He carried on the siege for three weeks, and would never have got possession of it, had it not unluckily happened, that snow fell six days and six nights without intermission, in such wise that it lay in the country to the depth of five feet and upwards. After which succeeded so hard a frost that the ice in the ditches of Mirandola was more than two feet thick: and a cannon with its carriage fell thereon

from the edge of one of them, and did not break it. The Pope's artillery had made two good and wide breaches. They within had no hope of being relieved by any one, as the Lord of Chaumont, Grand Master of France, and Governor of Milan, confined himself with the rest of his army to Reggio, which he caused to be daily fortified: suspecting that the Pope, after the taking of Mirandola, would repair to that town, he having a vast force. For he was accompanied by great part of the King of Spain's army, as well as that of the Venetians, who had entered into an alliance with him. The Count Alexandre and the Countess resolved to surrender the town, stipulating for the lives of the inhabitants; but the Pope would have all at his mercy. However he was brought to concede that point by the procurement of the Duke of Urbino, who always leaned to the French; because the King of France had brought him up in his youth, and but for him his Holiness would not have been so gracious.

'When news of the taking of Mirandola reached the Duke of Ferrara's camp, it was hugely distasteful to the whole company. The Duke feared that he should be speedily besieged at Ferrara. He therefore destroyed the bridge he

had made, and retired with his whole army into his town, determining to keep it to the last day of his life. The Pope deigned not to enter Mirandola by the gate, but had a bridge made upon the foss, and, passing over that, went in by one of the breaches. He tarried there some days, devising of all means in the world whereby to mischief the Duke of Ferrara.

CHAPTER XLIV.

How the Pope sent a band of seven or eight thousand men to besiege a place belonging to the Duke of Ferrara, called La Bastia; and how they were defeated through the advice of the good Knight without fear and without reproach.

When the Pope was within Mirandola, he one day called together his nephew and all the Captains, both of horse and foot, and told them how he wished to go and lay siege to Ferrara, before undertaking any thing else; and was desirous to have their advice in this matter, by what means the thing might most safely be conducted; for he knew that the said town was wonderful strong, well furnished with good soldiers and with ordnance, and that, unless it were deprived of provisions, it would cost him a great deal to take it. But this was the very point whereby he reckoned upon subduing the inhabitants, seeing that he possessed the means of cutting off from them the passage of the Po, that no provisions could come to

them from above Ferrara, and that from below, the Venetians would take good care they should get none. All delivered their opinions, till one Captain Giovanni Forte, of the Seigniory of Venice, it being his turn to speak, addressed himself to the Pope and said in his language: "Most holy Father, I have heard the opinions of all the Gentlemen here present, and, as I apprehend, they conclude that, by suffering no supplies to enter Ferrara by the Po, and besieging it by the island, in pursuance of the plan you propose, the town will be reduced to a state of starvation in a few days. I know the territory, whereof the Duke of Ferrara hath much and good; abundance of provisions can come to him by *Argento*, but that might be provided against. On the other side there is a country called Il Polesino di Sto. Giorgio, which is so wealthy that, if nothing came to Ferrara from any other place, it would be able to furnish the town with provisions for a year. It will be very difficult to hinder its receiving supplies from thence without taking a town five and twenty miles from Ferrara, called la Bastia; but, were that in our power, I would engage that the town should be famished in two months, seeing how large a number of inhabitants it contains." No

sooner had Captain Giovanni Forte finished his discourse than the Pope said: "This stronghold must be had immediately: I shall never be at rest till it is taken." So two Spanish Captains with two hundred gendarms, and this Venetian Captain with five hundred light horse, and five or six thousand foot, were appointed to the execution of the enterprise, and furnished with six pieces of heavy artillery. Being assembled they set out on their way, and reached the place without any rencounter. When the Captain who had to keep it saw so great a force he was alarmed, and not without reason. However he resolved to do his duty, and to inform the Duke his master of the situation he was in. The Pope's people made no delay, but, after having encamped, planted their artillery, and begun to storm the fortress. The Captain had secretly sent off a man to the Duke to let him know of the affair, and that if he were not succoured within four and twenty hours he should be in a desperate condition; seeing that he had not men sufficient for the defence of the place against the force by which it was assailed. The messenger made extreme haste, and arrived at Ferrara about mid-day, having performed the journey in less than six hours.

The good Knight, as he was going out to his diversions at a certain gate, saw the messenger entering by the same, and inquired who he was; the man was brought before him, and, being asked whence he came, answered boldly: "My Lord, I come from la Bastia, which is besieged by seven or eight hundred men: the Captain sends me to tell the Duke that unless he be succoured he cannot hold out the whole of to-morrow, if so be that they make the assault." "How comes that, my friend? is the fort so weak?" "No," said the messenger; "on the contrary it is one of the best in Italy; but it contains no more than five and twenty soldiers, who are not capable of defending it against the enemy's force." "Come then, my friend, I will take you to the Duke." He and the Lord of Montoison were on their mules in the market-place, conferring together on business. They perceived the good Knight coming along with his man, and conjectured that he must be a spy. So the Lord of Montoison addressed himself to the good Knight, and said: "You had rather be dead, comrade, than not take some prize from the enemy every day; how much will this prisoner pay for his ransom?" "In troth," replied the good Knight, "he is one of

our own people, and brings us strange news, as he will tell my Lord." Thereupon the Duke interrogated him, and then looked at the letter which the Captain of La Bastia had written to him. As he was reading every one perceived that he grew pale and changed colour. Having perused it he shrugged his shoulders, and said: "If I lose La Bastia, I may as well abandon Ferrara, and I see no means of relieving it within the term prescribed by him that holds it; for he requires aid to be sent him before to-morrow for the whole day, and that is impossible." "As how?" replied the Lord of Montoison. "Because," quoth the Duke, "the place is five and twenty miles off, and it is necessary at this time to take a road, where the men must go one by one for the space of half a mile. Moreover there is a pass, wherein, if the enemies were aware of it, twenty men might hinder ten thousand from proceeding: but I believe they wot not of it."

The good Knight without fear and without reproach, seeing the Duke so dismayed and not without cause, addressed him in the following manner: "My Lord, when a trifling matter is at stake, we may leave it in the hands of chance; but when destruction impends over our heads we should strain

every nerve to ward it off. Our enemies are besieging La Bastia, and deem themselves in perfect security, because, the Pope's large army being here, they imagine that we should not dare quit this town, to go and make them raise the siege. I have thought of a thing which will be easily executed, and, unless fate prove extremely adverse, will procure us a great deal of credit. You have in this town four or five thousand foot, gallant fellows, well versed in the arts of war. Let us take two thousand of them, with Captain Jacob's eight hundred Swiss, and place them over night in boats upon the water. You are still masters of the Po as far as Argento. Those forces will go wait for us at the passage you speak of. If they arrive first they will take Argento, and the horse that are in this town will go by land all night. We will have good guides, and will contrive by break of day, to reach La Bastia, and there our comrades and we shall join company. Our enemies will have no suspicion of this enterprise. The pass you mention is scarce three miles from La Bastia. Before they have time to place themselves in battle array we will fall fiercely on them, and my heart forebodes that we shall conquer."

Had one given the Duke an hundred thousand

crowns he could not have been more delighted. He replied smiling: "Upon my honour, my Lord of Bayard, nothing is impossible to you; but upon my word, if the Gentlemen here hold your counsel good, I doubt not but we shall deal with the enemy as you propose. And, for my part, I earnestly pray that they may so." Then he lifted his cap from off his head.

The Lord of Montoison, a bold and valiant Captain, made reply: "My Lord, we need no entreaties on your part, and are ready to do as you shall command; for so we were instructed by the King our master." The same said the Lord of le Lude, and Captain Fontrailles, both fully resolved to do their duty. They sent for the Captains of the foot, and informed them of the scheme, whereat they were transported with joy. The Duke secretly caused a number of barks to be prepared, without making any noise about it; for there were people in the town much inclined to the Pope's interest. The barks being ready, the infantry, who were good and sure sailors, entered thereinto about evening.

The cavalry, whom the Duke accompanied in person, set out upon their way in the beginning of the night. Having good guides, they were

securely conducted, maugre the bad weather, and sped so well that, half an hour before daybreak, the said troops reached the pass, where, to their infinite satisfaction, they met with no impediment. In less than half an hour the barks arrived containing the footsoldiers, who got out and quietly proceeded to that dangerous passage, a little bridge, over which but one gendarm could pass at a time. The same was on a very deep canal between the Po and La Bastia. They spent a full hour in passing, so that it grew broad daylight, which the Duke ill liked, and hearing no sound of the firing of artillery feared that his place was lost. But, as he conversed with the French Captains, three reports struck his ear at once; whereby he and all the fair and noble company were greatly heartened. They were then not more than a mile from the enemy.

Thereupon the good Knight spoke thus: "Gentlemen, I have always heard it said that he who makes no account of his enemy is a madman. We are hard upon ours, and they are three to one against us. If they knew of our enterprise we should doubtless have plenty of trouble with them: for they have artillery, and we none. Moreover I have heard that they before La Bastia

are the flower of the Pope's army; we must take them unprepared, as we can. I am of opinion that the Bastard du Fay, my Standardbearer, who is a man skilled in such matters, should go with fifteen or twenty horse in that direction by which the enemy came, and give them the alarm. Captain Pierrepont shall accompany him at the distance of a bow-shot with an hundred gendarms, by way of convoy, in case he should be repulsed. And we will give him Captain Jacob Zemberc with his Swiss. You, my Lord," said he to the Duke, "my Lord of Montoison, the Gentlemen my companions, and myself, will go straight to the leaguer, whither I will proceed first to raise the alarm. If Du Fay have done that beforehand, and they all crowd thither, we will inclose them between him and us. If our alarm be first given, Captain Pierrepont and his band of Swiss shall do the same on their side. This will astound them so much that they will not know what to do, and will imagine us three times as numerous as we really are. Above all let every one of our trumpets sound to the approach."

Never was any thing more approved; for be it known to the readers of this history that the good Knight was a very register of battles; so that on

account of his great experience every one deferred to his opinion. Let us now come to the point. The two detachments moved off, one taking the road by which the enemy had come, as had been appointed, the other proceeding straight to the fortress, which they got within cannon-shot of, without being perceived by any. Du Fay then raised the alarm sharply and vigorously, which dismayed them of the camp in a high degree; however they began to arm, to mount their horses, and repair to the place where the alarm had been given. Their foot arranged themselves in order, and, had they once closed in combat, the conflict would have been dangerous and deadly to the Ferrarese, by reason of their great numbers: but two misfortunes befell them both at once. When they who went to repel Du Fay were two hundred paces off they met Captain Pierrepont, who fiercely assaulted them, and beat them at a great rate. The Swiss beginning to march were encountered by their infantry, who were ranged in order of battle, and very numerous, being from five to six thousand. Wherefore the said Swiss were rudely repulsed, and would have been routed, had they not received assistance from the cavalry, who fell upon

the enemy's flanks. Meantime there arrived the Duke, the Lords of Montoison, of le Lude, of Fontrailles, and the good Knight, with their horse and two thousand foot, who attacked their adversaries in the rear, so that they were all dismounted. Captain Fontrailles and the good Knight spied a troop of horse, three or four hundred in number, who seemed disposed to rally. So they called their ensigns, turned in that direction, crying: "France! France! Duke! Duke!" and charged them in such a manner that great part of them were thrown upon the ground.

The enemy fought for a full hour, but at length lost the field; all escaped that could, but those were not very many. The Duke and the French made a terrible slaughter of them; more than four or five thousand foot and sixty horse being killed, and above three hundred horses taken, along with the whole of their baggage and artillery. So that there was not a Frenchman of them all but found some difficulty in carrying away his booty. Why the chroniclers and historians have not spoken after another fashion from what they have of this noble battle of La Bastia I am unable to divine; seeing that one better contested, or with more hazard, had not taken place for an hundred

years before. Be that as it may, this engagement was necessary to prevent the ruin of the Duke and the French, who returned gloriously and triumphantly into the town, where every one bestowed on them the highest applause. Above all persons the good Dutchess, who was the pearl of the world, gave them a singularly good reception; entertaining them with marvellous fine feasts and banquets every day in the Italian fashion. I will venture to affirm that neither in her own times, nor in those farther back, hath there been found a more glorious Princess; for she was beautiful and good, mild, and courteous to all sorts of people. She spoke Italian, Greek, French, and Spanish, with a little very good Latin, and composed in all these different languages. Certain it is, that, although her husband was a wise and valiant Prince, this Lady, by her amiable qualities, caused great and good services to be done him.

END OF VOL. I.

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THE

RIGHT JOYOUS AND PLEASANT HISTORY

OF THE

FEATS, GESTS, AND PROWESSES

OF THE

CHEVALIER BAYARD,

THE GOOD KNIGHT WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.

BY THE LOYAL SERVANT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
MDCCCXXV.

MEMOIRS

OF

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER XLV.

Of the death of the Lord of Montoison, and of divers intrigues which Pope Julius and the Duke of Ferrara carried on against each other, wherein the good Knight approved his virtue.

THE gentle Lord of Montoison did not long survive this spirited engagement of La Bastia; for he was seized with an unintermitting fever, which never left him till he died. It was a lamentable circumstance, and France sustained a heavy loss thereby. He had been in his lifetime one of the most accomplished Gentlemen that was to be met with, and had performed noble actions in

Picardy, Bretagne, Naples, and Lombardy. A very merlin he was, unremittingly vigilant. In time of war he was constantly in the saddle: which caused him to be much broken and worn out at the time of his decease. But he demeaned himself so handsomely, and with so much propriety, that you would have taken him for a man of thirty. His unhappy fate was much lamented by the Duke and Dutchess of Ferrara, the good Knight, and all the French Captains; but this was a grievance which admitted of no remedy.

The Pope, still at Mirandola, was wellnigh beside himself when he heard of the defeat of his people at La Bastia, and vowed to God that he would be revenged: in order to which he resolved upon beginning the siege of Ferrara without delay; but the Captains and military men that were with him, especially his nephew the Duke of Urbino, who would have liked well that the King of France and he should have been friends, did their utmost to dissuade him from it; representing to him that Ferrara, supplied as it was with all necessaries, and with such Captains, in particular the good Knight, with whom none might compare, would not be easily taken, and that, if his army entered the island to besiege it, there would be great diffi-

culty in getting provisions. The Pope liked not these counsels, but cast about for some other method of accomplishing his desire, and thought to tamper with certain Gentlemen of the town, by whose means he might get possession of it, that is by their delivering up a gate some night for his people to enter at. He sent many spies instructing them to speak with these Gentlemen; but the Duke and the good Knight were so vigilant that not one entered but was laid hold of, and six or seven of them were hung. However the Duke entertained suspicions of certain Gentlemen of his town, whom he threw into prison, peradventure wrongfully. Among them was the Count *Borse Calcagnin*, in whose house the good Knight had lodged; he was much grieved at his detention: but in the then doubtful state of affairs, deemed it unmeet to interfere, unless he could be quite sure what he was about.

When the Pope saw that he could not compass his ends by these measures, he hatched a horrible scheme; in order to be revenged on the French he meditated insnaring the Duke of Ferrara. He had a Gentleman of Lodi in the Dutchy of Milan at his devotion, who was called Messer Augustino Guerlo; but had changed his name.

He was a great framer of plots and treasons, which brought him ill luck in the end; for the Lord of Aubigny caused his head to be cut off in Brescia, where he would have betrayed him. One day the Pope sent for this Messer Augustino and said to him: "Come, you must do me a service. You shall go to the Duke at Ferrara, and tell him that if he will send away the French, and be my ally, I will give him one of my nieces for his eldest son, will wipe out all old scores, and moreover make him Gonfalonier, and Captain General of the Church. He hath only to tell the French that he hath no further occasion for them, and that they may retire. Sure I am that they can pass into no place whatsoever where they will not be at my mercy, and not one of them shall escape."

This messenger, who liked nothing better than such commissions, said he could manage the affair very well, and went straight to Ferrara to confer with the Duke, who, as a wise and subtle Prince, gave the fellow a good hearing, and pretended that he would gladly comply with the Pope's desire; but he would rather have died an hundred thousand deaths, having too noble and excellent an heart to do any such thing.

This he clearly manifested; for after having well regaled Messer Augustino, and shut him up in an apartment in the Palace, whereof he took away the key, he went with one Gentleman only to the good Knight's lodgings, and fully related to him the whole affair; whereat he crossed himself, and could not conceive that the Pope would be so wicked as to accomplish what he had proposed. But the Duke assured him that nothing was more true, and that, if he desired it he would put him into a closet in his Palace, where he might hear the fellow repeat all he had said to him: that he knew it could be no falsehood by the tokens he had given him: but would sooner be torn to pieces by four horses, than even have thought of consenting to such an atrocious project; observing how much he was bound to the House of France, and how well the King had aided him in his so great necessity.

The good Knight said: "My Lord, you have no need to clear yourself from that; I know you well enough. On my soul I hold my companions and myself as secure in this town of yours, as if we were in Paris. And I fear not, with God's aid, that any evil will betide us, by your connivance at least." "My Lord of Bayard," said the

Duke, "suppose we do this thing. The Pope hath a mind to perpetrate a piece of villany,—let us give him like for like. I will go speak again with his man; and will try to gain him, and bring him over to our interest, so that he may do us some good turn." "It is well spoken," the good Knight replied. At these words the Duke returned to his Palace, and went directly to the room where he had left Messer Augustino Guerlo: to whom he held divers discourses, and of divers natures, far from the subject matter of his thoughts, in order the better to arrive at his point, which he well knew how to introduce opportunely, as will appear from what follows: "Messer Augustino," said he, "I have been thinking all this morning of the proposal made me by the Pope, wherein I can discover no kind of security or expedience, for two reasons. In the first place I ought never to trust him, after he hath declared so many times that he would put me to death if he had me in his power, and that I am the man in the world whom he most hateth; and I am well aware there is no one thing upon earth he so longs after as to get this town, and my other territories into his hands; wherefore I do not see what reliance I can have upon him. Secondly, if I tell my

Lord of Bayard at this time, that I no longer stand in need of him or his companions, what will he think? He is as strong again in the town as I am. Perhaps he will reply that he will give notice of it to the King of France, or to my Lord the Grand Master, his Lieutenant General on this side the Alps, by whom he was sent hither; and according to their answer will frame his proceedings. In the mean time it would be very difficult to hinder him from arriving at a knowledge of my purpose, and then I should justly be abandoned as a villain, and between two stools should fall upon the ground;—a thing I should by no means relish. But, Messer Augustino, the Pope is of a terrible nature, exceeding choleric and vindictive as you well know. And, whatever he may disclose to you of his secret affairs, believe me he will play you a shrewd trick some day or other. Moreover when he dies what will become of his servants? Another Pope will succeed, who will not harbour one of them, and it is a very bad service, except for ecclesiastics. You know that I have wealth and enow, God be thanked for it. If you will do me some good service, and help to rid me of my enemy, I will give you so handsome a present, and assign you

so good an income, that you shall be at your ease ever after; and on this you may confidently rely."

The wicked, base, covetous rascal, had no sooner heard the Duke's words, than he felt his heart suddenly moved: and replied, wellnigh persuaded: "On my soul, my Lord, you say truth: for these six years have I been wishing to enter your service. I can assure you there is no man about the person of the Pope who can better perform what you desire than myself; for I am with him night and day. He frequently takes his after supper repast from my hand, and we two only are present when he talks to me concerning his schemes of deceit. If you will use me well, in less than eight days he shall cease to live, and I ask nothing till I have done what I promise. On the other hand, my Lord, I should not like to be made a fool of afterwards." "No, no," said the Duke, "upon my honour." So they struck the bargain before they parted: the Duke was to give him two thousand ducats in hand, and five hundred a-year. This being settled, Messer Augustino was again handsomely treated, and the Duke, leaving him in his apartment, returned to the good Knight, who had gone out for pleasure on the city ramparts, and was looking on, by way

of pastime, while a loophole was cleared. Seeing the Duke approach he went to meet him; they took one another by the hand, and, as they walked upon the ramparts, at a distance from all others, the Duke begun to say: "My Lord Bayard, it never fell out but that deceivers were themselves deceived in the end. You have heard the villany which the Pope would have made me commit against you and the French that are here. And in this intent he hath sent a man of his to me, as you know. I have so brought him over to our side, and changed his purpose, that he will do to the Pope what he wished to do to you; for he hath assured me that in eight days at farthest, he shall be no more."

The good Knight, who would never have suspected the real truth of the fact, made answer: "How can that be, my Lord, hath he spoken with God?" "Give yourself no concern about the matter," said the Duke; "so shall it be." And they went on communing together till he told him that Messer Augustino had engaged himself to poison the Pope. Whereat the good Knight said: "Oh! my Lord, I can never believe that so worthy a Prince as you will consent to so black a treachery; and, were I assured of it, I swear to you, by my

soul, that I would apprize the Pope thereof, before it were night." "Why?" said the Duke, "he would have done as much to you and me: and you know that we have hung seven or eight spies of his." "No matter for that," said the good Knight; "I never will consent to the effecting of his death in this manner." The Duke shrugged his shoulders, spat upon the ground, and said: "My Lord Bayard, would that I had killed all my enemies as I did that! Howbeit since the thing is not to your liking it shall be given up; and, but God help us, we shall both repent of it." "Not so, please God," said the good Knight. "But I pray you, my Lord, put the fellow into my hands who would perform this precious piece of work, and, if I have him not hung within an hour, let me be so dealt with in his stead." "No, my Lord Bayard," said the Duke; "I have assured him of his personal safety: but I will go and dismiss him." Which the Duke did as soon as he got back to his Palace. What the man said or how he acted on his return to the Pope I know not: but he executed none of his enterprises. So he continued about the person of his Holiness, who was much grieved at being able to discover no method of bringing his schemes to

pass. He remained a little while longer at Mirandola, and in its neighbourhood, then retired to Bologna, and placed his army in garrisons near Modena.

About this time the Duke of Urbino, his nephew, who had ever leaned toward the French, and to whom the war levied by the Pope against the King of France was hugely distasteful, killed the Cardinal of Pavia, Legate at Bologna; this greatly incensed his Holiness, who had been entirely governed by him, but he was obliged to stifle his resentment. The catastrophe was occasioned by the Duke's being told that the Cardinal of Pavia had represented him to the Pope as more a servant of the French than of himself, and as giving them daily information of his proceedings. That might have been made up; but the root of the mischief was that this Cardinal of Pavia had been the original instigator of the Pope to the war. He received an ill guerdon for such counsel.

I shall quit this subject, and speak of what happened in Italy during two years.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Of sundry things which happened in Italy in the course of two years.

SEEING that this history is principally founded on the virtue and prowess of the good Knight without fear and without reproach, I shall leave many things unspoken of which are not necessary to be inserted therein. Nevertheless I choose to mention the principal occurrences which took place during two years in Italy, till the death of the good Lord of Chaumont, Governor of Milan, who was succeeded by that worthy Prince Gaston de Foix, Duke of Nemours.

The Emperor sent again to the King of France for succour, in order to the conquest of Friuli, which the Venetians held. This is a very good and beautiful country: by it you enter Germany in two or three places, and by one end Sclavonia. His request was granted, and that Monarch wrote to his Lieutenant General, the Lord of Chaumont, bidding him send the Lord of la Palisse to

the said country of Friuli, accompanied by twelve hundred horse, and eight thousand foot. Which was done accordingly, and he went thither with plenty of gallant Captains, both of cavalry and infantry. You may suppose he did not leave the good Knight, his excellent friend, behind. They found the Emperor's army at Verona, and marched in company with it. In this same army, a German Gentleman, named George of Stain, was Lieutenant for the Emperor. They penetrated a good way into the country, and went to besiege Treviso, but effected nothing there. In the approaches there fell a brave Gentleman, Lord of Lorges, at that time Lieutenant of Captain Bonnet, who had a thousand foot. A young brother of his was put in his place, who hath since performed great things. Thence they steered their course to the bank of a river called the Piava, which separates Friuli and the Trevisan, and constructed a bridge of boats thereon. The good Knight and Captain Fontrailles passed over it with their companies. Now Bayard had had for a little while under his charge an hundred gendarms, which the King of France had given to the noble Duke of Lorrain, on condition that the good Knight should lead them as his Lieutenant;

the worthy Prince desired nothing else, for in the whole world he could not have found one more competent to the task. So these two valiant Captains went with some Germans against Gradisca and Goritz, which are on the confines of Sclavonia, but were then held by the Venetians. Having taken these towns and put them into the hands of the Emperor, they returned to the camp, where they found the Lord of la Palisse, who had remained a long while without doing any great things, through the ill conduct of the Emperor's people. And never were poor soldiers in such woful plight; for they went six days without bread or wine, and suffered many other miseries in this unfortunate expedition; insomuch that the King of France lost above four thousand foot, and an hundred gendarms by sickness. Among the other forces there were about two thousand five hundred Grisons, who, for want of bread, devoured a quantity of grapes, (it being the month of September,) and were seized with a flux, which carried off an hundred of them in a day. And, strange to say, out of the two thousand five hundred, twain only returned to their native land: the one a Captain, the other an Ensign. In short, of all the forces which the Lord

of la Palisse had brought with him, he had not three hundred horse, nor three thousand foot in a healthy condition.

Seeing that this calamity was come upon him, he became earnest to return, which the Emperor's people not approving, high words passed between them. However, he went to St. Bonifacio, that village where the Venetians had held their camp so long the preceding year, and abode there some little time; at which juncture the Lord of le Reu, a native of Burgundy, went to visit a Castle that the Emperor had given him, and was taken by the Albanians of the Seigniory of Venice. Men said that the Lord *Mercure*, who was likewise in the Emperor's service, played him this trick because he laid claim to the place as well as himself. I can only speak as to what actually occurred.

The Lord Jean Jacques in these two years reconquered Mirandola with the army of the King of France, and drove that of the Pope from before Bologna, where it was defeated without putting hand to sword, and his Holiness himself had like to have been taken in the town. A more wretched camp was never beheld; for they belonging to it lost all their baggage, artillery, tents, and pavi-

lions; and one Frenchman alone carried away prisoners five or six of the Pope's gendarms. There was a man with a wooden leg, called La Baulme, who had three bound together. It was a signal overthrow, and nobly executed. The good Knight without fear and without reproach distinguished himself greatly therein; for he led the first light horsemen, and, on the evening of the defeat, the Lord Jean Jacques did him the honour to declare at supper time that the glory of the victory was due, after God, to the Lord of Bayard. There were many valiant Captains present when he uttered these words; and he was so honest and so wise that he would not have spoken them without good reason.

On his return the worthy Duke of Nemours went to see the Duke and Dutchess of Ferrara in their own town, where he was received with exceeding pleasure, and had many feasts given him, agreeably to the custom of the country; for the gentle Dutchess knew well how to conduct those sorts of entertainments.

While he was there, a combat took place between two Spaniards, which I shall give a recital of.

CHAPTER XLVII.

How two Spaniards fought desperately in the City of Ferrara.

THE same day that this noble duke of Nemours arrived at Ferrara, the Baron of Bearn told him he might divert himself if he listed with the sight of a furious combat between two Spaniards, of whom one was named Sta. Cruz, and had been a Colonel of foot in the service of the Pope; the other, Señor Azevedo, had also had some charge of the said infantry. The occasion of the duel was Azevedo's having said that Captain Sta. Cruz had wickedly endeavoured to compass his death by treachery, and that he would fight him thereupon. The other replied that it was false, and he would maintain the same in combat. Wherefore the said Azevedo had come to Ferrara, for the purpose of presenting himself to the Duke of Nemours, and prevailing upon him to grant permission for the fight: which he did, when the affair had been represented to him by the Baron

of Bearn. Azevedo, delighted at having gained his point, sent word of it forthwith to his enemy Sta. Cruz, who made no long tarrying. Meantime, the field was prepared before the Palace against he came; and, two days after, when he arrived well attended, having with him full an hundred horse, among the rest, Don Pedro de Acunha, Knight of Rhodes and Prior of Messina, (the most eminent man of the company,) whom he took for his second, Don François de Beaumont, who had quitted the service of the King of France a little while before, and others, it was resolved that the combat should take place. They entered the lists on a Tuesday, an hour past noon. First came the assailant, which was Azevedo, with the Lord Federigo di Bozzolo, of the House of Gonzaga, whom he had chosen for his second. He had not yet learned how and with what arms his adversary chose to fight. However, being well advised, he was furnished with all that was necessary for a combatant on foot or horseback, in every imaginable method of fighting. Soon after he entered, the Prior of Messina approached him, with two *secrettes*,* two very sharp rapiers, and two poniards, which he had carried by his side;

* We presume, from Du Cange, that the *secrette* was a kind of axe. See his Glossary, vol. vi. p. 314. at the word *securcs*.

and presented to Señor Azevedo for him to choose out of; who took what he needed.

This done, Sta. Cruz placed himself within the lists. Both fell upon their knees, and made their prayers to God. Then they were examined by the seconds, to see if they had any arms concealed under their clothes; and after that the field was cleared, none remaining therein but the two combatants, the two seconds, and the good Knight without fear and without reproach, whom, as one that understood such things as well as any man living, the Duke of Ferrara, to do him honour, had appointed master and keeper of the field. The Herald began to cry aloud, as customary on such occasions, that no one was to make any sign, either by spitting, coughing, or otherwise, whereby either of the combatants might be instructed. These preliminaries being ended, they marched up to one another. Azevedo held his rapier in his right hand and his poniard in the other. But Sta. Cruz put his poniard into the scabbard, and held only his rapier. Now you may suppose how deadly the combat must have been, as they wore no defensive armour of any kind. They aimed at each other some dexterous blows, both being active and alert, as was very needful.

Now, after many thrusts, Sta. Cruz made a dangerous pass at his adversary's face: but Azevedo skilfully parried it with his rapier, which, in descending, pierced the top of his enemy's thigh even to the bone, so that the blood gushed out in great abundance. Sta. Cruz would have stepped forward to avenge himself, but fell; which Azevedo seeing with joy approached his enemy, and exclaimed in his language: "Yield, Sta. Cruz, or I slay thee:" he made no answer, but sat upright grasping his sword, and declaring that he was resolved to die rather than surrender. Thereat Azevedo said: "Rise then, Sta. Cruz, I could never strike thee thus." This he did to his extreme peril, like one desperate, and, out of his great heart, raised himself, and advanced two steps forward, thinking to run his enemy through, who retreated a step, putting by his thrust. So Sta. Cruz fell a second time with his face almost to the earth, and Azevedo raised his sword to cut off his head: which he might easily have done had he chosen it; but he withheld the blow, and for all that Sta. Cruz would not yield. The Dutchess of Ferrara, in whose company was the gentle Duke of Nemours, besought him with clasped hands to have them parted. He replied: "Madam, for your sake I should

be well pleased to do so. But I cannot rightfully interfere with the conqueror against reason, neither ought I to do it." Sta. Cruz was losing all the blood in his body, and, had he remained in that state much longer, must inevitably have died. Wherefore the Prior of Messina, who was his second, went to Azevedo and said: "Señor Azevedo, I know well from the spirit of Captain Sta. Cruz that he will sooner die than surrender; and, since there is no other expedient in the case, I give myself up for him." Thus he came off victorious, and, throwing himself on both knees, returned most humble thanks to God. A surgeon came immediately, and stanched the blood that gushed from the wound of Sta. Cruz. His people took him up, and bore him off the field, together with his arms, which Azevedo sent to demand; but they would not part with them. Whereat he went and complained to the Duke, who told it the good Knight, deputing him to signify to Sta. Cruz, that, if he would not yield up his arms, as vanquished, the Duke would have him brought back into the lists, where his wound should be ripped open, and he put into the condition wherein he had been left by his enemy, when his second surrendered for him. Finding himself thus compelled

he resigned his arms to Bayard, and he, as right was, delivered them to Señor Azevedo; who was conducted to the house of the Duke of Nemours with sound of trumpet and clarion.

A little while before a duel had been fought at Parma between two other Spaniards. The one, named Señor Peralta, had formerly been in the service of the King of France, and was killed by a falcon-shot, at the time when the Lord Jean Jacques routed the Pope's army; the other was a Captain Aldano. Their combat was on horseback, with short stirrups: their weapons, the rapier, poniard, and three darts apiece, together with a target. Peralta's second was a Spaniard; Aldano's the worthy Captain Molart. It had snowed so much that the fight was performed in the market-place of Parma, which was cleared for the purpose, and there were no other barriers but those formed by the snow. Each of the combatants played his part very well. In the end the Lord of Chaumont, who had given permission for the fight, commanded that they should separate with equal honour.

At this time the Venetians went to besiege Verona, then held by the Lord of Plessis for the King of France, who had it by way of pledge for

some money that he had lent the Emperor. However they did not succeed in their attempt, and were obliged to raise the siege by the Lord of Chaumont, Governor of Milan.

The army of the Pope and the Spaniards moreover sat down before Bologna; but that siege was likewise raised, and the enemy retired into Romagna.

Some time after, at a place named Coreggio, died the good Lord of Chaumont, that worthy Knight, who had so well guarded Lombardy, during the space of ten or twelve years, for his master the King of France. He had been a wise, virtuous, circumspect Lord, of great vigilance, and that understood his affairs well. Death seized upon him somewhat prematurely; for at the time of his decease he was only thirty eight years old, and not five and twenty when he was first entrusted with the government of the Dutchy of Milan. God in mercy grant him remission of his offences! for he was a good man all his life long.

A little while after the King of France sent into Italy his Lieutenant General, the Lord of Longueville: who caused a new oath of allegiance to be taken by all that held the towns and strong-

holds of the Dutchy of Milan to the King his master, and his eldest daughter, the Lady Claude of France. After tarrying there some days he returned; and soon afterwards the worthy Duke of Nemours was created Lieutenant General, as the Lord of Chaumont had been before. He had not long enjoyed this dignity when death overtook him, a circumstance much lamented by all worthy persons.

At the end of the year 1511, about Christmas, a numerous troop of Swiss came down, whom the said Duke went out to meet, with some forces, but was not strong enough to fight them in the open country: seeing that the greater part of his men were in garrison at Verona, Bologna, and other towns. Skirmishes took place ever and anon. However the French were driven back into Milan, whither, on the same day, the Lord of Conty, Captain of an hundred horse, went to make an incursion, but met with very ill success; for he lost eight or ten men, and was sore wounded, insomuch that he died in the town of Milan. Next day he was fully avenged by the good Knight without fear and without reproach, his great companion and friend, who took the field, and overthrew five hundred Swiss on the

very spot where the Lord of Conty had received his death blow. Some days the Swiss continued before Milan, till provisions failed them. By reason whereof they were obliged to enter into a composition, and to go their way. This same composition was negotiated by their Captain General, who had brought them thither, Baron Superfax, with the Duke of Nemours, in a place near Milan called St. Angelo. The Swiss returned; but this descent of theirs did very great scath to the Dutchy, as they burnt fifteen or twenty great villages.

Soon after, the Duke of Nemours, hearing that the Spanish army was approaching Bologna to besiege it, repaired to a village near Ferrara, named Finale, assembled all the army there, and quartered it round about.

While the said army was marching straight to Finale the noble Duke of Nemours passed through a little town of the name of Carpi, with great part of the Captains, especially all those whom he loved and trusted the most. He abode two days there, and was vastly well entertained by the Lord of the town, who had the reputation of being a great master in the learning both of the Greeks and Romans. He was cousin german to Giovanni

Francesco Pio, Count of Mirandola, and hight himself Alberto Pio, Count of Carpi. He supped with the Duke of Nemours and the French Captains, on the evening of their arrival, and they had much discourse together: among other topics, of an astrologer, by some called a sooth-sayer, then in the town of Carpi: how wondrously he spake concerning things past, whereof he had never had any information; and what was more, how he foretold things to come. It certainly ought to be acknowledged by all true Christians that God alone can see into futurity; yet this astrologer of Carpi said so many things, and to so many different people, which afterwards proved true, that he turned the heads of a number.

'When the gentle Duke of Nemours heard him spoken of, being, like most young people, fond of the wonderful, he entreated the Count to send for him. Which he did, and the man obeyed the summons immediately. He might be about sixty years of age, lean, and of middling stature. The Duke of Nemours stretched out his hand to him, and asked him how he did. He answered with great propriety. Much conversation passed, and the Duke inquired of him, among other things, if the Viceroy of Naples and the Spaniards would

stay to join battle. He said they would, and that on his life the engagement would fall out upon Good Friday, or Easter Sunday, and would be a very bloody one. He was asked which side would gain the victory. He made reply in these very words: "The French will keep the field, and the Spaniards will sustain the heaviest and most grievous loss they have experienced for these hundred years. But the French will gain little thereby, for they will lose a number of men, and much both of credit and substance; a thing greatly to be regretted." He spake so as it was wonderful to hear. The Lord of la Palisse asked him if he should fall in this battle; he replied, that he certainly would not, that he would live at least twelve years longer, but be slain in another engagement. The same said he to the Lord of Humbercourt, and he told Captain Richebourg that he would run great risk of being killed by lightning. In short there were few of the company who did not put questions to him respecting their own concerns.

The good Knight without fear and without reproach, who was present, laughed at all this, and the gentle Duke of Nemours said to him: "My Lord Bayard, my friend, I pray you interrogate our Master a little as to what will become of you."

"It is needless to inquire about that," replied he, "as I am perfectly sure I shall never come to any thing very great: however, since it is your pleasure, I will do so." Then he said to the astrologer: "My good Master, pray tell me whether I shall ever become a mighty rich man." He replied: "You shall be rich in honour and virtue, as any Captain of France that ever lived: but of the goods of fortune you shall possess few; them indeed you do not covet. And verily can I affirm that you will serve another King of France beside the one who now reigns, and whom you at present serve, and he will love and esteem you much: but envious persons will prevent his ever bestowing much wealth upon you, or advancing you to the honours you will have merited. Nevertheless lay not the blame on him." "And shall I escape from this battle, which you say is to prove such a bloody one?" "Yea," said he, "but you will die in war within twelve years at farthest, and will be slain by artillery. Otherwise you would never end your days in the field, as you are so beloved by those under your command, that they would sooner die than leave you in jeopardy."

In short it was as good as a comedy to hear

the interrogatories that were put to him by every one. He observed that, among all the Captains, the Lord of la Palisse and the good Knight were the most intimate with the Duke of Nemours. He drew them both aside, and said to them in his language: "My Lords, I see you have a great love for this noble Prince, your chief, and well doth he merit to be loved; for his face wonderfully bespeaks the goodness of his nature. Give heed to him on the day of the battle, for he is like to fall therein; if he survive that he will be one of the greatest, most exalted personages that France ever produced. But I perceive he will have much ado to escape. Therefore think upon it well, for I give you leave to cut off my head if he be not in as great danger of death as ever man was." Cursed be the hour, alas! whereof he prophesied so truly. The good Prince of Nemours asked them smiling: "What said he to you, my Lords?" the good Knight replied, changing the subject; "Sir, my Lord of La Palisse hath been inquiring of him whether he be as well loved of Reffuge as Viverots. He answers 'no,' whereat he is not over well content." At this pleasant speech my Lord of Nemours begun to laugh, and had no suspicion but that it was really so.

In the mean while an adventurer joined the company, that had the reputation of being a gallant fellow, but extremely vicious; he was called Jacquin Caumont, and held the office of Standardbearer in one of Captain Molart's bands. Willing to have his pastime, like the rest, he went up to the astrologer, and drew him aside: "Come tell me my fortune," said he, addressing him by some opprobrious appellation. The man felt himself insulted, and angrily replied: "Begone; I'll tell you nothing; you lie in calling me what you do." Many of the Gentlemen that were present said to Jacquin, "You are in the wrong, Captain; you have a mind to amuse yourself with him, and you flout him with scurrile terms." So by degrees he came about, and spoke much more civilly, saying; "Friend master, if I have let fall an idle word, I beg your pardon;" and he went on in this strain till he succeeded in pacifying him. Then he showed him his hand; for the astrologer consulted both the hands and the countenance. When he had looked at that of Jacquin, he said to him in his language; "Pray make no inquiries of me; for I can tell you nothing good." Upon this all the company begun to laugh, and Jacquin, much disconcerted at their merriment, said again to the

astrologer, "It is all one; tell me what you see here; I am sure that I cannot be a cuckold because I have no wife." Being thus pressed he said: "Do you wish to know of your own concerns?" "Ay," said Jacquin. "Then look to your soul in good time," said the astrologer, "for ere six months are over you will be hung and strangled." Thereupon the hearers begun to laugh at a great rate, never imagining that it would really come to pass; for the thing had no appearance at that time, as he enjoyed much credit among the infantry; they thought too that the master said it because Jacquin had abused him at the first; but never was any thing more true. And, as there is a common proverb, "He that's born to be hanged needs fear no drowning," I will tell you what became of him.

Two or three days after this the Duke of Nemours arrived at Finale, which is a great village, with a very deep canal running in the midst of it, previous to its falling into the Po, and crossed by a wooden bridge; thereon more than an hundred barks arrived daily, freighted with all sorts of provisions for the French. It happened one night when Jacquin had well supped, that he went, about the ninth hour, with a number of Swiss bearing torches

and timbrels, to the lodging of his Captain, the Lord of Molart, armed at all points, mounted on a very fine courser, and equipped like a St. George; for either by his pay or by plunder he was very well furnished with apparel, and had three or four great horses, as he hoped at the close of the war to be enrolled among the ordinary gendarms.

When the Lord of Molart saw him in this trim, and considered the time of night, he began to laugh, perceiving clearly that the malmsey had disordered his brain a little. So he said to him, "How now, Captain Jacquin, are you minded to leave off trailing a pike?" "By no means, my Lord," quoth he; "but I pray you conduct me to the lodging of my Lord of Nemours, and let him see me break the lance I hold in my hand before him, in order that he may learn whether a *saultebuisson* will not run at tilt as well as a lean jade." Captain Molart thought the affair had better be suffered to proceed, as it might furnish amusement to the Duke of Nemours, and all the company. Under his conduct, therefore, Jacquin passed the wooden bridge that crossed the canal on horseback; for the foot were lodged on one side and the horse on the other. When he arrived at the Duke of Nemours his abode, that Prince,

and the company that were with him, on being apprized of the circumstance, came out of the house, expecting to have some sport: and, as soon as they were in the street, Jacquin, better stored with wine than aught else, and surrounded by torches that made it as light as day, placed himself in the lists.

Then the Duke of Nemours cried out to him: "Captain Jacquin, is it for your Lady's love, or for mine, that you mean to break this lance?" He made answer, swearing by God, as is the custom of adventurers, "that it was for love of him; and that he was a fit man to serve the King both on foot and horseback." So he lowered his visor, and tilted after the best fashion that he could; but was unable to break his lance. He tried again, but with no better success; and so on for a second and a third time. When the company saw he could do nought better, they were displeased, and went away and left him. Whether he had performed ill or well he set out upon his return home, at a leisurely pace. Now Jacquin had heated his horse to such a degree that he went frisking all the way along: add to which that he did not manage him over well, spurring unnecessarily, and when he got upon the wooden bridge, he still kept tickling of

him. It had rained a little, so that as the animal was making a slight leap his four legs slipped, and man and horse fell into the canal, which contained at least half a spear's depth of water. They who were with him cried out "Help! Help!" No assistance could be rendered him from above; as this canal was made after the fashion of a flat bottomed ditch; and, had it not been for the number of barks thereon, neither foot nor hand of him would ever have been seen again. The horse disengaged himself from his rider, and swam for more than a quarter of an hour, before he could find means to escape. At length he reached a place which had been lowered for the convenience of watering horses, and there got to land.

Captain Jacquin, that valiant man of arms, tippled in the water for a long time; but at last was saved as it were by miracle, being taken up of them that were in the barks, more dead than alive however. He was immediately disarmed and suspended by the feet, in which situation he soon brought up two or three buckets full of water, and remained speechless for six hours. However my Lord of Nemours his physicians visited him, and rendered him such effectual aid that in two days he was as well and jolly as ever. By his

fellow adventurers he was finely jeered, as may easily be imagined; one said to him, "Ah! Captain Jacquin, will you ever again take it into your head to run at tilt at the ninth hour of the night in winter?" Another remarked; "Still it is far better to be a *saulte-buisson* than a lean jade; one hath not so far to fall." In short he was handled as he deserved. But that surprises me not so much as that he should have been preserved from perishing in the canal, armed as he was at all points. And this it is that induces me to give the incident a place in my history, as it comes in opportunely after mention of the astrologer of Carpi, who told him that he would be hung and strangled, as he was on the Tuesday in Easter week ensuing, the day of the furious battle of Ravenna, whereof more hereafter.

While this noble Duke of Nemours was at Finale, awaiting tidings of his enemies, he set off one day and went to visit the Duke and Dutchess of Ferrara in their town, who entertained him (well as they had done it in times past) now better than ever. He abode there five or six days amid pleasant and honourable pastimes, and carried away the colours of the Dutchess, which were black and grey. Then he returned to his camp, where

he had certain information that, unless Bologna were succoured, that town and its inhabitants might be given up for lost; wherefore he assembled all the Captains to deliberate concerning this matter. It was therefore concluded upon that they should go and cause the siege to be raised. The season was unfavourable for riding, it being the end of January. However he left Finale, and, took the direct road to Bologna, during which journey of his a very sinister event took place; the town of Brescia fell again into the hands of the Venetians.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

How Messer Andrea Gritti, Proveditore of the Scigniory of Venice, by means of Luigi Avogaro, retook the town of Brescia.

THE Venetians, among other things, daily sought means to recover Brescia, which is one of the finest and strongest cities in Europe, and is supplied with all sorts of provisions that can be desired for the support of nature. Within it spring so many delightful fountains, that it is quite a terrestrial Paradise. Three vallies among the mountains terminate near this town, one stretching out from Germany, the other two from betwixt Friuli and Venice; and they are called La Val Camonegua, La Val Tropia, and La Val Zobia. By one of the three succours can always be conveyed to the town, which was at that time manned with the forces of the King of France, and had the Lord of le Lude for Governor, and for Captain of the Castle a Gentleman named Herigoye, from the country of Basque.

The ardent desire which the Venetians had to retake Brescia was not without reason; for thereby they would be enabled to starve them within Verona, and oppose any that might leave Milan for the sake of bringing them provisions. But they could find no way to get it into their hands again, nor to surprize them who kept it, unless they could have intelligence with some person of consideration in the town; and, although the inhabitants were inclined to the interest of the Venetians, no one durst engage in such a business; because, a little while before, the late Lord of Conty, and the good Knight, on account of a surprize they had like to have met with, had beheaded one of the most eminent men of the town, and of one of the highest families, named Count Giovanni Maria *Martinengue*, he being the head of it; and many others were confined in France. However, the Devil, that enemy to the repose of mankind, was minded to employ his arts, and sowed a dissension in the town between two great Houses, the one of Gambara, the other of Avogaro: but that of Gambara was by far the most favoured of the French.

One day there arose a quarrel between a son of Count Gambara and a son of Count Luigi

Avogaro: in such sort, that the former, who was well attended, outrageously wounded the latter. Count Avogaro knew not how to revenge himself, the force within the town being none of his; he therefore repaired to Milan. There he sought the Duke of Nemours, to obtain from him justice and reparation. The good Prince was very willing to afford it, and granted warrants for the gaining of information, and doing right to every one. I know not how it happened, but the thing fell to the ground. Wherefore, as a man that had suffered an injury without being able to obtain satisfaction, he grew desperate, and resolved to give a loose to his resentment. Under colour of spending eight or ten days at an estate of his, he goes to Venice, and applies to the Duke and the Seigniory, prevailing upon them to repossess themselves of the good town of Brescia; and, for this purpose, he instructed them in the measures they must pursue, which in the sequel proved effectual. What hearty welcome he received may easily be imagined; for this town of Brescia was the darling daughter of St. Mark. He was entertained like a King for three or four days, during which time the Venetians came to a conclusion in their affair; it being settled that, on

a day by them fixed and appointed, Messer Andrea Gritti should appear without fail before the town, accompanied by seven or eight thousand fighting men, beside peasants who would come down from the mountains; and that he, meantime, should go and gain people in the town, and make preparations. He went, and secretly seduced and won to his purpose the greater part of the inhabitants.

The Lord of le Lude had no great confidence in them, and kept strict watch every day: but his forces were very insufficient to defend him against the populace, should they prove evilly disposed, as all or most part of them were. Five or six days after, the Venetians came as soon as it was light to one of the gates; where finding a guard they sounded the alarm. The Lord of le Lude prepared incontinently to fall upon them there; but while the French were held in play at the gate, part of the enemies broke certain grates of iron, whereby the filth of the town issued out, and began to enter, shouting, "*Marco! Marco!*" At the same time Count Luigi Avogaro rose up with all his faction, so that you might have seen the whole town in arms. When the poor Lord of le Lude perceived that he was betrayed, he ordered

his men to sound the retreat, and retired with them to the Castle as well as he could; but all the horses, armour, and accoutrements they were forced to relinquish. The Countess of Gambara, who was on the side of the French, and all who were for the King of France, took refuge there. While these things were a doing, the gates were opened, and Messer Andrea Gritti admitted. It was a lamentable event; for all the French within the town were cut to pieces without mercy, not one being spared; which, however, the perpetrators paid dearly for in the end, as will be seen hereafter.

The first thing Count Luigi Avogaro did when he felt his power, was to pull down and demolish the houses of the Gambara family. The Proveditore, Messer Andrea Gritti, knew well that to have the town did not make him the strongest, unless he had the Castle too; as by that it might easily be retaken. So he sent a trumpeter to summon it directly; but lost his labour, so well was it furnished with gallant Knights. However a sufficiency of provisions for such as had entered could not have held out long; and moreover the Proveditore had the place terribly cannonaded, and a great breach made therein. Likewise, he

forthwith caused two engines to be erected, after the fashion of cranes, each whereof carried an hundred men abreast, for the purpose of approaching the fort. In short, he left no stone unturned to take the Castle. The Lord of le Lude and Captain Herigoye, much confounded at the treachery that had been employed against them, despatched a man to the Duke, who was gone with all his force to Bologna, for the purpose of signifying to him the misfortune that had befallen them; and moreover that, unless they were succoured within eight days, they should be undone.

The messenger got away safely, although the passes were guarded, and made such good speed that he arrived before Bologna on the very day that the worthy Duke had forced the enemy to raise the siege, and had recruited the town with men and provisions. The letter was presented to him, which the good Prince opened and read. He looked aghast when the news broke upon him of the unfortunate event that had taken place at Brescia; for, next to the Castle of Milan, it was the most important fortress which the French held in Italy. The Captains were assembled, and came to the conclusion that they must return in all haste, and retake it if possible; which they

deemed easy to execute, provided the Castle were not lost. After this resolution there was no further debate; but all prepared for their departure, and set out on their journey.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Of the great diligence used by the worthy Duke of Nemours to retake Brescia; and how he defeated the Venetian General by the way, together with five or six thousand men.

When Messer Andrea Gritti was lord and master of the town of Brescia, and had laid siege to the Castle, as hath been related, he did not stop there, well knowing that, as soon as the Duke of Nemours, who was gone to relieve Bologna, heard of the same, he would immediately return; in which case, if he were not strong within the town, and able to cope with the Duke in battle in the open country, he should run great risk of utter destruction; so he wrote a letter to the heads of the Seigniory, and sent it off with all speed. Therein he gave them to understand, that, for the preservation of the town of Brescia, by him taken, it was highly necessary to despatch succours sufficient both to defend it, and, on an emergency, to give battle to the French in the field, and that by

means of Brescia they might recover all their lands. This request was deemed reasonable, and of the greatest concernment. Accordingly, Messer Gian Pagolo Baglione, then Captain General of the Seigniory, was sent off incontinently, accompanied by four hundred horse, and as many thousand foot, with orders to march night and day, and get speedily into Brescia.

When he understood the will of the Seigniory, he addressed himself to comply therewith, and set out upon his journey as soon as possible. On the other side, the Duke of Nemours was marching so diligently that one riding a curtal worth an hundred crowns could not have made greater progress than he did in a day with all his army. At length he approached a Castle named Valeggio, which held for the King of France, but which Captain Gian Pagolo Baglione thought to take by the way. And his tarrying there proved greatly to his disadvantage; for it was told the Duke of Nemours, who that day caused his army to march thirty miles, in the dead of winter, it being the middle of February; insomuch that he was now nearer Brescia than Baglione, who was met by the French in a pass. He had five or six pieces of artillery, which he caused to be

discharged, and one of them killed the Lord of Teligny's Standardbearer, a very praiseworthy Gentleman, who was leading the first light horsemen along with the good Knight.

Bayard had been suffering from the ague all night, and was not armed, but had on a black velvet riding dress. However, when he found himself necessitated to fight, he borrowed a corslet of an adventurer, put it underneath the dress above-mentioned, and mounted a mettled courser; then with his companion, the Lord of Teligny, marched straight up to the enemy. The main body of the French vanguard was still a long way off. Nevertheless, they forbare not to charge, and there ensued a rough and vehement encounter, which lasted, without pause, for a quarter of an hour. Meantime, news thereof reached the camp, and fresh forces were sent to the aid of the French. But, when the Captain of the Seigniory saw them approach, he turned his back, retiring along the road by which he had come. He was pursued for a long time, but could never be taken. His infantry, and great part of his cavalry, were left dead on the field, and he lost all his ordnance. It was a signal overthrow, and a profitable one to the French; for, had the Venetians entered

Brescia, it never could have been retaken. The Duke of Nemours was both rejoiced and grieved at this noble rencounter: rejoiced at being victorious, grieved that he had not been present when it took place.

The event was quickly reported at the Castle of Brescia, where they within made bonfires in five or six places, as it assured them of being relieved within two days. The joy it excited at the Castle was equalled by the dejection into which they of the town were cast on account thereof, as they well knew it must prove their ruin. And the inhabitants would willingly have turned round again, and besought Messer Andrea Gritti to retire; but he would not be persuaded to do so, which worked him woe in the end. That noble Prince, the Duke of Nemours, after the defeat of Gian Pagolo Baglione, came and encamped within twenty miles of Brescia, and next day at the foot of the Castle. On the march a number of peasants were found assembled in a little village, who offered resistance, but were all cut to pieces at last. When the French army arrived some Captains immediately went up into the Castle to cheer the Lord of le Lude and Captain Herigoye and all within, and abundance of victuals

was carried thither. Thereat for joy they made eighteen or twenty shots of artillery into the town, marks of festivity which the inhabitants would gladly have excused. Next day, the Duke of Nemours, as well as the Captains, and the army, went up to the Castle, and there was it agreed to make the assault upon the town, which proved a dire, bloody, and desperate one.

CHAPTER L.

How the Duke of Nemours retook the town of Brescia from them of the Seigniory, on which occasion the good Knight without fear and without reproach acquired much honour; and how he was wounded almost to death.

THE Duke of Nemours, who loved not to dream over his affairs, assembled all his Captains, as soon as he was in the Castle, to determine upon what was to be done; for there were a vast number of people within the town, to wit, eight thousand soldiers, and twelve or fourteen thousand boors of the country, who had flocked to them. Thus the town was wonderful strong. This advantage there was, that you descended from the Castle to the Citadel without meeting a single foss that offered much impediment. However the enemy had constructed a good rampart.

Now the whole of the King of France his host did not contain more than twelve thousand fighting men, as a great part of it remained at Bologna. However, in these few there could no

fault be found; seeing that they were the very flower of Knighthood. And I believe a gallanter company, for their number, had not been seen in the course of an hundred years. Moreover, in addition to the willingness they felt to serve their good master the King of France, this worthy Duke of Nemours had so gained the hearts of the Gentlemen and of the adventurers, that they were all ready to lay down their lives for him. They being convened to council, the Duke asked the opinions of all the Captains, which every one expressed to the best of his ability. In conclusion, it was ordained that the assault should be made on the morrow morning, between the hours of eight and nine, and that the arrangement of it should be as follows. The Lord of Molart, with his infantry, was to make the first attack; but Captain Herigoye and his men were to go before him and skirmish. After them, in a troop, were to march Captain Jacob, who was with the Emperor Maximilian before Padua in the Prince of Anhalt's band, but had been won to the service of the King of France, and had at that time two thousand Lansquenets under his charge; Captains Bonnet, Maugiron, the Bastard of Cleves, and others, to the number of seven thousand men. The Duke of

Nemours, the Gentlemen conducted by the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, with the main body of the gendarmery, were to march afoot by their side, with helmets on their heads and cuirasses on their backs. The Lord of Alegre was to be on horseback at the gate of St. Giovanni, the only one which the enemies kept open; for they had blocked up the rest with three hundred horse to prevent any from going out.

The valiant Captain La Palisse was not at the assault, having been wounded in the head the evening before by a splinter of a cannon, which had been discharged from the town at the Castle. This arrangement met with the approbation of every one except the good Knight, who, after the Duke had addressed him, in his turn, replied: "With your Lordship's leave, and that of all the other Gentlemen, it appears to me that there is one thing necessary to be done which hath not yet been mentioned." The Duke of Nemours asked him what that was. He answered, "You are going to send my Lord of Molart to force the first line: on him I have the firmest reliance, that he will stand fast, as well as many worthy persons of his company. But if our foes have any

well armed men with them, that understand fighting, as I believe they have, you may be sure they will put them foremost, and the arquebusiers also. Now, on such occasions, it is of moment, never, if possible, to give back. And if, peradventure, they repulsed the said infantry, and there were no gendarms to support them, great disorder might ensue. Wherefore, I am of opinion that the Lord of Molart should be accompanied by an hundred or an hundred and fifty horsemen, as they will sustain the shock better than infantry, who are not armed after the same fashion." Then replied the Duke of Nemours: "You say truly, my Lord of Bayard: but where is the Captain that will put himself at the mercy of their arquebuses?" "I will, if it please you," said the good Knight; "and be assured that the company whereof I have charge will this day do honour to the King and you, and service that you shall be sensible of." When he had spoken, all the Captains looked at each other, for, in very deed, it was a most hazardous business. However, he asked the charge, and obtained it.

When all was concluded, "Again," said the Duke of Nemours: "My Lords, it is fit that, with God's grace, we look to one thing. You see

plainly that if this town is taken by assault it will be plundered and ruined, and all within slaughtered. We should learn of them, ere they undergo this fate, whether or no they will surrender." The proposal was deemed good, and next morning one of the trumpets was sent thither, who blew a blast ere he quitted the Castle, and marched up to the enemy's first rampart, where were the Proveditore Messer Andrea Gritti and all the Captains. When the trumpet arrived, he demanded entrance into the town. He was told that he must not come in, but might say what he would, as they had authority to give him his answer.

Thereupon he delivered the message whereof I have been speaking, that if they would yield up the town they should be suffered to depart with their lives, but otherwise, if it were taken by storm, they would assuredly all be put to death. He was told that he might go his way, that the town was the Seigniory's, and so should remain, and, moreover, that they would take good care no Frenchman set foot within it. Alas! the poor inhabitants would gladly have surrendered: but they had not the upper-hand. The trumpet returned, and brought back his answer. Which being heard, there was no further delay, except

while the noble Duke of Nemours, who already had his men in order of battle, spoke thus: "Now, Gentlemen, we have only to perform well, and show ourselves gallant comrades; let us march in the name of God and St. Denis." The words were no sooner uttered than tabours, trumpets, and clarions sounded the assault and the alarm so impetuously, that the hair of the cowardly stood on end, and the hearts of the brave swelled in their bosoms.

The enemy, hearing this noise, made many shots of artillery, one of which came right into the Duke of Nemours his troop, without killing or wounding any one,—a thing almost miraculous, considering how closely they marched. Then the Lord of Molart and Captain Herigoye set forward with their people; at the same time, and on their wing, the good and gentle Knight without fear and without reproach went afoot with all his company, who were chosen men: for most of his gendarms had been Captains in their time; but they had rather be of his company, (a good half of them at least,) than of any other, so much did his virtues cause him to be loved. They drew nigh to the first rampart, behind which were the enemies' forces, who began to play their

artillery, and discharge their arquebuses as thick as hail. A little rain had fallen,—the Castle was on a hill, and consequently the descent to the town somewhat slippery. But the Duke of Nemours, to show that he would not be among the last, doffed his shoes. After his example, many others did the same; for, indeed, they supported themselves better without them.

The good Knight and the Lord of Molart fought furiously at this rampart, which, on the other hand, was defended passing well. The French cried "France! France!" they of the good Knight's company, "*Bayard! Bayard!*" the foe, "*Marco! Marco!*" In short, the noise they made completely drowned that of the arquebuses. Messer Andrea Gritti inspired his men with prodigious courage, saying to them in his Italian tongue: "Let us stand fast, my friends; the French will soon be weary: they have only forced the first line; and, if that Bayard were defeated, they would never be able to approach." He was much deceived, for, great as was his resolution to keep off the French, an hundred times greater was theirs to get in. They made a vehement assault, and repulsed the Venetians a little. Which the good Knight per-

ceiving, said: "In, comrades, in! we have them: march: every thing is overcome." He entered himself first, and passed the rampart, and after him more than a thousand. So that they gained the first fort, though not without much fighting, while men fell on all sides, but few of the French. The good Knight was wounded at the top of the thigh by a pike, which pierced so deep that the end broke, and the iron, with part of the staff, remained in the wound; causing him such anguish that he surely thought he had received his death blow. He therefore said to the Lord of Molart, "Companion, make your men march; the town is gained; as for me, I can go no farther: I am slain." The blood gushed out from him in abundance: so he was obliged, if he would not die there without confession, to retire from the crowd with two of his archers, who stanched his wound as well as they could with their shirts, tearing them for the purpose.

The poor Lord of Molart, bitterly afflicted at the loss of his friend and neighbour, (for both were of the *Scarlet of the French Gentlemen,)* determined, fierce as a lion, to avenge him, and commenced a vigorous attack. Then followed the gentle Duke of Nemours and his men, who

heard, as he went along, that the good Knight had won the first fort, but had been mortally wounded. Had he received the blow himself, he could not have felt more pain. "Ah! Gentlemen, my friends," cried he, "shall we not avenge upon these wretches the death of the most accomplished Knight in the world? I entreat you all to do your utmost." At his coming, the Venetians were roughly handled, and forsook the Citadel, making as though they would retire toward the town, and raise the bridge. But they were so hotly pursued that they passed the Palace and ran helter-skelter into the great square, wherein was their whole power, the gendarmery and light horse, which were mounted, together with the foot, all in battle array, according to their rank.

There did the Lansquenets and adventurers approve their gallantry. Captain Bonnet displayed great valour, and, advancing a pike's length from his troop, marched straight up to the enemy, being also well supported. The combat lasted half an hour or more. The citizens and the women of the town threw from the windows great bricks and stones, with hot water, which did the French more damage than the soldiers.

Notwithstanding this, the Venetians were at length defeated, and seven or eight thousand of them were left so sound asleep on that great square that they will not wake in an hundred years. The rest, seeing themselves not over safe, ran from street to street, seeking a way to escape; but, to their cost, met every where with armed men, who slaughtered them like swine. Messer Andrea Gritti, Count Luigi Avogaro, and other Captains, were on horseback; and when they saw the rout all upon them would have attempted some means to save their lives, and made for the gate of St. Giovanni, thinking to go out. So they caused the bridge to be lowered, and cried "*Marco! Marco! Italia! Italia!*" but with the voices of men in a terrible consternation. No sooner was the bridge let down than the Lord of Alegre, a good and active Captain, entered the town with his horse, and, crying "France! France!" charged the Venetians, all or most part of whom he laid on the ground,—among others Count Luigi Avogaro, who had mounted a fleet mare capable of going fifty miles at full speed without stopping to be fed.

The Proveditore saw that he should be inevitably undone if he stayed any longer. Wherefore,

after flying from street to street to escape the fury of the foe, he dismounted, entered a house, with only one of his people, and put himself upon his defence for some little while. But, dreading a still worse fate, he at length had the house opened, and was taken prisoner. In brief not a man of the Venetians escaped being either killed or taken. This was one of the most terrible assaults that hath ever been witnessed; for the number of slain of the Seigniory's forces, together with those of the town, amounted to more than twenty thousand: whereas the French did not lose above fifty men, which was a singular piece of good fortune. Now when there remained no longer any to contend with, every one set about plundering the houses, and many grievous things happened; for it may easily be imagined that on this, as on all similar occasions, there were a number of miscreants, who entered Monasteries, and committed many excesses; they robbed and pillaged in divers ways, so that the booty got in the town was rated at three millions of crowns. Certain it is, that the taking of Brescia was the ruin of the French cause in Italy: for they had gained so much, that a great part of them returning home forsook the war, and were much needed afterwards at the

battle of Ravenna, as will be seen in due course of time.

I must now relate what became of the good Knight without fear and without reproach, after he had gained the first fort, and been grievously wounded, when he was constrained, much against his inclination, to stay with the two archers. When they saw that the Citadel was won they tore down a door from the first house they came to, and, placing him thereon, carried him as gently as possible, with what assistance they could procure, to the goodliest mansion in the neighbourhood. It was the residence of a very rich Gentleman; the same had fled to a monastery, but his wife remained at home, in the Lord's keeping, with two fair daughters, who were hid in a hay-loft under the hay. As soon as they knocked, being resolved to put her trust in the mercy of God, she went and opened unto them, and thereon beheld the good Knight, borne wounded in the manner that hath been described, who immediately caused the door to be shut, and placed a couple of archers thereat, saying to them: "On your lives, see that none come in here except my own people. I am confident that when this is perceived to be my abode, nobody will

attempt to enter by force. Your coming to my aid hath hindered you from making some acquisitions; but be under no concern, you shall lose nothing by it in the end."

The archers did as they were desired, and he was carried into a very fine apartment, conducted by the Lady of the house, who, falling on her knees before him, spoke to this effect, making use of the French tongue: "Gallant Sir, I present to you this house, and all therein; for I well know that it belongs to you by the laws of war; but be pleased to spare our honour and our lives —my own, and those of two young daughters that my husband and I have, now at an age to marry." The good Knight, who never harboured an evil thought, replied to her: "Madam, it may be that I shall not recover from this wound of mine; but, while I live, no wrong shall be done either to you or your daughters, any more than to myself. Only keep them in their chambers,—let them not be seen, and, I can assure you, there is no man in my house who will presume to enter any place contrary to your pleasure; and I must, at the same time, observe that you have a Gentleman under your roof who will not plunder you, but shew you all the civilities in his power."

When the good Lady heard him speak thus virtuously, she was quite comforted. Then he prayed her to point out some skilful surgeon who might quickly come and dress his wound; which she did, going to fetch him herself with one of the archers: for he lived only two houses off hers. On arriving, he inspected the good Knight's wound, which was large and deep: however, he assured him there was no danger of its proving mortal. At the second dressing he was visited by the Duke of Nemours his surgeon, named Master Claude, who attended him from that time forth, and did his part so well that, in less than a month, he was able to sit on horseback. The good Knight asked his hostess where her husband was. The poor Lady, bathed in tears, replied, "Upon my honour, my Lord, I know not whether he be alive or dead. I strongly suspect that, if living, he is in a monastery, where he hath many acquaintances." "Dame," said the good Knight, "have him sought for, and I will send to fetch him, so that he shall receive no hurt." She caused inquiry to be made respecting him; in such wise that he was found, and, the good Knight's steward and two archers being sent to bring him home, he was by them safely escorted thither: on his arrival

he received a cheerly welcome from the good Knight, who bade him not be cast down, for that he had lodged none but his friends. After the noble and glorious taking of the town of Brescia by the French, when the fury of the sack had subsided, the Duke of Nemours, who was not the image of God Mars, but his very self, took lodgings. Before eating or drinking, he assembled his council, at which all the Captains were present, in order to ordain what was necessary to be done. First he sent to drive away the soldiers of every description who were in the convents and churches, made the Ladies return to their houses with their husbands, if they were no longer prisoners, and by degrees reassured them.

It was meet carefully to free the town from the dead bodies, for fear of infection, a business which alone took up three whole days, and more than two and twenty thousand were found. The Duke bestowed the vacant offices on persons whom he thought capable of discharging them well. Count Luigi Avogaro was tried, he having been the cause of the treason for the retaking of Brescia, and was beheaded, and afterwards quartered, with two others of his faction, the one named Tommaso *Delduc*, the other Gieronimo di *Rive*.

A week or more did this worthy Duke of Nemours tarry at Brescia, going once a-day at least to visit the good Knight, whom he consoled as well as he was able, often saying to him; "Come, my Lord of Bayard, my friend, do your best to get cured, for I know very well we must give battle to the Spaniards within a month, and, if this be the case, I had rather lose my whole estate than you should not be present at it, so great affiance have I in you." The good Knight replied: "Be sure, my Lord, if a battle do take place, as well for the service of my master the King, as for love of you, and for my honour's sake, which is paramount to every thing, I will be carried thither in a litter rather than not go at all." The Duke of Nemours made him many presents, according to his ability, and one day sent him five hundred crowns, which he gave to the two archers who had remained with him at the time of his being wounded.

When King Lewis XII. was informed of the taking of Brescia, and of his nephew's noble victory, it may well be supposed that he was transported with joy. However he saw plainly that, as long as the Spaniards were ranging round about Lombardy, his state of Milan would be always in a jeopardous condition. So he wrote daily to his

nephew, the noble Duke of Nemours, earnestly conjuring him to remove the war from Lombardy, and do his endeavour to drive thence the Spaniards, as he was weary of defraying the charge he was obliged to be at for such a number of infantry, and could support it no longer without grinding his people, the thing of all others he was most averse from. Moreover, he knew well that the King of England was meditating a descent upon France, and that the Swiss had a similar intention: in which case he should stand in need of the forces he had in Italy for his defence. In a word, the purport of all his letters was to enforce the giving battle to the Spaniards, or chasing them to such a distance that they could never return more.

The Duke of Nemours had so great an affection for the King his uncle, that he took care, on all occasions, to avoid angering him; and, moreover, he well knew that his letters were not addressed to him without weighty reason. He resolved therefore upon prompt compliance with the order he had received about putting an end to the war. So he assembled all his Captains, both of horse and foot, and marched by short

journeys straight to Bologna, near which town the Duke of Ferrara joined his army; him he appointed to lead his van-guard, along with the Lord of La Palisse. He went on till he met with the King of Spain's forces, and those of the Pope, fifteen miles from Bologna, in a place called Castel S. Piero. They formed one of the finest armies, for its size, that hath ever been seen, and one of the best appointed. Don Raymundo de Cardona, Viceroy of Naples, was at the head of it, and had with him twelve or fourteen hundred gendarms, whereof eight hundred rode barbed horses. They were all gold and azure, and mounted on the best coursers and Spanish horses that were ever beheld. Moreover, for the space of two years, they had enjoyed the free range of Romagna, a good and fertile land, where they had provisions to their hearts' desire. There were only twelve thousand foot, two thousand Italians, under the charge of a Captain *Ramassot*, and ten thousand Spaniards, Biscayans, and Navarrese, conducted by Count Pedro Navarro, who was Captain General of the whole body of infantry. He had formerly led his men into Barbary against the Moors aforetime, and with them had gained two

or three battles. In short, they were all men experienced in war, and skilled to a marvel in the exercise of arms.

When the worthy Duke of Nemours approached them, the Spaniards began to retire along the mountain, while the French kept the plain. Thus they continued for three weeks or a month, less than six or seven miles asunder; but the Spaniards were encamped in a strong place, and they often skirmished together, scarce a day passing that prisoners were not taken on both sides. All the French captives averred the Spanish army to be a glorious spectacle. However, the noble Duke of Nemours, and his Captains and soldiers, desired nothing but to fight them, could they be met with on even terms. But they were so cunning as to keep continually in some secure situation, whither, however, their enemies went to seek them on the day of the battle of Ravenna, as will be related. But first I shall set forth how the good Knight without fear and without reproach quitted Brescia, to go and rejoin the Duke of Nemours, and with what exceeding courtesy he behaved toward his hostess.

CHAPTER LI.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach quitted Brescia to repair to the Duke of Nemours, and the army of the King of France. Of his great courtesy to his hostess on leaving her, and how he arrived before the town of Ravenna.

For about a month or five weeks did the good Knight lie ill of his wound in the town of Brescia, without ever rising from his bed;—greatly to his own dissatisfaction; for he received news every day from the camp of the French how they were approaching the Spaniards, and were in daily hope of an engagement, and sore would it have grieved him had that taken place and he not been present at it. So he got up one day, and walked about the room, to see whether he could support himself or no. He found that he was rather weak; but his great spirit did not allow him to reck much of that. He sent for the surgeon who was then in the habit of dressing his wound, and spoke to him thus: "My friend, I pray you

tell me if there is any danger in my setting out upon a journey: I seem to myself cured, or nearly so, and in my judgment, I assure you, to tarry longer will do me more harm than good; for it frets me exceedingly." The good Knight's servants had already told the chirurgeon how eager he was to be at the battle, and what solicitude he unceasingly felt on that head. Knowing therefore this circumstance, as well as the good Knight's complexion, he said to him in his language: "My Lord, your wound is not yet closed, but it is completely healed within. Your barber will come and dress it once more, and let him every morning and evening put a little tent in it, and a plaster, for which I will give him an ointment; this will prevent it from being exasperated, so that there is no danger: for the worst part of the wound is at the top of the thigh, and will not touch the saddle of your horse." Had the good Knight gained ten thousand crowns he would not have been so much delighted. His surgeon was abundantly recompensed, and he looked to set out within two days, bidding his people make all the necessary preparations during this interval. The Lady of the house, who always looked upon herself, her husband, and children, as his prisoners,

and likewise all the goods and chattels she possessed as his property, this being the case with the other houses that had fallen into the hands of the French, had many imaginations, considering in her own mind that, if her guest chose to treat her and her husband rigorously, he might take from them ten or twelve thousand crowns, they having an income of two thousand. So she resolved to make him some handsome present, and, having discovered how worthy a man he was, and of how noble a heart, believed that he would be graciously pleased to be satisfied therewith.

On the morning of the day when the good Knight was to depart after dinner, his hostess entered his apartment with one of her servants carrying a little steel box; she found him resting himself in a chair, after having walked up and down a good deal to exercise his leg by little and little. She fell upon both knees: but he immediately raised her, and would not suffer her to say a word, till she was seated by his side. Then she begun her discourse in the following manner: "My Lord, the favour that God shewed me when the town of Brescia was taken, in directing you to this house of yours, hath proved no less than the saving

my husband's life, and that of myself and of my two daughters, together with their honour, which ought to be still dearer to them. And, moreover, since your arrival here neither have I nor hath the least of my people received the smallest offence, but perfect courtesy, and your men have not taken of the goods they found here the value of a farthing, without paying for it. My Lord, I know well that my husband, myself, my children, and all of this household are your prisoners, and that you may deal with them and dispose of them, according to your good pleasure, as likewise of the goods herein contained. But being acquainted with the unparalleled nobleness of your heart, I am come most humbly to supplicate that you will deign to have compassion upon us, behaving toward us with your accustomed liberality. Here is a little present which we make you; be pleased to take it in good part." Then she took the box which the servant held, and opened it before the good Knight, who saw that it was full of goodly ducats. The worthy Gentleman, who never in his life set any value on money, fell a laughing, and said: "Madam, how many ducats are there in this box?" The poor woman feared that he was offended at seeing so few; and

replied; "My Lord, there are only two thousand five hundred; but if you are not content therewith, we will produce a larger sum." Then he said; "On my honour, Madam, had you given me an hundred thousand crowns, I should not stand so much beholden to you as I do for the good entertainment and the careful attendance I have received at your hands; be assured that, wherever I may be, you shall have a Gentleman at your service, as long as God permits me to live. For your ducats, I will none of them; I thank you, but take them back. All my life long I have loved men better than money, and think not but I shall go away as well satisfied with you, as if this town were at your disposal, and you had given it to me."

The good Lady was astonied at seeing her present rejected, and threw herself again on her knees, but the good Knight allowed her not to remain long in that posture, and, as soon as she was raised, she said: "My Lord, I shall for ever esteem myself the most unfortunate woman in the world, if you will not accept the trifling gift I offer you, which is nothing in comparison of the courtesy wherewith you have hitherto treated me, and, of your great goodness, are treating me still."

When the good Knight saw her thus resolute, and that she made the present with her whole heart, he said to her: "Well then, Madam, I take it for love of you: but go fetch your two daughters, for I wish to bid them farewell." The poor woman, overjoyed that her present had at length been accepted, went to seek her daughters, who were exceeding comely, amiable, and well instructed, and had greatly solaced the good Knight during his illness, as they were accomplished singers and players on the lute and the virginals, and could work very well with the needle. So they were brought before the good Knight, who, while they were getting ready, had divided the monies into three portions, two of a thousand ducats, and another of five hundred. On arriving they threw themselves on their knees, but were immediately raised. Then the elder spoke thus: "My Lord, these two poor maidens, whom you have vouchsafed to preserve from all injury, come to take leave of you, most humbly thanking your Lordship for the favour they have had shewn them, for which, as they can make no other return, they will be ever bound to offer their prayers to God in your behalf."

The good Knight, almost weeping to see so

much meekness and humility in these two beautiful girls, replied thus: "Young Ladies, you are doing what I ought to do; that is thank you for your good company, on which score I hold myself greatly in your debt. You must know that military men are not usually furnished with pretty toys to present to Ladies. For my part I am sorry that I have none such to bestow on you, as is my duty. The good Lady your mother hath given me these two thousand five hundred ducats, which you see on the table; I present each of you with a thousand, to aid you in marrying; and, by way of return, you will be pleased to call upon the Lord for me; I ask nothing else of you." So he put the ducats into their aprons, whether they would or no: then he addressed himself to his hostess and said: "Madam, I accept these five hundred ducats, to be distributed, for my behoof, among the poor Nuns of the convents that have been pillaged; I give you charge of them, as you know where there is most necessity better than any one else; and, with that, I take my leave of you." So he touched all their hands, in the Italian fashion, and they threw themselves on their knees, weeping as though about to be led to execution. The Lady spoke

thus: "Flower of Chivalry, with whom none can come in competition, may our blessed Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ, who suffered death and passion for all sinners, reward you both in this world and in the next." Then they retired to their chambers; as the hour of dining was now arrived.

The good Knight called his steward, and told him he should be quite ready to mount at midday. The Gentleman of the house, who had heard from his wife of their guest's great courtesy, entered his chamber, and thanked him an hundred thousand times, with bended knee, offering him his person and all his goods, whereof he said he might dispose, as of his own, at his will and pleasure; the good Knight thanked him, and made him stay and take dinner in his company. That ended, he forthwith asked for horses, thinking it long till he were with the company he had so anxious a desire to rejoin, being terribly afeard that the battle would take place before his arrival at the camp.

As he was quitting his chamber to get on horseback, the two fair damsels of the house came down, and each made him a present, which they had

worked during his illness. One of these gifts was a pretty neat pair of bracelets, delicately composed of fine gold and silver threads; the other a purse of crimson satin most curiously wrought. He gave them many thanks, and said the presents came from such good hands, that he should value them at ten thousand crowns. And to honour them more he had the bracelets put upon his arms, and placed the purse in his sleeve, declaring that he would wear them as long as they lasted for their sakes. At these words the good Knight got upon his horse, accompanied by his great companion and excellent friend the Lord of Aubigny, whom the Duke of Nemours had left to guard the town, with two or three thousand other Gentlemen. Then they bade each other farewell; one party returning to Brescia, the other repairing to the French camp, where the good Knight arrived on the evening of the Wednesday before Easter, April the seventh. How he was welcomed by the Duke of Nemours and all the Captains I leave the reader to imagine:—both gendarms and adventurers made such demonstrations of joy, that it seemed as if, at his coming, the army had received a reinforcement of ten

thousand men. The same had arrived that evening before Ravenna; the enemies were then distant a couple of leagues, but on the morrow, which was Good Friday, came within two miles of the foresaid town.

CHAPTER LII.

How siege was laid by the noble Duke of Nemours to Ravenna; and divers attacks made upon it on Good Friday, wherein the French were repulsed.

When the gentle Duke of Nemours arrived before Ravenna, he assembled all the Captains, to determine what was to be done; for the French camp began to suffer greatly for lack of provisions, which were conveyed to it with much difficulty. Bread and wine were already beginning to fail, because the Venetians had cut off the supplies on one side, and the Spanish army held all the coast of Romagna; so that the adventurers were under the necessity of subsisting on meat and cheese. Another cross accident had also happened, unforeseen either by the Duke of Nemours or any of the Captains, namely, the Emperor's having sent written orders to the Captains of the Lansquenets on their lives to retire as soon as ever they had seen his letter, and not to engage with the Spaniards. Among the other German

Captains there were two principal ones: Philip of Friburg, and the worthy Jacob,—both valiant men, perdy, and experienced in war. This letter of the Emperor's fell into the hands of Captain Jacob. He had once visited the King of France after entering his service, in his Dominions, where he had had some present made him; so that his heart was entirely with the French. Likewise the Duke of Nemours had, to such a point, won upon the soldiers, that all with him would have resigned their lives at his request.

Among the French Captains there was not one whom Captain Jacob loved so well as the good Knight. This affection had its origin at the time of the Emperor's first expedition against Padua, in the year 1509, when the King of France sent him five or six hundred horse by way of aid. As soon as he had seen the letter, and heard of the good Knight's arrival, he went to visit him at his house, accompanied only by an interpreter; for the extent of his acquaintance with French was, "*Bon jour, Monseigneur.*" They gave each other a cordial greeting, as they could not choose but do, since every one loves his like, and conversed on various matters unheard by any but themselves. At length Captain Jacob disclosed to the good Knight what the Emperor had com-

manded them, how he still had the letter, which no one had seen but himself, and which he would not show to any of his companions; as he well knew that, if the Lansquenets were informed of its contents, the greater number of them would be against fighting, and would retire. But, for his part, he had sworn to serve the King of France, had received his pay, and would die an hundred thousand deaths sooner than be guilty of such baseness as to decline fighting; that it behoved them to be speedy; for it was impossible but the Emperor would soon despatch other letters, which might come to the knowledge of his fellow soldiers, and that by this means much evil might accrue to the French: for the Lansquenets composed a third part of their forces, they being numbered at about five thousand. The good Knight, who was well acquainted with the worthy heart of Captain Jacob, lauded him marvellously, and said, by the mouth of his interpreter: "My companion and friend, your soul never entertained an evil imagination; you once told me that you possess little in Germany: our master is rich and powerful, as you know, and can in one day impart to you what will place you in ease and affluence all your life after; for he loves you much, of that I am well assured.

His affection will be augmented when he is informed of the good service you are now doing him, and know it he shall, God willing, even though I tell it him myself. There is my Lord of Nemours, our chief, who hath summoned all the Captains to council at his lodgings; let us two go thither, and privately lay before him what you have disclosed to me." "Well suggested," said Captain Jacob; "let us go."

When they got to the Duke's lodgings, they entered into council, which lasted a long while. There was a diversity of opinions; some dissuaded fighting, and not without good arguments, for they said that, if this battle were lost, all Italy would be lost to the King their master, and that not one of them could escape, because they had three or four rivers to cross, and every power was against them, the Pope, the King of Spain, the Venetians, the Swiss,—they were not very secure of the Emperor even. Wherefore it was better to delay, than put themselves into such jeopardy. Others said they must either fight or die of hunger, like cowards and slaves, and that they had gone too far to recede, except with disgrace and disorder. In fine each delivered his opinion.

The worthy Duke of Nemours, who had now spoken with the good Knight and Captain Jacob, and been informed at full of the Emperor's orders, well knew that it was necessary to fight. Beside which there never came a post that his uncle the King of France did not enjoin him to give battle, as he was hourly expecting to be attacked in two or three places in his own Kingdom. However he prayed the good Knight again to speak his mind, which he did in this wise; "My Lord, you know that I arrived here but yesterday, and am utterly unacquainted with the condition of our adversaries. These Gentlemen, my companions, have seen them and skirmished with them every day, and know more about the matter than I can do. I have heard some of their number uphold the giving battle, others declaim against it. Since you are pleased to inquire my opinion, saving the reverence due to your Lordship, and to the Gentlemen here present, I will declare it. That all engagements are hazardous is an undoubted truth, and that it is behoveful to consider things well before proceeding to execution is another; but, as the case stands at present between us and our enemies, I think we can hardly depart without battling it: forasmuch as you have already made your approaches before this town

of Ravenna, which to-morrow morning you purpose to cannonade, and, the breach being effected, to storm it thereby. You are already aware that the Lord Marco Antonio Colonna, who hath been eight or ten days within the place, entered it under the sworn faith and promise of Don Raymundo de Cardona, Viceroy of Naples, and head of the hostile army, of his uncle the Lord Fabritio Colonna, together with that of Count Pedro de Navarro, and of all the Captains, that, if he can hold out till to-morrow, or at the latest till Easter day, they will come and succour him. Now our said enemies are certainly about to make this good; they being close upon our army. Furthermore the longer you stay the more calamitous will be your situation: for our men have no food, and our horses are even now obliged to subsist on the shoots of willows. Then you know that the King our master sends you orders daily to give battle, declaring that not only the safety of his Dutchy of Milan depends on you but likewise that of his whole Realm of France, seeing the enemies by whom he is menaced. In consideration of which, I, for my part, am of opinion that we ought to do it, and do it discreetly; sith we have to deal with crafty people, and good fighters. That we

thereby incur danger is true; but one thing gives me heart: the Spaniards have been a year in this Romagna, living all the while in clover, and are pursy and fat; our men have been forced to take up with scanty fare, and are so yet; by reason whereof they will be longer-breathed, and that is all we want; for he that fights longest must win the day." Every one laughed at this observation; for Bayard had so pleasant a mode of expressing his sentiments that he delighted all who heard him. The Lords of Lautrec, of La Palisse, the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, the Lord of Crussol, and all, or most of the worthy leaders, adhered to the good Knight's opinion, and were for giving battle. Whereupon all the Captains both of horse and foot received notice of the same.

On the morning of the next day, which was Good Friday, the city of Ravenna was fiercely cannonaded, so that the enemies from their camp heard very distinctly the sound of the firing. They therefore resolved, according to the promise they had made, to succour the Lord Marc' Antonio Colonna before Easter Sunday. During the battery two gallant French Captains, the Lord of Espy, Master of the artillery, and the Lord of Chastillon, Provost

of Paris, were shot, the one in the arm, the other in the thigh, and died of their wounds at Ferrara, a circumstance worthy of infinite regret. The breach being made in the town, they who had been ordered to the assault, namely, two hundred gendarms and three thousand foot, approached: the remainder of the army placed themselves in goodly and glorious array of battle, which they were awaiting with impatience, and a more resolute set of men had not met together for a thousand years; from their demeanour you would have thought they were going to a nuptial feast. Thus they stood for three or four long hours to support their comrades, who were ordered to the assault, and made many desperate attacks upon the town; the Viscount d'Estoge, then Lieutenant to Messire Robert de la Marche, and the Lord Federigo di Bozzolo, distinguished themselves on the occasion; being many times thrown from the top of the ditch to the bottom. If the assailants played their parts well they of the town were no less in earnest.

The Lord Marc' Antonio Colonna, who was there in person, said to his men: "Gentlemen, stand fast; that we shall be relieved before to-morrow, or Sunday, I can assure you upon my

honour: the breach is very small; if we are taken it will be attributed to great pusillanimity in us, and moreover will prove our utter destruction." So strenuously did the Lord Marc' Antonio exhort them that their courage grew ever more and more. And sooth to say the breach was very inconsiderable.

When the French had made five or six attacks, and found they should never carry the town in this way, they sounded the retreat;—a providential circumstance for them; since had they taken it they never would have been able to draw off the adventurers from the pillage thereof, which might have occasioned the loss of the battle. When the Duke of Nemours found that his men were retiring from the assault he caused his army to retire likewise for the evening, in order to take rest; for the conflict was hourly expected, the enemy being only about two miles distant.

In the evening after supper, many Captains were at the Duke's lodgings discoursing of divers matters, but especially of the battle; when his Grace addressed himself to the good Knight without fear and without reproach, and said: "My Lord Bayard, before your coming, the Spaniards

continually inquired of our people whom they had taken prisoners if you were not in this camp, and, from what I hear, they have a very exalted notion of your character. If it seem good unto you, who have long known their ways, I should advise that you skirmish with them to-morrow morning, and compel them to join battle, in order to see what sort of show they make."

The good Knight, who desired no other, made reply: "My Lord, I give you my word that, with God's aid, I will take so close a survey of them, to-morrow ere mid-day, that I shall bring you back some information respecting them." The Baron of Bearn, Lieutenant to the Duke of Nemours, an adventurous Knight, and ever ready for a skirmish, happened to be present. He thought in his own mind that the good Knight must rise very early to begin fighting before him. He assembled some of his most intimate friends, and communicated his intentions to them, that they might hold themselves in readiness by break of day. What came of this will be seen presently.

CHAPTER LIII.

Of a terrible skirmish that took place between the French and Spaniards, the day before the battle of Ravenna, wherein the good Knight performed astonishing feats of valour.

According to the promise made by the good Knight to the Duke of Nemours on arriving at his lodgings he sent for his Lieutenant Captain Pierrepont, his Ensign, his Guidon, and many others of the company, to whom he said: "Gentlemen, I have promised the Duke that I will go reconnoitre the enemy to-morrow, and bring him certain information respecting them. We must advise how to conduct the affair so that it may redound to our honour. I am resolved to take the whole company, and display the banners of my Lord of Lorrain, which have not yet been seen. I hope they will bring us good luck; they will be more inspiriting than cornets. You, Du Fay," said he to his Standardbearer,

shall take fifty archers, pass the canal below the artillery of the Spaniards, and go raise the alarm in their camp, as far on as you are able. When you see it time to retire, you may do so without running any risk, till you meet Captain Pierrepont, who will be at your rear, with thirty horse and the rest of the archers; moreover, in case you should both be hard pressed, I shall come after with all the remainder of the company to give you assistance: and if the affair is managed as I propose, I pledge my word that we shall gain credit thereby."

Each perfectly understood what he had to do; for not only the Captains of the company, but every gendarm in it was qualified to command himself. All retired to repose, till the trumpet wakened them at break of day, when they armed and accoutred themselves, in order to execute the enterprise they had in their minds. So the colours of the noble Duke of Lorrain were unfurled and given to the wind; a very goodly spectacle, and one that cheered the hearts of the Gentlemen of the company, who began to march, as had been ordained the night before, in three bands, and at distances of three bow-shots.

Nothing knew the good Knight of the Baron of Bearn's enterprise, who was already gone forth, and had stirred up a hot alarm at the Spanish camp, so that almost all there had taken arms, and the said Baron played his part on the occasion very well. But at length two or three of the enemies' cannon-balls burst into the midst of his troop, one of which carried away the right arm of a very gallant Gentleman, named Basillac, and the other killed the horse of the Lord of Berssac, a brave gendarm, both belonging to the company of the Duke of Nemours, who was much grieved at Basillac's misfortune, having a marvellous affection to him.

After these shots of artillery, an hundred or an hundred and twenty gendarms, Spaniards and Neapolitans, came rushing in a body upon the Baron, who was obliged to retire, first at a walk, then at a trot, and lastly at a gallop, so that the foresaid hostile band met the Bastard du Fay, who stopped to apprize the good Knight of it, and was by him ordered instantly to join Captain Pierrepont's troop, while he himself advanced till all his forces were brought together. Thus he saw the Baron of Bearn and his men

return almost routed, the Spaniards and Neapolitans pursuing them boldly and fiercely, and crossing the canal after them.

When the good Knight beheld them on his side, he was better pleased than if one had given him an hundred thousand crowns. He began to cry, "On, comrades, let us succour our people!" and to those that were flying he said, "Stop, stop, gendarms; you have good aid." So he put himself the very foremost in one of the enemies' troops, consisting of an hundred or an hundred and twenty horse. He was too much beloved not to be well supported. At the first onset, five or six were overthrown; however, the rest defended themselves very creditably; but at length turned their backs, and galloped straight to the canal, which they repassed in great haste. The alarm had already reached the Spanish camp, so that all there were in order of battle, horse and foot. Notwithstanding this, the good Knight continued to drive them before him, till they were far within the said camp, where he and his company performed prodigies of valour, knocking down tents and pavilions, and throwing to the ground whatever they met with.

Now the good Knight, unremittingly vigilant,

spies a troop of two or three hundred gendarms coming along at a quick trot, close ranged as if for fight. So he said to Captain Pierrepont, "Let us retire; these be too many for us to strive with." The trumpet sounded the retreat, which was effected without the loss of a single man, and they repassed the canal, marching straight to their camp. When the Spaniards perceived this, and that they should lose their labour by going after them, they retired. Five or six of them, however, passed over, and asked to break their lances; but the good Knight would not allow a man of his to turn back, though much solicited to that effect by many of his people. But he feared it would be the occasion of bringing on a new skirmish, and his men had exerted themselves sufficiently for that day.

The worthy Duke of Nemours knew all about the affair before the good Knight arrived; whom, when he saw, all sorrowful as he was on account of Basillac's misadventure, he went and embraced, saying to him, "You and such as you, Lord Bayard, my friend, are fit to head skirmishes; for you can both go and return with discretion." All that had been present at this rude encounter said they had never seen a man who performed

greater feats of arms, or understood war better than the good Knight.

Next day a much more furious and bloody engagement took place, and one which both French and Spaniards cursed all their lives after.

CHAPTER LIV.

Of the fell and desperate battle of Ravenna, in which the Spaniards and Neapolitans were defeated, and of the death of the gentle Duke of Nemours.

After that brisk skirmish provoked by the good Knight without fear and without reproach, all the Captains, both of horse and foot, assembled, dinner done, at the lodgings of the excellent Duke of Nemours, who outdid all that ever lived before him during the course of two thousand years; for you shall not read in any chronicle or history of any Emperor, King, Prince or Lord who performed such a number of splendid actions in so short a space of time as he did. But cruel death snatched him away at the age of four and twenty, to the great diminution and irreparable loss of all nobility.

Now, the Captains being met, the gentle Duke of Nemours began his discourse, as follows:

"Gentlemen, you see the country in which we are, and how provisions fail us, and the longer we continue in this state, the weaker we shall grow. This great city of Ravenna opposes us on one side; the enemy is within cannon-shot of our camp; the Venetians and the Swiss, as the Lord Jean Jacques writes me word, are threatening a descent on the Dutchy of Milan, where you know that we have left but very few forces. Moreover, the King my uncle urges me every day to give battle, and I believe he would urge it still more strongly if he knew how distressed we are for provisions. Wherefore, in consideration of all these things, it appears to me for our own and our master's advantage that we should make no further delay; but, with the aid of God, who can order every thing by his power, go and seek out our enemies. If good luck attend us, we will praise and thank Him; if not, His will be done. As far as myself and my own inclinations are concerned, you may well suppose I desire that victory should be ours; I would rather lose my life than that should be lost: and, if God prove so unmindful of me as to suffer that I be vanquished, poorspirited indeed must my enemies be if they leave me alive; for I

will give them little cause to do it. On this account it is that I have assembled you all here."

The Lord of La Palisse said nothing was more certain than that it behoved them to give battle, whereby they might speedily put themselves out of danger. Of the same opinion were the Lord of Lautrec, the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, the Master of the horse, the Lord of Crussol, Captain Louys d'Ars, and many others, who came to the conclusion, that next day, which was Easter Sunday, they should go in search of their enemies. So a bridge of boats was made on a little canal which lay between the two armies, to transport the artillery and the infantry; for the horse could cross with ease, because esplanades had been made on either bank.

The good Knight without fear and without reproach said, in presence of all the company, that it would be well to arrange the order of the battle forthwith, to the end that each might know where he was to be; that he understood from all the prisoners who had been in the camp of the Spaniards, that they made but one troop of all their infantry, and two of their cavalry; consequently that in their disposition regard must be

had to this circumstance. The heads of the company declared that he had spoken well, and that the thing should be taken into immediate consideration; which was done in the following manner: the Lansquenets and footsoldiers under the command of Captains Molart, Bonnet, Maugiron, the Baron of Grandmont, Bardassan, and others, to the number of six thousand, were all to march in one body; and by their side the two thousand Gascons of Captain Odet and the Cadet de Duras, who were to go all together and post themselves a cannon-shot from the enemy, having the artillery placed before them, and then were to play their cannon with might and main at whoso should first quit his fortified camp; for the Spaniards had got an advantageous position, as will clearly be seen. Next to the infantry; the Duke of Ferrara and the Lord of La Palisse, who commanded the vanguard, were to be stationed, with their companions; and, together with them, the Gentlemen under the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, the Master of the horse, the Lord of Humbercourt, La Crote, the Lord Theodore de Trivulce, and other Captains, to the number of eight hundred gendarms; a little above and facing to them, were to stand the Duke of Ne-

nours with his company, the Lord of Lautrec, his cousin, who performed wonders that day, the Lord of Alegre, Captain Louys d'Ars, the good Knight, and others, to the number of four or five hundred horse. The Italian infantry, of which there were about four thousand, under the charge of two brothers, Gentlemen of Placentia, Counts Nicolo and Francesco *Scot*, of the Marquis Malaspina, and other Italian Captains, were to remain on this side the canal, to ensure the safety of the baggage, lest they of Ravenna should make a sally. The Bastard Du Fay, who was advanced to be chief of all the Standardbearers, had instructions to pass the bridge, and keep guard thereat, till sent for.

Matters being thus arranged and the morrow morning arrived, the Lansquenets began to pass first. Which the gentle Lord of Molart seeing said to his peasants: "Come, companions; shall it be said to our reproach that the Lansquenets have passed over to the enemy's side before us? For my part, I would rather lose an eye than have it so;" and, as the Lansquenets were occupying the bridge, he began to wade through the water, with his shoes and stockings and all his clothes on, his people following him. I must observe

that the water was not so shallow but it reached up to a man's middle; howbeit they made such good speed that they were on the other side before the Lansquenets. This done, all the ordnance was carried over, and placed in front of the infantry, who forthwith put themselves in battle array. After them came the vanguard of the horse, and then the middle battalion. I must now relate an incident which occurred during these transactions. The gentle Duke of Nemours left his lodging very early, armed at all points, except that he had no helmet on. He wore a most gorgeous dress, embroidered with the arms of Navarre and of Foix, but exceeding heavy. On going out, he looked at the sun that had just risen, and saw that it was very red. A Gentleman whom he loved passing well, a right worthy person, by name Haubourdin, then in his company, said: "Know you, my Lord, what that bodes? Some great Prince or Captain will die to-day. It must be either you or the Viceroy." The Duke laughed at this speech, taking Haubourdin's words for jest. He went to the bridge to see his army make an end of passing, which was done with wonderful expedition.

Meantime, the good Knight came in search of

him, and said: "My Lord, let us go walk awhile, for divertisement, along the bank of this canal, till all the forces be passed over." Whereto the Duke agreed, and took with him the Lord of Lautrec, the Lord of Alegre, and some others, to the number of twenty horse. Mighty was the alarm at the camp of the Spaniards, as of men expecting an engagement to take place that same day, and they drew themselves up in order of battle to receive their mortal foes. The Duke of Nemours thus walking for pleasure said to the good Knight: "My Lord Bayard, just here we might be aimed at to admiration; if there were any arquebusiers concealed on that side they might shoot us quite at their ease." The words were no sooner uttered than they descried a troop of twenty or thirty Spanish Gentlemen, among whom was Captain Pedro de Paes, chief of all their *genetaires*. The said Gentlemen were on horseback. The good Knight advanced twenty or thirty paces, and said to them: "Gentlemen, you are amusing yourselves, as we, till the sport begin. I pray you let no guns be discharged on your side, and we will discharge none on ours."

Captain Pedro de Paes inquired who he might be, and the good Knight told him his name. On

hearing he was Captain Bayard, who had won such renown in the Kingdom of Naples, he was marvellously delighted, and said to him in his language: "On my honour, my Lord of Bayard, although I know full well that we have gained nothing by your arrival, but, on the contrary, hold your camp two thousand men the stronger thereby, nevertheless I am right glad to see you; and would God there were peace between your master and mine, in order that we might have a little discourse together: for I have loved you for your prowess all my life." The good Knight, who in courtesy was surpassed by no one, answered him in the same or a more complimentary strain. Paes, observing the distinction with which every one treated the Duke of Nemours, said: "Lord of Bayard, who is that nobleman in goodly attire, to whom your people pay so much honour?' The good Knight replied: "It is our chief, the Duke of Nemours, nephew to your Prince, and brother to your Queen." Scarcely had he finished his speech when Captain Pedro de Paes and all that were with him dismounted, and, addressing the noble Prince, began to say: "Lord Duke, saving the honour and service of the King our master, we declare to you that we are, and will

ever remain, your servants." The Duke of Nemours, as one replete with courtesy, thanked them, and went his way.

The vanguard of the enemy's horse, which was headed by the Lord Fabritio Colonna, now appeared in sight. The Lord of Alegre and the good Knight spoke of it to the Duke, saying: "My Lord, see you this troop of horse?" "Ay," quoth he, "they are in full view." "Perdy," said the Lord of Alegre, "if any one would bring hither but two pieces of artillery, we could do them a vast deal of damage." This was approved of, and he went himself to get a cannon and a long culverin conveyed thither. The Spaniards had already begun to fire from their camp, which was wonderful strong, they having a good ditch before them. Behind were all their infantry, lying on their bellies, to escape the artillery of the French. All theirs was in front of them, and consisted of twenty pieces, cannons and long culverins, and about two hundred arquebuses-a-croc. And between two guns they had great pieces of sharp steeled iron, fashioned like triple-forked spears, on little two wheeled carts, which were to be rolled into the midst of the footsoldiers when they wished to

enter among them. At their wing was their vanguard, led by the Lord Fabritio Colonna, and consisting of about eight hundred gendarms. Their mid squadron, which contained more than four hundred horse, under the command of the Viceroy Don Raymundo de Cardona, was placed a little higher up. Adjoining to it were only two thousand Italians, whom *Ramassot* conducted. But as for the gendarmery, troops better accoutred and mounted had never been heard of.

The Duke of Nemours, when he had crossed the river, ordered every one to march. The Spaniards fired at the French troop of infantry, as at a mark, and slew more than two thousand of them before the commencement of the battle.. They also killed two famous gendarms, one named Iasses, the other L'Herisson. Likewise those two valiant Captains, the Lord of Molart and Philip of Friburg, fell together, bereft of life by the same cannon-shot; a great loss and injury to the French, both being eminent and beloved commanders, specially the Lord of Molart, for whom all his men would willingly have died. Notwithstanding all the artillery discharged on the part of the Spaniards, the French still con-

tinued to march. The two pieces which the Lord of Alegre and the good Knight had caused to be brought to the hither side of the canal were played incessantly upon the Lord Fabritio's troop, and did him incredible mischief, killing as many as three hundred of his gendarms: and he afterwards said, when a prisoner at Ferrara, that thirty-three of his men had been swept away by one cannon-shot. The Spaniards were sorely vexed at this, seeing their men killed they knew not by whom. But Captain Pedro de Navarro had wisely caused it to be ordained in their council, that none should quit the fortified camp till the French went to assail them, as they would otherwise draw on their own undoing. Nothing could be more true; but it was not in the Lord Fabritio's power to restrain his people, who said in their language: "*Cuerpo de Dios! somos matados del cielo, vamos combater los hombres.*"* And to escape the firing of the artillery they begun to quit their camp, and enter the open plain to combat.

They went not straight to the vanguard, but

* "Body of God! we are slain as from the sky,—let us go fight men!"

spying the middle squadron, wherein was that excellent Prince, the Duke of Nemours, with a small body of cavalry, drew toward the same. The French who composed this squadron, delighted to have the first encounter, lowered their visors, and marched stoutly up to their adversaries, who formed into two troops, for the sake of inclosing this little battalion. The good Knight perceived the stratagem, and said to the Duke of Nemours: "My Lord, let us put ourselves into two parties, till we have passed the bridge; for they seek to inclose us." That was done immediately, and they divided. The Spaniards made a noise, and set up a loud shout while they approached, crying: *España! España! Sant-Iago! a los cavallos! a los cavallos!*"* and approached furiously. But they were still more furiously received by the French, who also cried, "*France! France! aux chevaulx! aux chevaulx!*"† For the Spaniards on their arrival aimed at nothing but killing the horses, because they have a pro-

* "Spain! Spain! Saint James! upon the horses! upon the horses!"

† "France! France! upon the horses! upon the horses!"

verb which saith: "*Muerto el cavallo, perdido l' hombre d' armas.*"*

Since God created heaven and earth was never seen a fiercer and more vehement assault than the French and Spaniards made on each other, the combat continuing above half an hour. They stood still face to face in order to take breath, then lowered their visors, and begun afresh, crying "*France!*" and "*Spain!*" with all the impetuosity in the world. The Spaniards were half as many again as the French. The Lord of Alegre ran straight to his vanguard, and from afar espied the band of Messire Robert de la Marche, whose device was black and white. So he cried to them: "Black and white, march, march, and likewise the archers of the guard." The Duke of Ferrara, and the Lord of La Palisse, knew that the Lord of Alegre would not have come to seek them without pressing need. So they made their men proceed instantly, and went in all haste to succour the Duke of Nemours and his band, which though so small, was gradually repulsing the Spaniards.

* When the horse is dead the horseman is sped.

The arrival of this fresh troop caused a fearful commotion, the Spaniards being vigorously assailed. The archers of the guard had the little hatchets, with which they constructed their lodges, suspended from their saddle-bows. These they made use of, and dealt rude blows with them on the helmets of the Spaniards, whereby they were much confounded. Never was seen a more desperate conflict: but at length the Spaniards were obliged to abandon the field, on which, and between two ditches, fell three or four hundred gendarms. Some Princes of the Realm of Naples were taken prisoners there, and their lives saved. All wished to commence pursuit: but the good Knight without fear and without reproach said to the valiant Duke of Nemours, seeing him covered with the blood and brains of one of his gendarms, who had been swept away by a piece of artillery: "My Lord, are you wounded?" "No, thank God," said he; "but I have wounded many others." "Now God be praised!" cried the good Knight, "you have won the battle, and will to-day become the most honoured Prince in the world: but proceed no farther, and assemble your cavalry in this place, that they may be prevented from beginning to plunder; for it is not yet the time.

Captain Louys d'Ars and I will pursue these fugitives, lest they retire behind their footsoldiers. And stir not hence for any man living, till the said Captain and I come to fetch you." He promised compliance, but kept not his word, whereby he brought about his own destruction.

I have related how the Spanish infantry were lying prone in a very strange position, and one in which they could not be attacked but with great risk; as they were hid from view. It was therefore ordained that the two thousand Gascons should go behind them and play their artillery, which would oblige them to stand upright. Now the French were not two pikes' length distant, but the situation of the place was very disadvantageous to them. For, from being unable to see their enemies, they knew not on which side to enter. Captain Odet and the Cadet de Duras declared themselves quite ready to go and force the Spaniards to rise, but said some pikemen should be sent along with them, so that, after they had fired, if any companies came out upon them, they might be supported. The demand was reasonable, and they were accompanied by the Lord of Moncaure, who had a thousand Picards. The Gascons discharged their pieces

with good effect, and wounded a number of the Spaniards, which was not greatly relished of them, as they all manifested by rising up in admirable order. From behind sallied forth two bands of a thousand or twelve hundred men, and fell upon the Gascons. Whether they were in fault or the Picards I know not: but they were routed by the Spaniards, and the Lord of Moncaure, the Chevalier Desbories, the Lieutenants of Captain Odet and of the Cadet de Duras, with many others, slain.

Small satisfaction did the event give to their friends: but the Spaniards set up a fearful hallooing upon it, as if they had completely won the battle; nevertheless they well knew that it was lost for them. And those two companies who had defeated the Gascons would not return, but resolved to get into Ravenna, and proceeded along the bank of the canal, marching three or four abreast. I will leave them awhile, and return to the main body of the French and Spanish infantry. When the Spaniards above-mentioned had risen they presented themselves on the border of the ditch, where the French made a fierce, dire, and vehement assault, but were terribly fired upon with guns, and many of them slain,

in particular the worthy Captain Jacob received a shot across his body, whereat he fell, but quickly raised himself, and said to his men in German: "Gentlemen, let us serve the King of France this day as well as he hath treated us." The good Gentleman never spoke again, but instantly sunk dead upon the ground. He had a Captain under him named Fabian, one of the tallest and handsomest men in the world, who, reckless of his own life when he saw his excellent master slain, did as bold an action as ever was performed by man. The Spaniards had stationed a great body of cavalry with crossed pikes on the edge of their foss, to prevent the French from entering. This Captain Fabian, determined rather to die than suffer his worthy Captain's death to go unrevenged, took his pike cross-wise, and, as he was amazingly tall, put the weapon, held in this manner, above those of the Spaniards, which were lowered, and, by his great strength, compelled them to bring their points to the ground. The French seeing this, rushed on impetuously, and entered the ditch, but, ere they could pass it, a fearful carnage took place; for never did men make a more resolute defence than the Spaniards, who, when they had not an arm or a leg left whole,

attacked their enemies with their teeth. On this occasion many French Captains were slain, as the Baron of Grandmont, Captain Maugiron, who fought with all possible bravery, and the Lord of Bardassan. Captain Bonnet received a blow from a pike on the forehead, and the iron remained in his head. To speak briefly the French sustained a great loss, but the Spaniards a still greater: for the horse of the French vanguard attacked them in flank, and completely routed them, so that they were slain and cut to pieces, except Count Pedro de Navarro, and some other Captains, who were taken prisoners.

We must now return to those two companies, who had fled with the view of getting into Ravenna, but who on the road met the Bastard du Fay, and were by him compelled to face about, and go back by the side of the canal. Du Fay pursued them not far, but returned straight to the main battle, where he did excellent service. You must understand that when these two bands had quitted the great body, and defeated the Gascons, many of the latter fled, and some to the place where was the valiant Duke of Nemours; who, accosting them, inquired what was the matter. A base

wretch replied; "The Spaniards have beaten us." The poor Prince, imagining that this was the case, with his whole body of infantry, became frantic and, without looking to see who followed him, rushed upon the causeway, by which the two bands were retiring, and encountered them on the road, fourteen or fifteen gendarms accompanying him. They had loaded some guns afresh, which they discharged, and then fell with their pikes upon the gentle Duke and them that were with him, who could not very easily put themselves in action; for the causeway was narrow,—on one side the canal prohibited descent, and on the other was a vast and impassable ditch. In brief, all that were with the Duke of Nemours were thrown into the water, or fell into the ditch. The good Duke's horse was hamstrung. He therefore got upon his feet sword in hand, and not Orlando at Roncevallos performed greater feats of arms than he that hour, nor than his cousin the Lord of Lautrec, who, seeing his imminent peril, cried out to the Spaniards as loudly as he could: "Kill him not; he is our Viceroy, the brother of your Queen." However it came to pass, the unhappy Duke fell upon the spot, with many wounds; for,

from the chin to the forehead, he had fourteen or fifteen: clear proof that the gentle Prince had never turned his back.

A son of the Lord of Alegre, named Viverots, was drowned in the canal, and his father killed at the defeat of the infantry. The Lord of Lautrec, and many more, were left for dead. The two companies escaped along the causeway, which was carried on for more than ten miles. When they were near two leagues off the camp they met the good Knight, returning from the pursuit, with about thirty or forty gendarms, marvellous spent and weary. Nevertheless he determined to charge his enemies: but a Captain stepped out of the band and said in his language: "Sir, what mean you to do? You cannot suppose yourself strong enough to beat us. You have won the battle and killed all our men: be satisfied with the honour you have gained, and spare our lives, since by God's will we have escaped." The good Knight felt the truth of what the Spaniard said, and moreover he had not a horse that could stand on its legs. Howbeit he demanded the colours, which were delivered to him; and thereupon they separated, and he passed between them, and suffered them to depart. Alas! he knew.

not that the good Duke of Nemours was slain, and by these very men: had he but suspected that, he would rather have died ten thousand deaths than not have avenged him. During the battle, and before the total defeat, Don Raymundo de Cardona, the Viceroy of Naples, took to flight, with about three hundred gendarms, and so did Captain *Ramassot*, with his infantry. The remainder were either killed or taken.

The good Knight and all the French returned from the chase about four hours past noon, and the battle begun about eight in the morning. The death of that worthy and noble Prince, the gentle Duke of Nemours, was now made known to all; whereat such deep sorrow fell upon the camp of the French, that, had two thousand fresh foot, and two hundred horse come against them, I doubt whether they would not all have been defeated, as well by reason of the pain and fatigue they had endured throughout the day, seeing that none could have been exempted from fighting, had he wished it, as of the great and overpowering grief they bore in their hearts at the death of their Commander, who was borne to his lodging by his Gentlemen amid great weeping and lamen-

tation. Many glorious battles have been fought since the creation of the world: but never was there seen, for the number of combatants, so bloody, furious, and well contested a one as the battle of Ravenna.

CHAPTER LV.

Of the noble personages who fell at the deadly battle of Ravenna, both on the side of the French and of the Spaniards, and also of those made prisoners. Of the taking of the town of Ravenna. How the French were driven out of Italy two months after, in the year 1512. *Of the grievous sickness of the good Knight. Of a very courteous action performed by him. Of the journey to the Kingdom of Naples: and of every thing that occurred in the course of the said year.*

In this cruel battle the Kingdom of France sustained a great loss; for therein died one not to be matched in prowess throughout the world, when his age is taken into the account: I speak of the gentle Duke of Nemours, who will be remembered as long as this earth shall endure. Secret treaties had been set on foot to make him King of Naples, if he had lived, by which bargain Pope Julius had sped poorly; but it was not God's pleasure that his days should be prolonged. The nine worthies besought him to this effect, I

ween, for had he lived long enough he would have eclipsed them all. The gentle Lord of Alegre and his son Viverots lost their lives on this occasion: as did Captain La Crote, the Lord of Humbercourt's Lieutenant, Captains Molart, Jacob, Philip de Friberg, Maugiron, the Baron of Grandmont, Bardassan, and many other leaders; together with about three thousand foot, and eighty of the ordinary men at arms of France, with seven of the King's Gentlemen, and nine archers of his guard: and of the residue the greater part were wounded. The Spaniards sustained a loss which they will not retrieve in an hundred years, losing twenty Captains of foot, and near ten thousand common soldiers. Also their Captain General, Count Pedro de Navarro, was taken prisoner. Of the cavalry were slain Don Menaldo de Cardona, Don Pedro de Acunha, Prior of Messina, Don Diego de Quinnones, Captain Alvarado, Captain Alonso *de l' Estelle*, and more than thirty Captains, or heads of companies, with full eight hundred gendarms. Not to mention the prisoners, which were Don Juan de Cardona, who died in prison, the Marquis of Bitonto, the Marquis of *Licite*, the Marquis della Palude, the Marquis of Pescara, the Duke of

Trajete, the Count of *Conche*, the Count of Populo, and an hundred other great Lords and Captains, with the Cardinal of Medicis, who was the Pope's Legate in their camp: moreover they lost all their artillery, guns, and baggage. In short, out of twenty thousand men, horse and foot, not four thousand escaped being either killed or taken.

On the morrow, the French adventurers and the Lansquenets pillaged the city of Ravenna, and the Lord Marco Antonio Colonna retired into the Citadel, which was both good and strong. That Captain Jacquin, who had spoken so decorously to the Astrologer of Carpi, was the cause of this, more than any defence that was made, wherefore the Lord of La Palisse had him hung and strangled. It had been designed to proceed farther if the good Duke of Nemours had lived; but by reason of his death every thing was put a stop to, although Piero Morgante, and the Lord Ruberto Orsino, had fully performed what they had promised, and the Lord Jean Jacques daily wrote word that the Venetians and Swiss were assembling, with a view to a descent on the Dutchy of Milan, and that the Emperor Maximilian was already beginning secretly to fall from them.

The French army therefore addressed themselves to return to the Dütchy of Milan, and all the Captains hied them to the city of that name, and had the gentle Duke of Nemours interred within the Dome in greater pomp than ever Prince had been interred before; above ten thousand persons followed him to the grave, clad in mourning apparel, for the most part on horseback, and forty standards taken from the enemy were borne before his body, trailing on the ground, his own colours and standards coming after, close to his person, to shew that it was they which had beaten down the pride of the others. These dolorous obsequies were accompanied with abundance of tears and sighs.

After his death all the Captains had chosen the Lord of La Palisse for their chief, as being a very excellent Knight. The Lord of Lautrec, who had been severely wounded, was taken to Ferrara to be cured, and there received such good and gracious treatment from the Duke and Dutchess that he was completely restored.

Pope Julius, retaining his ancient charitable spirit, caused the Emperor openly to declare himself an enemy to the French, and he accordingly ordered the few Lansquenets who remained

among them after the battle of Ravenna to withdraw. Their chief leader, a brother of Captain Jacob, returned at his command, and brought them all away, except seven or eight hundred, who were kept back by a young Captain of adventurers that had nothing to lose in Germany.

At this time, when the French thought to carry the Cardinal of Medicis into France, he was rescued; a most fortunate event for him, and which laid him under great obligations to Messer Matteo di Beccaria of Pavia, the author of this exploit; as he came to be made Pope.

A little while after the Venetian army, the Swiss, and the Pope's forces, came down in great numbers, and found that of the French defeated and ruined: and although they offered resistance at divers passes, yet in the end they were compelled to retire to Pavia, which they resolved on keeping. The Captains were ordered to fortify every quarter by the gates, a work which they set about vigorously; but persisted in it a very short time; for the enemy entered two days after. The French had made a bridge on boats, albeit there was a stone one at Pavia, for the sake of securing to themselves a better retreat, in case any

sinister accident should occur, as very soon there actually did; for one day, by what means I know not, the Swiss entered the town by the Castle, and proceeded as far as the market-place, whither, on account of the alarm that had been raised, the infantry had already repaired, and with them divers men at arms, among whom Captain Louys d' Ars, at that time the Governor, performed astonishing feats of valour, as did likewise the Lord of La Palisse, and the gentle Lord of Humbercourt. But above all the good Knight achieved incredible things; for, with twenty or thirty of his gendarms, he stopped the Swiss, and detained them in fight for more than two hours; during which time two horses were killed under him. Mean-while the artillery was carried off to be transported over the bridge; and Captain Pierrepont, having surveyed the foe on every side, went and said to the company who were fighting in the market-place: "Gentlemen, retire; for above our wooden bridge the Swiss are passing in divers little boats, ten at a time; and, if once they transport any thing like a competent number, they will gain the extremity of our bridge, and we shall be shut up in this town, and all cut to pieces." He was a wise and

valiant Captain; therefore at his words the French retired, still fighting, to their bridge, where, they being briskly pursued, a rude and boisterous skirmish took place. Howbeit the cavalry passed over, and about three hundred Lansquenets remained behind to guard the side of the said bridge. But a sad disaster happened; for when they had well-nigh succeeded in transporting the last piece of artillery, which was a long culverin, named my Lady of Forli, and had been won from the Spaniards at Ravenna, it sunk the first bark. Wherefore, the poor Lansquenets, seeing they were undone, got away as well as they could. However some of them were killed, and others drowned in the Tesino.

When the French had passed the bridge they broke it, by reason whereof they were not pursued. But a great misfortune befel the good Knight, who being stationed at the end of the bridge to guard it, a falconet-shot, discharged from the town, grazed him between the neck and shoulder, so that all the flesh was torn off even to the bone. They who witnessed the blow thought he must have been sped. But he, never dismayed at any thing, though he felt himself desperately wounded, knew that, on this very

account, there was no time for standing aghast, and said to his companions: "Gentlemen, it is nothing." All endeavours were used to stanch the blood, as well as possible, with moss taken from trees, and linen, which some of his soldiers tare from their shirts: for there was no surgeon at hand by reason of the evil times. Thus the French army retired to Alexandria, whither the Lord Jean Jacques was gone before to get a bridge made for them. They abode not long there, but were constrained totally to abandon Lombardy, excepting the Castles of Milan and Cremona, Lugano, Locarno, the town and Castle of Brescia, where the Lord of Aubigny had remained, and some other places in the Valteline.

The French repassed the mountains, and lodged for some time in the garrisons which had been appointed for them. The good Knight repaired straight to Grenoble to visit the Bishop, his good uncle, whom he had not seen for a long time. He was as virtuous a prelate, and of as holy a life, as any of his day. He received his nephew in a wonderfully honourable manner, and invited him to lodge in the episcopal Palace, where he was treated with high respect; and the Ladies from the neighbourhood of Grenoble came to see

him, and still more they of the town, and were never weary of extolling him, whereat he was greatly abashed.

Now at this time it came to pass, either from the great toil and travail he had undergone for many years, or from the wound he received at the retreat from Pavia, that the good Knight was seized with a grievous unintermitting fever, which held him seventeen days, in such sort that his life was despaired of. The poor Gentleman, seeing himself thus brought low by sickness, uttered the sorrowfullest wailings that ever were heard; and stony must have been his heart who could have listened to them without shedding tears. "Alas! my God," said he, "since it was thy good pleasure to take me out of this world so soon, why didst thou not vouchsafe to let me die in the company of that gentle Prince the Duke of Nemours, and with the rest of my compeers at the battle of Ravenna? or why wert thou not pleased that I should end my days at the assault of Brescia, where I was wounded so perilously? Ah! how much happier had I then died! then I should at least have shared the fate of my worthy progenitors, who have ever fallen in the field of battle. Good God! must I, that have passed

through so great dangers from artillery in engagements, in attacks, in rencounters, from which thou hast graciously permitted me to escape, must I shortly expire like a girl in my bed? Nathless, though I would it were otherwise, yet thy will be done! I am a great sinner, but I repose hope in thy infinite mercy. Alas! my Creator, I have grievously offended thee in time past: but I hoped, had I lived longer, with the aid of thy grace, speedily to amend my evil life."

Thus the good Knight poured out his anguish; and so piteously did he plain that not one of his attendants could hold from weeping: out of measure afflicted was his good uncle the Bishop, who offered up prayers to Heaven incessantly on his behalf, and not he only, but all the nobles, citizens, merchants, monks, and nuns were employed day and night in supplications for him. And among so many it was impossible but there should be some just person, whom the Lord would be pleased to hear; as was plainly manifested; for his fever gradually left him, and he began to enjoy repose, and regain his appetite for food; so that in a fortnight or three weeks, by good treatment, he was entirely cured, and as jolly as ever: and he began to take a little diversion near the town,

visiting his friends and the Ladies, from house to house, and amusing himself with giving divers entertainments. Insomuch that, as he was no saint, he one day conceived a desire for the company of some young female, and bade a valet of his, named the Bastard Cordon, seek one out for him.

The Bastard, who was diligent enough, and very desirous to please his master, went and addressed himself to a poor Gentlewoman, who had a fair daughter, fifteen years old, and she, by reason of her extreme poverty, consented to give her up for a time to the good Knight, hoping that he would afterward marry her. The damsel was therefore talked to by her mother, who used so many arguments that, notwithstanding her virtuous inclinations, she condescended to the bargain, partly through affection and partly by force. She was therefore secretly conducted by the Bastard to the good Knight's lodgings, and placed in a wardrobe of his. The time for repose being come, the good Knight returned to his lodgings, having supped at a merrimake in the town.

On his arrival the Bastard told him he had brought him one of the handsomest girls in the world, and that she was a Gentlewoman too; and,

leading him into the wardrobe, shewed her to him. Beautiful she was as an angel, but she had wept till her eyes were quite swelled. When the good Knight saw her in this condition he said: "How now, sweetheart, what is the matter with you? Don't you know why you are come hither?" The wretched maid threw herself on her knees, and said: "Yes, alas! sir, my mother hath told me that I must submit myself to your will. But I have hitherto preserved my honour inviolate, and never would have consented to aught else, save from constraint; but my mother and myself are almost starving, so great is our poverty; and would to God that I had perished! then at least I should not have been added to the number of those most unhappy women, doomed to infamy for the remainder of my days."

When the good Knight perceived her noble spirit, he said, almost weeping: "Be assured, my friend, I will not do so wickedly as to put you from these honourable thoughts." And, turning his corrupt affections into purer ones, he had her wrapped in a cloak, and, making the Bastard take a torch, conducted her himself to sleep with a young Gentlewoman, a relation of his own, who dwelt near his house. Next morning he sent for

her mother, to whom he said: "Come, my friend, speak truly; hath your daughter hitherto led an honest life?" She replied, "Upon my honour, my Lord, when the Bastard came yesterday to fetch her, she was a maid." "Then are you not a wretched woman," said the good Knight, "that go about to corrupt her?" The poor woman was ashamed and afraid, and knew not what to reply, except that they were in the extremest want.

"Now," said the good Knight, "never do so base a deed as to sell your daughter, you that are a Gentlewoman; you ought to be more severely punished for it. Come, is there any one who hath spoken of her for a wife?" "Yes, indeed," said she, "that hath a neighbour of mine; but he requires six hundred florins, and I am not possessed of half that sum." "And if he could obtain so much would he marry her?" said the good Knight. "Ay, certainly," said she. Then he took a purse which he had made the Bastard carry, and gave her three hundred crowns, saying: "Here, my friend, are two hundred crowns, which are worth above six hundred florins of this country, to marry your daughter, and an hundred crowns to buy her clothes." And then he had

another hundred crowns counted out, which he gave to the mother. He ordered the Bastard never to lose sight of them till he saw the girl married, which she was three days after, and conducted herself very creditably, taking her mother into her house. After such a fashion was the affair conducted, by the great courtesy and liberality of the good Knight.

Bayard tarried a while longer in Dauphiny, faring most pleasantly and plentifully, till his master the King of France sent an army into Guyenne, under the command of the Duke of Longueville, for the purpose of recovering the Kingdom of Navarre, which the King of Arragon had a short while before violently usurped from him who held it by a just title, on no other grounds than his having espoused the party of the King of France.

I know not how things were carried in this notable expedition; but, after having spent much time without effecting any thing, the main body of the army returned, and made part of that headed by the Lord of La Palisse past the Pyrenees. Some time after, the good Knight without fear and without reproach, was sent to them by way of recruit, and carried with him some pieces of heavy

artillery. The King of Navarre was driven out along with them. They took some little forts, then proceeded to lay siege to Pampeluna. Mean-time the good Knight went and took a Castle, where he wan high honour, as will be made to appear.

CHAPTER LVI.

How the good Knight took a Castle in the Kingdom of Navarre by storm, while siege was laid to the town of Pampeluna, where he executed a design worthy of a wise and skilful Knight.

At the time when the gentle Lord of La Palisse, with the King of Navarre, was investing the town of Pampeluna, he received information that it would be expedient to take a Castle, four leagues from thence, which exceedingly annoyed the French camp. I believe there could have been no great force in the place; nevertheless, as it was apprehended that in a little town in the vicinity, called Puente de la Reyna, there might be some who would perchance incline to give it aid, it was deemed necessary to carry

thither a considerable company both of horse and foot.

The King of Navarre and the Lord of La Palisse prayed the good Knight to undertake this enterprise; whereto he, who never shrunk from any toils that were allotted him, instantly acceded. He took his own company, and from that of Captain Bonneval, a brave Knight, a band of adventurers, and two companies of Lansquenets, each consisting of four hundred men; and thus proceeded to the fortress in the open face of day. He sent a trumpet to give those within to understand that they must deliver it up to their Sovereign, the King of Navarre, in which case he would deal mercifully with them, and leave them in possession of their lives and properties; but that, on the other hand, if they were taken by storm, they would all be cut to pieces. They of the fortress, who were soldiers placed there by the Duke of Najara, and the Alcayde de los Donzeles, Lieutenant in the said Realm for the King of Spain, and were all good and loyal servants to their master, made reply that they would not surrender the place and themselves still less. The trumpet returned and made his report, which the

good Knight hearing delayed no longer, but caused four large pieces of artillery that he had with him to be planted before the place, and the same to be well and vigorously cannonaded. They within, about an hundred men in number, had many arquebuses-a-croc and two falconets, which did them good service when discharged at their enemies; yet not so much but that in less than an hour a very large breach was made in the Castle; an inconvenient one however, as it required to be mounted. Now in such contingencies wishing will not do the business.

So the good Knight caused the assault to be sounded, and exhorted the Lansquenets to advance thereto. An interpreter spake for them, and said it was their rule, whenever a place was taken by assault, to require double pay, and that if this were promised they would go to the attack, otherwise not. The good Knight knew of no such regulation; however he replied that, if they took the place, he would answer for their obtaining what they demanded without fail, because he was loth to waste time in disputing the point. It was in vain that he promised: not a Lansquenet would mount the breach. The adventurers set

about the work with spirit; but were rudely repulsed two or three times; in effect, the besieged proved that they knew how to fight.

When the good Knight saw their resolution, he thought he should never get the better of them in this way. So he caused the retreat to be sounded, and then ten or twelve shots of artillery to be made, under colour of widening the breach; howbeit he had a very different matter in his mind; for, whilst his men were playing the artillery, he went up to one of his gendarms, a very gallant fellow, named Little John de la Vergne, and said to him: "La Vergne, if you will, you may perform a good piece of service, and one for which you will be rewarded. See you a great tower at the corner of the Castle? When I shall cause the assault to be recommenced, do you take two or three ladders, and with thirty or forty men essay to get up into that same tower; for, on my life, you will find no one to defend it, and if you do not enter the place thereby, I give you leave to say whatever you will of me."

The other comprehended the order well enough. It was not long ere the assault was renewed more fiercely than before, and all belonging to the

Castle flocked to defend the breach, and took no thought of any other place, never imagining that entrance would be effected elsewhere: in which they were overseen, for La Vergne executed his commission successfully, and, without being perceived of them, erected his ladders, and thereby ascended into the tower, with more than fifty of his companions, undiscerned by the enemy till they got into the place, when they cried: "France! France! Navarre! Navarre!" and rushed from behind upon those employed in defending the breach, who, thus taken by surprise, were marvellously daunted. However they put themselves upon their defence, and used the utmost exertions; but their prowess availed them nothing; for the assailants got in, knocked every thing to pieces, or little less, and the whole place was ransacked and pillaged. This done, the good Knight left one of the King of Navarre his Gentlemen there, with some companions, then set about returning straight to the camp.

Just as he would have departed, two or three Captains of the Lansquenets came before him, and told him by their interpreter that he ought

to keep his promise of causing double pay to be given them, as the place had been taken. At this demand the good Knight was marvellously incensed, and replied to the interpreter with indignation: "Tell your rascally Lansquenets that I would sooner give them a halter to hang them withal. The base caitiffs! they refused to repair to the assault, and now they demand double pay! I shall indeed speak of it to my Lord of La Palisse, and to his Grace of Suffolk, their Captain General, but it will be to have them cashiered; they are not worth a sous." The interpreter repeated this speech to them, and they forthwith began a fearful outcry. But the good Knight made his people sound to horse, and assembled his gendarms and adventurers, determined, if they made show of attempting anything, to cut them to pieces. By degrees they were quieted, and went to the camp before Pampeluna in troop like the rest. I shall stop here awhile to record a laughable adventure.

When the good Knight arrived, he met with a hearty welcome from the King of Navarre, from the Lord of La Palisse, the Duke of Suffolk, and all the Captains, and he gave them an account

of the conduct of the Lansquenets, which called forth a great deal of merriment. In the evening, he entertained a number of Captains at supper, among others the Duke of Suffolk, Captain General of all the Lansquenets, whereof there were six or seven thousand in the camp.

Just as they were finishing their repast a Lansquenet made his appearance, he had been drinking pretty freely, and knew not what to say when he entered, except that he sought Captain Bayard to kill him, for that he would not cause his own and his comrades' money to be given them. He spoke French a little, but very imperfectly. Captain Pierrepont understood him, and laughing said to the good Knight: "My Lord, here is a Lansquenet come in search of you to slay you." He, being the most facetious and mirthful person in the world, rose from table, sword in hand, and addressed himself to the Lansquenet, saying: "Is it you who seek to slay Captain Bayard? Here he is:—defend yourself." The poor Lansquenet, drunk though he were, was terribly frightened, and replied in very bad French: "It is not I alone that desire to slay Captain Bayard; but all the Lansquenets." "Ha!

on my soul, I am off," said the good Knight, convulsed with laughter, "I am off; I have no mind to encounter seven thousand Lansquenets by myself. A composition, comrade, for God's sake!" All the company laughed amazingly at this speech. The Lansquenet was seated at table, opposite to the good Knight, who went on with him as he had begun: insomuch that before he left the spot he promised to defend Captain Bayard as long as he lived to and against all person's whatsoever, and sware he was a worthy man, and that had good wine. The King of Navarre and the Lord of La Palisse were told of the affair that evening, to whom it afforded as good sport as it had done to the rest.

On the day after the good Knight's arrival, the artillery began to play upon the town of Pampeluna, which was well battered, and an assault was attempted. But the besiegers defended themselves so well, that the assailants were forced to decamp, not without heavy loss. Within was that gentle Spanish Knight, the Alcayde de los Donzeles.

This was a very unfortunate siege; for the French, on entering Navarre, spoiled and wasted

all kinds of goods, brake mills, and destroyed many other things, of which they afterward experienced a great want: for so dire was the famine that it occasioned the deaths of numbers. And never in any army was there a greater lack of shoes; one sorry pair for a footboy cost a crown. In brief, all these untoward circumstances combining, and the Duke of Najara having arrived at Puente de la Reyna, with a supply of eight or ten thousand men, the King of Navarre was advised by the Lord of La Palisse and all the Captains to retire till another season. The siege was therefore raised at noonday from before Pampeluna, and the artillery put upon the road to return; it was carried but a little way however; for the mountains by which it must pass were so rugged, that the French, after having conveyed it three days' journey by means of men and money, were under the necessity of leaving it at the foot of a mountain, where they broke it, at least put it into such a condition that the enemy could make no use of it.

I must observe that, in repassing the Pyrenean mountains, the army suffered extremely from the

failure of provisions. Moreover, not an hour in the day went by without some terrible alarm. The Duke of Suffolk, surnamed The White Rose, Captain General of the Lansquenets, who entertained a warm and thorough friendship for the good Knight, was present at this retreat. Once, when this noble personage had undergone as much fatigue as he was capable of sustaining, and had neither eaten nor drank the whole day, it being necessary to retreat from a skirmish, he went late in the evening to seek the good Knight, and spoke to him thus: "Captain Bayard, I am dying of hunger: I pray you give me somewhat to sup on this day, for my people tell me there is nothing to be had in my lodging." The good Knight, who was never amazed on any occasion, made answer: "Ay marry, my Lord; and you shall be well entertained." Then he called for his steward, and said to him: "Master Mylieu, despatch the supper, and let us fare as well as if we were in Paris." At which speech the Duke laughed for a quarter of an hour, having tasted nothing during the two last days but millet bread.

I can truly aver that the French made as fine a retreat as ever soldiers did in this world, and lost no men except by famine. Specially the good Knight acquired great honour therein, always remaining in the rear till the danger was passed; for this distinction hath ever been conceded him, of being put among the foremost when the army advanced, among the last when it retreated.

Right glad were the French to arrive at Bayonne; for there they were regaled to their hearts' content. But numbers of the infantry who had suffered from hunger killed themselves by overeating. This was a very disastrous expedition.

The same year died Pope Julius, that lover of the French. The Cardinal of Medicis was chosen to succeed him, with the name of Leo X.

An army of English also came upon the coast of Brittany, but performed no very signal achievement. One day a great ship from England, called The Regent, and one belonging to the Queen of France, called *La Cordeliere*, met and grappled each other in order to fight. During the combat, somebody cast fire into one of the

vessels; and in the end they were both consumed. The English suffered a great and grievous loss, there being a considerable number of Gentlemen on board. The Regent, who perished, unable to find any means of escape.

CHAPTER LVII.

How Henry King of England landed in France, and laid siege to Theroüenne. Of an action called the Battle of the Spurs, wherein the good Knight performed feats of valour, and did good service to France.

In the beginning of the year 1513, the King of France sent another great army into Italy, under the charge of the Lord of la Trimouille. A treaty had already been adjusted between the King and the Venetians, who favoured his undertaking. Nevertheless matters fell out very ill for the French; they being worsted in a battle with the Swiss; when the sons of Messire Robert de la Marche, who commanded the Lansquenets, were left for dead on the field, and their father went to seek them in a ditch. The French therefore

were again compelled to quit Lombardy for that year.

On their return the King of France received information that Henry King of England, the Emperor Maximilian's ally, had landed at Calais, with a vast force, to enter into his country of Picardy. Whither, to oppose him, he immediately despatched a numerous army, creating the Lord of Piennes, Governor of that district, his Lieutenant General.

The English, as soon as they had got into the country proceeded forthwith to lay siege to the town of Theroüenne, which was both good and strong, and had been committed to the custody of two intrepid and gallant Gentlemen, the Lord of Teligny, Seneschal of Rouergue, a wise and valiant Captain, and one of the same country, the Lord of Poutdormy, together with their companies, some French adventurers, and some Lansquenets under the charge of Captain Brandec. They were all trained soldiers, and capable of keeping the town a long while, had they been supplied with a sufficiency of food. But in France provisions are usually made neither in season nor in reason. The said town of Theroüenne being

invested by the English, they begun to cannonade it. The King of England was not yet there in person; but Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Captain Talbot attended as his Lieutenants. However in a few days he arrived, but not without undergoing a great fright between Calais and his leaguer before Therouenne, near a village called Tournehan; for there he fully expected to have been fallen upon by the French, who were in number twelve hundred horse, all very resolute. But at that conjuncture they were accompanied by none of their infantry, which was vastly unlucky for them; the King, on the other hand, had no cavalry with him, but about twelve thousand foot, of which number four thousand were Lansquenets. The two armies therefore approached within cannon-shot of each other. The King of England, perceiving this, was apprehensive of being betrayed; he therefore dismounted, and placed himself in the midst of the Lansquenets. The French wished to begin the attack, particularly the good Knight, who said many times to the Lord of Pienes: "My Lord, let us charge them; no harm can accrue to us from it or very little: for, if we break through them at the first

onset, they must be routed; if they repel us, we can still retire, they being on foot and we on horseback." Almost all the French favoured this opinion, but the Lord of Piennes said: "Gentlemen, I was charged on my life by the King our master to hazard nothing, but simply to guard his country. Do what you please: but, for my part, I will never consent to it." Thus the thing fell to the ground, and the King of England and his band passed on before the faces of the French. Unwilling to let the affair terminate in this manner, the good Knight with his company attacked their rear, obliging them to draw up so close that they were under the necessity of relinquishing a piece of ordnance, which went by the name of St. John. The King of England had eleven more of the same kind, and he called them his twelve Apostles. This piece was won, and brought to the camp of the French. When King Henry arrived at the leaguer before Theroüenne with his people, it may well be supposed what demonstrations of joy were made; for he was a gallant Prince, and exceeding munificent. Three or four days after arrived the Emperor Maximilian, with some bands of Hainaulters and Bur-

gundians. The Princes gave each other a cordial welcome. After that, the approaches were made and the town furiously cannonaded. The besieged played their parts with equal energy, and strengthened their ramparts as well as they were able; but out of question, they suffered extremely for lack of victuals.

The King of France had come to Amiens, and daily sent word to his Lieutenant General, the Lord of Piennes, that he must victual Therouenne at all hazards. This could not be effected without extreme peril, it being entirely surrounded by the enemy. Nevertheless, in obedience to the King's mandates it was determined, that all the gendarmery should be conducted to the French camp, there to raise the alarm: while others, sent with bacon for the relief of the town, should go and throw it into the ditches, whence it might afterwards be fetched by them of the garrison with little difficulty. A day was therefore fixed upon for the execution of this enterprise, whereof the King of England and the Emperor had warning, as may easily be supposed, from certain spies, a description of men by whom camps are usually haunted. There were some treacherous ones at that time, who

pretended to be of the French party, but were in reality in the enemy's interest. The day being appointed for the expedition to victual the town of Theroüenne, the French King's Captains went to horse along with their gendarms. At daybreak the King of England, aware of this enterprise, had stationed ten or twelve thousand English archers, and four or five thousand Lansquenets, with eight or ten pieces of ordnance, on the summit of a rising ground: in order that, when the French had gone by, they might descend, and bar their progress. In the van he had appointed all the cavalry, English, Burgundians, and Hainaulters, to make the attack. I must here state a circumstance which is known to few, and in consequence whereof much blame hath been unjustly cast upon the Gentlemen of France; I mean that of the French Captains' having declared to their gendarms, that this expedition was intended solely for the relief of them of Theroüenne, and that they by no means wished to provoke an engagement; so that if they met a considerable body of the enemy they must retire at a foot pace, which, if pressed, they were to exchange for a trot, and then for a gallop; as they were desirous of avoiding every kind of risk.

Now the French began to march, and approached the town of Theroüenne, within the distance of a league or better, where commenced a rude and vigorous skirmish. The French cavalry behaved very well till they descried upon the hill that large body of foot in two companies, who had advanced beyond them, and were about to descend for the purpose of hemming them in. At this sight the retreat was sounded by the trumpets of the French. The gendarms, after the lesson they had received from their Captains, set about returning at a quick pace. Being closely pursued they proceeded to a trot, and from that to a gallop. Insomuch that the foremost of the enemy rushed upon the Lord of La Palisse, who was in action with the Duke of Longueville, so furiously, that they threw every thing into disorder. The pursuers, who stuck to their point, seeing such sorry conduct, still pushed on, till they made all the French turn their backs. The Lord of La Palisse, and many others, did more than their duty, and cried with a loud voice: "Turn, men at arms, turn; this is nothing." But that was of no avail, every one endeavouring to gain the camp, where the artillery and footsoldiers had been left. Amid this woful

confusion the Duke of Longueville was made prisoner, with many more, among others the Lord of La Palisse; but he escaped out of the hands of them that had taken him.

The good Knight without fear and without reproach retired very sorrowfully, and ever and anon turned round upon his enemies, with fourteen or fifteen gendarms, who had stood by him. In retreating he came up to a little bridge, where no more than two men could pass abreast: and there was a great ditch, full of water, which came from a distance of more than half a league and proceeded to turn a mill three furlongs farther on. When he was upon the bridge he said to them that were with him; "Gentlemen, let us stop here; for the enemy will not win this bridge from us in the space of an hour." Then he called one of his archers and said to him: "Hie you to our camp, and tell my Lord of La Palisse that I have stopped the enemy short for at least half an hour; that during this interval he must make the forces draw up in order of battle; and let them not be alarmed, but softly march hither. For, should the foe advance to the camp, and catch them thus in disarray, they would infallibly be defeated."

The archer goes straight to the camp, and leaves the good Knight, with the inconsiderable number of men by whom he was accompanied, guarding that little bridge, where he did all that prowess could achieve. The Burgundians and Hainaulters arrived, but were obliged to fight on the hither side of the bridge, as they could not very easily effect a passage. This gave the French, who had returned to their camp, leisure to place themselves in order, and in a posture of defence, for fear it should be necessary.

When the Burgundians found themselves withstood by such a handful of men, they exclaimed that archers should be sent for with all speed, and some went to hasten them. Meantime above two hundred cavaliers followed the course of the brook, till they found the mill, by which they crossed over. The good Knight, thus inclosed on both sides, said to his people: "Sirs, let us surrender to these Gentlemen; for all the prowess we might display would avail us nothing. Our steeds are weary; our adversaries as ten to one against us; our forces three leagues off; and if we tarry but a little while longer and the English archers come up, they will cut us to pieces." At

these words the foresaid Burgundians and Hainaulters arrived, crying: "Burgundy! Burgundy!" and made a mighty onset upon the French, who, having no means of further resistance, surrendered, one here, another there, to those of most seeming consideration. While each was endeavouring to take his prisoner, the good Knight espied, under some little trees, a Gentleman in goodly attire, who, by reason of the excessive heat he was in, whereby he was completely overcome, had taken off his helmet, and was so turmoiled and weary that he cared not to be at the trouble of taking prisoners. He spurred straight up to this person, grasping his sword, which he pointed at the other's throat, and cried: "Surrender, cavalier, or you die." Terribly dismayed was this Gentleman, for he thought that his whole company were taken prisoners; however being in fear of his life, he said: "I give myself up then, since I am taken in this manner. Who are you?" "I am," said the good Knight, "Captain Bayard, who surrender to you; here is my sword. I pray you be pleased to carry me away with you. But do me this kindness; if we meet with any English on the road who may offer to kill us, let me have it back

again." This the Gentleman promised and observed; for as they drew toward the camp they were both obliged to use their weapons against some English who sought to slay the prisoners; whereby they gained nothing.

Then was the good Knight conducted to the camp of the King of England, and into the tent of that Gentleman, who entertained him very well for three or four days. On the fifth the good Knight said to him: "My worthy Sir, I should be right glad if you would have me carried in safety to the King my master's camp; for I am already wearied with being here." "How say you?" said the other; "we have not yet treated of your ransom." "*My* ransom?" said the good Knight; "*your own* you mean, for you are my prisoner. And if, after you gave me your word, I surrendered to you, it was to save my life, and for no other reason." Great was the amazement of that Gentleman, especially when the good Knight added: "Sir," if you don't keep your word, I am confident I shall make my escape by some means or other: but be assured that I shall insist upon doing battle with you afterward." The Gentleman knew not what reply to make, for he had heard a great deal

about Captain Bayard, and by no means relished the idea of fighting with him. However, being a very courteous Knight, he at length said: "My Lord of Bayard, I am desirous of dealing fairly with you; I will refer the matter to the Captains."

Now you must know that the good Knight could not be concealed so carefully, but his being in the camp was soon discovered; and to hear the enemies' descants thereupon you would have thought they had won a battle. The Emperor sent for him, and, on his being conducted to his tent, gave him a wonderful gracious reception, addressing him thus: "Captain Bayard, my friend, it gives me very great pleasure to see you. Would to God that I had many such as you! If I had I should not be very long in requiting the good offices which the King your master and the French have done me in times past." Again he said laughing: "I believe, my Lord of Bayard, we were formerly at war together; methinks at that time it was said that Bayard never fled." To which the good Knight replied: "Sire, had I fled, I should not be here now."

Mean-while, the King of England coming in, the Emperor introduced to his acquaintance the

good Knight, who was by him welcomed with great cordiality, and made on his part such obeisance as it befitted so high a Prince to receive. Then they began talking of this retreat, and King Henry observed that he had never seen people fly so nimbly and in such numbers as the French, who were chased by no more than four or five hundred horse; and the Emperor and he spake of them in very disdainful terms. "On my soul," said the good Knight, "the gendarmery of France ought in no wise to have the blame of this affair imputed to them: for they had express orders from their Captains not to fight; because it was apprehended that, if you offered battle, you would bring your whole force with you, as in fact you did; and we had no infantry nor any ordnance. And you cannot but know, most high and mighty Lords, that the nobility of France are renowned throughout the world. I do not say that I ought to be accounted of their number." "In good sooth, my Lord of Bayard," said the King of England, "if they were all like you, I should soon be forced to raise the siege of this town. But, however that may be, you are a prisoner." "Sire," said the good Knight, "I do not allow it, and

would gladly appeal on this question to the Emperor and you." The Gentleman was present to whom he had surrendered, after having had his word of honour. So he gave them an account of the whole transaction, even as it hath been set down in this history. Which the Gentleman could not contradict in any particular, but said: "What the Lord of Bayard tells you is perfectly true."

The Emperor and the King of England looked at one other. The former broke silence, and declared it as his opinion that Captain Bayard was not a prisoner, but rather the Gentleman a prisoner to him; howbeit that, in consideration of the civility he had shown him, they should be free one of another, and that the former might depart when it should seem fit to the King of England; who was of the same mind, and said that if he would remain on his parole, without bearing arms, for six weeks, he would after give him leave to return, and that in the mean time he might visit the towns of Flanders. The good Knight most humbly thanked the Emperor and the King of England for their condescension, and went to divert himself about the country till the day prefixed. During this time the King of England

had him solicited to enter his service, causing many offers to be made him; but it was lost labour, for his heart was devoted to France.

Now it must be understood that, although the good Knight possessed no great wealth, yet there was not to be found a man in his station, and of his age, who kept a better house than he; whilst he sojourned in the Emperor's dominions he sumptuously entertained the Hainaulters and Burgundians; and although wine was very dear there, they wanted for nothing when they retired to rest, and one day he expended twenty crowns on that alone. Many had been well pleased that he should never have gone away again; however he returned into France at the expiration of the term; and was conducted, with a numerous attendance, till he arrived within three leagues of his master's territories.

The Emperor and the King of England abode some days before Theroüenne, which at length surrendered, for want of food, it being stipulated that the Captains and soldiers should be suffered to depart scot-free, and that the town should not be demolished, nor any mischief done to the inhabitants. The conditions were faithfully observed

toward the military, but not toward the townsfolk; for the King of England had the walls pulled down, and the town itself fired in many places, which was a grievous thing. The French however have since repaired it, and made it stronger than before.

The Emperor and the King of England removed their camp from thence, and went to lay siege to the city of Tournay, which might have held out long enough had the inhabitants chosen to accept the succours which the French were willing to afford them; but they averred that they were equal to their own defence, which proved the cause of mischief; for their city was taken, and put into the hands of King Henry, who fortified it amazingly.

The winter being now far advanced the army was broken up, the King of England withdrawing to his own dominions, the Emperor into Germany. Likewise the King of France his forces disbanded, and were lodged in garrisons on the frontiers of Picardy.

One thing deserves to be put upon record, namely, that while the Emperor and the King of England held their camp in Picardy, the Swiss,

then hostile to the King of France, the Lord of Vergy, and a number of Lansquenets, thirty thousand fighting men all together, made a descent upon Burgundy, where the valiant Lord of La Trimouille, who happened at that conjuncture to be in the country, was Governor, and, not having a sufficient force to encounter them in the field, was compelled to withdraw into Dijon, hoping before that town to detain this numerous host, which shortly laid siege to it in two places, and cannonaded it furiously. The good Lord of La Trimouille exerted himself to the utmost, and was at the ramparts day and night. But when he saw the breaches made, and called to mind how ill he was supplied with soldiers, he perceived plainly that the town was in danger of being lost, and the Realm of France in consequence greatly jeoparded, seeing that, if Dijon were taken, the enemy would proceed to Paris; he therefore caused the Swiss to be secretly treated with, and many pressing remonstrances to be made them, touching the benefits and honours they had received from the House of France, adding that he hoped they should soon become better friends than ever, and that, if they understood their own

interest, they could not but know how infinitely to their prejudice the ruin of that House must prove. They listened to these discourses, and agreed that he should go and parley with them under a safeconduct. Which he did, and prevailed so well, by means of fine speeches, and also by promise of a certain sum of money, for security whereof he gave them his nephew the Lord of Maizieres, the Lord of Rochefort, son of the Chancellor of France, and divers of the citizens, as hostages, that they went home again. For this composition the Lord of La Trimouille was reproached by many, but with great injustice; for never in one day was such service done to France as was by him when he made the Swiss remove from before Dijon: as hath since been felt in various ways.

Terrible events had good King Lewis to contend with during this year 1513, and so had his allies; whereof one of the most considerable, the King of Scotland, thinking to enter England, was defeated in a battle by the Duke of Norfolk, King Henry's Lieutenant, and slain.

The King of France however was so beloved by his subjects that at their intercession God be-

friended him; and, although the greater part of the Princes of Europe had sworn his ruin, especially all his neighbours, he happily preserved his Kingdom. On leaving Picardy he returned by short journeys to his town of Blois, which he held very dear, it being his birthplace; but had not tarried there long ere a great and irreparable misfortune befel him, as I shall declare more fully.

CHAPTER LVIII.

Of the death of the high-minded and virtuous Princess Anne, Queen of France, and Dutchess of Bretagne. Of the marriage of King Lewis the Twelfth with Mary of England, and of the death of the said King Lewis.

THE good King of France, Lewis the Twelfth, after having escaped all the misfortunes by which he was threatened in the year 1513, and settled his garrisons in Picardy, returned to his city of Blois, with a view to take a little recreation there. But the pleasure he looked for was soon turned into sorrow and heaviness; sith, about the beginning of January, his good helpmate and spouse, Anne Queen of France, and Dutchess of Bretagne, fell very grievously sick; and, maugre all the appliances which her own and her husband's phy-

sicians could administer for the restoration of her health, in less than eight days, rendered up her soul to God, an unparalleled calamity to the Kingdom of France, and to the inhabitants of Bretagne a perpetual ground of mourning. The nobility of both countries thereby sustained an indescribable loss; for a more magnanimous, virtuous, wise, liberal, and accomplished Princess had never worn the crown in France, since the name of Queen was known there.

The French and the Britains were not the only people that bewailed her death; it was wept and lamented in Germany, Spain, England, Scotland, and all the rest of Europe. The King her husband was not wont to give away large sums of money, for fear of distressing his people; but this good Lady made up for any deficiency on his part; and there were few persons of merit in her country to whom she had not once in her life made some present. The gentle Princess had not completed her thirty-eighth year when pitiless death snatched her away, to the infinite detriment of all nobility. Whosoever would have her virtues and her life worthily set forth must pray God to raise up Cicero for Latin, and Master Jean de Meung

for French; none of the moderns are equal to the undertaking.

This mournful and much to be deplored occurrence so deeply afflicted King Lewis, that for eight days he never ceased to weep and to wish it were the Lord's pleasure that he should go keep her company. His only consolation now consisted in two fair and amiable Princesses, Claude and Renée, (the latter about three years old,) who had been born to him of the worthy deceased. She was carried to St. Denys to be interred, and there, as well as at Blois, were the most solemn masses said, for the benefit of her soul, during more than three entire months, by the whole Kingdom of France. In the Dutchy nothing was talked of but this lachrymable death. And I verily believe it still survives in the minds of many; for the liberality of her gifts, the benignity of her manners, and the graciousness of her address will render her memory immortal.

About the month of May following, in the year 1514, my Lord Francis, Duke of Valois and of Angoulesme, the nearest heir to the crown, espoused the Lady Claude, eldest daughter of France, and Dutchess of Bretagne, at St. Germain-en-Laye.

In the October of the same year, by means of the Lord of Longueville, who, while a prisoner in England, had treated of a marriage between Lewis the Twelfth and Mary, King Henry's sister, that Lady was conducted to Abbeville, and there espoused by the King of France. He had little need to be married, on many accounts, and no great inclination thereto. But seeing himself surrounded on all sides by war, which he was unable to carry on without miserably draining his people, he imitated the conduct of the pelican: for, after Queen Mary had made her entry into Paris, which was a very magnificent one, and many jousts and tournaments had been held, during upwards of six weeks, the good King, who had altered his whole mode of living on his wife's account, (for, whereas he used to dine at eight in the morning, and go to bed at six in the evening, he now dined at noon, and often retired not to rest till midnight,) fell sick at the end of the month of December: from which malady no human aid sufficing to rescue him, he resigned his soul to God on the first of January, after midnight. He had been, throughout his life, a good, wise, and virtuous Prince, who maintained order

among his people, without oppressing them in any wise, except it were by constraint. In his time he had experienced much both of good and evil, forasmuch as he had had an ample acquaintance with the world. Many victories did he win over his enemies; but at the end of his life fortune looked somewhat unkindly on him. The good Prince was bewept and lamented by all his subjects, and not without reason: for he had maintained concord and strict equity among them. Insomuch that after his death, amid other laudatory things said respecting him, he was called the *Father of the People;*—a title bestowed upon him with great justice. He was not fifty-six years old when he paid the debt of nature. He was taken to St. Denys to be buried among his worthy predecessors, 'mid abundance of weeping and wailing, and to the great grief of all his subjects.

He was succeeded on the throne by Francis I., aged twenty years;—a comely Prince as ever lived. He had espoused the Lady Claude of France, eldest daughter of the King his predecessor, and Dutchess of Bretagne. Never reigned there a King in France, whom the nobility had so much delight in. He was taken to Rheims to

be crowned, accompanied by all his Princes, Gentlemen, and officers, whereof he had an incredible number. In good sooth the lodging houses were crowded; for there was no one, great, or little, or of a middling station, that was not desirous to partake of the festivities.

CHAPTER LIX.

How King Francis I. passed the Alps; how he sent forward the good Knight without fear and without reproach; and how the Lord Prospero Colonna was taken by his subtilty.

AFTER the consecration and coronation of King Francis I. at St. Denys, he repaired to make his entry into Paris, which was the most splendid and pompous one that ever had been witnessed in France; for of Princes, Dukes, Counts, and Gentlemen in arms there were present above a thousand or twelve hundred. That being accomplished, divers jousts and tourneys were held in the Rue St. Anthoine, wherein each displayed his utmost skill. The King gave himself up to these diversions till after Easter. Meantime the treaty was adjusted

between him and the Archduke, Count of Flanders, whereby it was settled that the latter was to marry the Lady Renée of France, the King's sister-in-law. Other matches were also made; as of the Lady Mary of England, widow of the late King Lewis XII., and Dowager of France, with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who was greatly beloved by his master the King of England; and of the Count of Nassau with the sister of the Prince of Orange. The Duke of Bourbon was made Constable of France. About the month of May they left Paris, in the year 1515, and came by short journeys to Amboise, where the gentle Duke of Lorrain espoused the sister of the Duke of Bourbon.

While all these things were a doing, the King of France had secret preparations made for the journey he meditated in order to the conquest of the Dutchy of Milan. By slow degrees he removed his army to the Lyonnois and Dauphiny, where the good Knight, then his Lieutenant in those districts, had already arrived, and was as much beloved by the people as if he had been their natural Lord. Now, as hath been made to appear in many passages, the good Knight always

chose to be put foremost when the army advanced, to seek the foe, hindermost when it retreated, as was the case in this journey; for he was despatched with his company, and three or four thousand footsoldiers, to the confines of Dauphiny, and the lands of the Marquis of Saluzzo, all of which he had lost, excepting a very strong Castle, called Ravello. There was a great number of Swiss in garrison in the Marquis of Saluzzo's fortresses; above all, the Lord Prospero Colonna, then Lieutenant General for the Pope, resided in his territories, and held the whole country under contribution, doing with it whatever he thought fit. His forces were numerous, consisting of three hundred chosen gendarms, nobly mounted, and some light horse. By secret intelligence from spies, the good Knight learned what place this Lord Prospero most frequented; and he made many inquiries respecting him, till he was satisfied that, though his other forces might be equal to his own, yet that in point of cavalry he was by no means a match for him. He sent information of this to the Duke of Bourbon, then at Briançon in Dauphiny, and he made it known to the King, who was already at Grenoble, in order that he

might accelerate his journey. In compliance with the good Knight's request, three victorious Captains, the Lords of La Palisse, of Humbercourt, and of Aubigny, were immediately sent off with their bands. Some good tidings had reached Bayard, on which account he descended into the plain of Piedmont, by a place called Droniez: whereof the Lord Prospero was apprized; but made light of it, understanding that he had but his own company with him.

The Lord of Morete, of the House of Le Solier, and a cousin of his, a native of Piedmont, devised a cunning stratagem, and executed it with much ability. It was settled that they should seek the Lord Prospero in the town of Carmagniola, entering the same at night by the Castle, with which they had a private correspondence, but were to defer the execution of this project till the arrival of the French Captains; who tarried not long. They all repaired to the plain of Piedmont, and met in a little town called Savigliano, in which they found the good Knight; he gave them the best possible reception, and spake to them as follows: "Gentlemen, it behoves us not to loiter here; for, if the Lord Prospero learn

that we are arrived, our enterprise must fall to the ground; as he will either retire, or else call in the Swiss to his aid, of whom there is a good number at Pignerol and at Saluzzo. I am of opinion that we should have our horses well fed this night, and despatch our business at the break of day. There is deep water to pass; but the Lord of Morete knows a ford by which he will conduct us without danger."

Thus was the matter adjusted, and all retired to take a little repose, after they had seen that nought was wanting to the horses. Two or three hours after midnight each mounted, without making much stir. The Lord Prospero was within Carmagniola, and had learnt from his spies that the French were out in the country. He felt little dismay at the intelligence, believing no other company to be in the plain save that of the good Knight; and would scarce have quitted Carmagniola, had he not been warned, the evening before the day on which the French reckoned upon falling in with him, to retire to Pignerol and look after his affairs, it being known for certain that the French were in possession of the passes. He therefore removed, but not very early in the morn-

ing, setting out upon his way, in great order, to dine at a small town, seven or eight miles distant, called Villafranca.

When the French arrived before the Castle of Carmagniola, they had speech with the Governor, who told them how the Lord Prospero and his people had dislodged not a quarter of an hour before; whereat they were unspeakably chagrined, and took counsel together what they ought to do. Some were for going after them; others started objections to this proposal. When each had spoken, the good Knight said: "Gentlemen, since we have proceeded so far, my advice is that we should pursue them. An we meet them in the country, the contest must be desperate indeed, if we carry not off with us some one of their party." "Perdy," said the Lord Humbercourt, "never spoke man better." The Lords of La Palisse and of Aubigny made no opposition, but began to march, sending the Lord of Morete forward in disguise, to gain intelligence respecting their enemies. He made good speed, and learnt for certain that the Lord Prospero and his band were to dine at Villafranca. They were well pleased to hear this, and finally arranged their plans thus: the

Lord of Humbercourt was to march forward with an hundred archers, the good Knight going after them at the distance of a bow-shot, with an hundred gendarms: the Lords of La Palisse and of Aubigny were to follow, with the rest of their forces. Now hear how the matter fell out.

The Lord Prospero had good spies, and was informed, when going to mass in that little town of Villafranca, that the French were abroad in great force. He replied in his own tongue that he was very certain it could only be Captain Bayard and his band, unless the rest had flown over the mountains. As he was returning from mass other spies came to him and said: "My Lord, I give you notice that I have left above a thousand French gendarms near this place, and that they are coming to seek you here." Somewhat alarmed at such tidings, he turned to one of his Gentlemen, and said: "Take twenty horse, and go with them two or three miles along the road leading from Carmagniola, to see if there be aught which may work us harm."

Meantime he ordered the quartermaster of his bands to bid the trumpet sound, and haste away to secure lodgings at Pignerol, whither he would

follow him as soon as he had eaten a morsel. The behest was promptly obeyed. The French, who were all this time marching in the order that hath been described, approached Villafranca within about a mile and a half, when coming out of a little coppice they met with those the Lord Prospero had sent to scout, who no sooner espied them than they turned their backs, and fled precipitately toward Villafranca. The gentle Lord of Humbercourt pursued them at full speed, and sent an archer to the good Knight to bid him mend his pace. He had no need to repeat the injunction. Before the Lord Prospero's people could gain Villafranca, or, at least, just as they would have entered the gate, they were overtaken by the Lord of Humbercourt, who began to cry "*France! France!*" They strove to shut the gate, which he did his utmost to prevent, exhibiting the greatest efforts of valour, without being wounded, except slightly in the face.

Mean-time the good Knight arriving raised a fearful uproar, insomuch that his countrymen wan the gate. The quartermaster, who was already mounted along with some gendarms, and ready to set out for Pignerol, hearing the noise,

sought to get into the place, and put himself upon the defensive; but he and all with him were unhorsed, and part of them killed. The Lords of La Palisse and of Aubigny coming up, stationed a guard at the first gate, and went themselves to keep another, in order that no one might escape, there being only these two in the town. But the utmost caution it was possible to exert could not hinder two Albanians from making off by means of the little plank adjoinant to the drawbridge, and running, as though the devil were behind them, to inform a troop of four thousand Swiss, who were only three miles distant, of the misfortune that had befallen the Lord Prospero; he, mean-time, was assailed in his house, where he was dining, and would have defended himself, like a warriour as he was. But when he found that his efforts would avail him little, and heard the names of the Captains assembled there, he gave himself up to the most poignant anguish, cursing his fate that he should have been thus surprised, and that God had not graciously permitted him to meet the French in the field.

The good Knight, hearing him speak in this manner, consoled him as well as he was able, say-

ing: "It is the condition of war, Lord Prospero, to lose one day and to win the next." But, having always something facetious to say on every subject, he added: "You expressed a wish, Lord Prospero, that you had met us in the open country; better had it been for you, I can safely aver, to have lost the half of your estate, than it should have fallen out so; for such was the fury and appetite unto fighting with which our men were possessed, that neither you nor any of your people would have found it an easy matter to escape alive." The Lord Prospero answered dryly: "I should have been right willing, had it been the Lord's pleasure, to have affronted this peril." At the same time with the Lord Prospero were taken the Count of Policastro, Piero Morgante, and Carolo Cadamosto, Captains of the military there, who were made prisoners likewise. The conquerors then all bent their minds to plunder, which proved considerable for so small a company; and, had it been well managed, might have been made to yield an hundred and fifty thousand ducats. Among other booty they gained a treasure in horses, whereof there were six or seven hundred, four hundred of that number being of high value,

and all coursers, or Spanish horses. The Lord Prospero hath since been heard to say that capture cost him fifty thousand crowns, in gold and silver plate, silver coin, and other goods.

The French had not leisure to carry all away; for news came that the Swiss, to whom those two Albanians had fled, having set off at a quick trot were already close at hand. They therefore agreed among themselves that it was expedient to return, and accordingly, selecting the best of their booty, and placing their prisoners before them, set out upon their march. As they went forth at one gate the Swiss entered by the other; who being on foot, and they on horseback, they made little account of them. It was one of the finest enterprises that had been accomplished for two hundred years; and the Lord Prospero, who had boasted that he would take Bayard like a pigeon in a cage, met with a discomfiture himself, entirely through the vigilance of the good Knight. The King of France was already upon the Alps, by which no army till then had ever passed, and received tidings of this famous overthrow at the mountain of St. Paul; whereat he was wonderfully exhilarated; and so was his

whole company. Certain it is that the taking of Prospero Colonna was of infinite availment to the French; since, but for that, he would have been at the battle which took place some time after; and by his means all the Spaniards and the rest of the Pope's army had been there likewise: who would all together have amounted to a thousand horse, and created such trouble and vexation as was well escaped.

CHAPTER LX.

Of the battle which King Francis I. fought against the Swiss on the conquest of his Dutchy of Milan; and in which he came off victorious: and how, after the day was won, he chose to be dubbed by the hand of the good Knight without fear and without reproach.

THE King of France, who was much rejoiced at the capture of the Lord Prospero, as he had reason to be, made his army march with all possible celerity, and came to Turin in Piedmont, where his uncle, the Duke of Savoy, received him in an honourable manner.

The Swiss who had stationed themselves at the passes, when they learnt the taking of the Lord Prospero, and the rout of his company, abandoned them, and retired toward Milan whither they

were pursued. There was some speech of a composition, which indeed was looked upon as almost concluded. Wherefore the Duke of Gueldres, the ally and ever loyal servant of the House of France, who had brought a troop of ten thousand Lansquenets to the King's service, returned into his own country; but left his forces to his nephew the Lord of Guyse, brother of that worthy Prince the Duke of Lorrain, and to a Lieutenant of his, called Captain Michel.

This idea of a composition continued to be held out till the King's army approached within twelve or fifteen miles of Milan, whither the Swiss had retired, with that good Prophet, the Cardinal of Syon, who hath all his life been a mortal enemy to the French, as he clearly shewed himself on that occasion; for, although the Lord of Lautrec had gone to *Galeras* with money for the fulfilment of the proposed composition, he harangued the Swiss so forcibly one Thursday evening, and used so many arguments with them, that they rushed frantickly out of Milan, like men distraught, and fell upon the King of France his camp.

The Constable, Duke of Bourbon, who led the vanguard, instantly drew up his forces, and made

the King aware of the circumstance, who was just sitting down to supper; but quitted him directly, and proceeded straight toward his enemies, already engaged in the skirmish, which lasted for a long time ere the general action commenced. The King of France had a great number of Lansquenets, and would be so bold as to pass a ditch, for the sake of encountering the Swiss, who suffered seven or eight files to cross, then fell to pushing them in such sort that all who had got over were thrown into the said ditch; the Lansquenets were greatly scared, and had it not been for the Lord of Guise, who made a marvellous resistance, and at length was left for dead, the Duke of Bourbon, Constable of France, the gentle Count of St. Paul, the good Knight, and many more, who broke into this band of Swiss, they would have wrought much mischief; for it was now night, and in the dark there is no shame. The gendarmery of the vanguard that evening routed this band of Swiss, whereof a part, about two thousand in number, passed by over against the King, who charged them gallantly, and an obstinate contest ensued. So that his person was in imminent danger, and his great buff transfixed by a blow of a pike. It was now so late that the

combatants could not see each other, and were obliged to retire for that evening, the Swiss on one side, the French on the other, and take up with such lodging as they could procure. But I imagine they reposed not much at their ease. The King of France contented himself with the same accommodation as was enjoyed by the least of his soldiers, remaining all night on horseback, like the rest.

I must here make mention of an incident relating to the good Knight, which was a very strange one, and very perilous for him. At the last attack made upon the Swiss that evening, he was mounted on a mettled courser, which was the second he had ridden, one being killed under him at the first onset. Just as he would have rushed among them, he was entirely surrounded with pikes, in such sort that the bridle of his horse got loose. The animal feeling itself unrestrained set off at a gallop, and, maugre all the Swiss, and their battle array, passed quite beyond them, and would have carried the good Knight into another troop of Swiss, had not his career been stopped by some vine stocks fastened from tree to tree, which he met with in a field.

The good Knight was much dismayed; and not without reason; as he must inevitably have lost his life had he fallen into the hands of his enemies. He did not however lose his presence of mind, but softly alighted, threw off his helmet and tasses, and crept along, on hands and feet, by the sides of the ditches toward what, from the shouts of "*France!*" that burst from it, he believed to be the French camp. By the mercy of God he arrived there without danger; and, better still, the first man he met was the gentle Duke of Lorrain, one of his masters, who was amazed at seeing him thus on foot. So the Duke immediately furnished him with a spirited steed, named *Le Carman*, which had been formerly presented to him by Bayard himself: he had been won at the taking of Brescia, and was left for dead after the battle of Ravenna, when the good Knight leapt from off his back, by reason he had two pike wounds in the flanks, and more than twenty gashes in the head from swords; but next day he was found grazing, and begun to neigh; in consequence of which he was brought back to the lodging of the good Knight, and there healed. Incredible things are told respecting him; he suffered him-

self to be handled, like any reasonable creature, and tents to be put into his wounds, without stirring; and ever after, when a sword chanced to meet his eyes, he would run and seize it fiercely with his teeth. Was never seen a more courageous horse, not even excepting Alexander's famous courser, Bucephalus.

Be that as it may, the good Knight was prodigiously rejoiced to see himself delivered from such extreme peril, and remounted on so good a steed. But he was distresssed for want of a helmet; as on similar occasions there is much danger in going bareheaded. Observing that a Gentleman, whom he had a great friendship withal, had put his into the hands of a page, he said to the same: "I am apprehensive of catching cold, having sweat profusely from being so long on my feet. I pray you lend me the headpiece your man carries for an hour or two." The Gentleman, not suspecting the good Knight's design, caused it to be delivered to him; whereat he was well pleased, and never parted with it till the end of the battle, which was not before the tenth or eleventh hour of the next day. For by dawning the Swiss chose to renew the conflict, and went straight to the artillery of the

French, which was liberally served up to them. Yet for all that never fought men better, and the engagement lasted three or four good hours. At length they were broken through, and defeated, ten or twelve thousand dying in the field. The remnant retired in very good order along the high road to Milan, whither they were driven by dint of sword blows, both by the French, and by the Captain General of the Seigniory of Venice, Bartolomeo D'Alviano, who a little while before had arrived with supplies from the Venetians, and in one attack that he made, lost two or three Captains, among the rest the son of the Count Pitigliano. The French sustained a heavy loss; for in the course of the Thursday and Friday fell Francis of Bourbon, the gentle Captain Humbercourt, the Count of Sancerre, and the Lord of Mouy; moreover the Prince of Talmont, and the Lord of Bucy received wounds of which they afterwards died.

The King called a council to decide whether or not the Swiss should be pursued. Many were of many minds. At last it was judged best to let them go; as there would be opportunities enough of fighting them in time to come. The

day that they dislodged from the camp they staid at Milan, and departed on the next for their own land. They were pursued by some, but not to the uttermost; for had such been the King's pleasure no one of them could have escaped.

On the evening of the Friday, when the battle terminated to the glory of France, rejoicings were made in the camp, and the affair was spoken of in divers fashions. And some were found to have behaved better than others; but above all it was determined that the good Knight had approved himself such as he had ever done on all former occasions, when he had been in similar circumstances. The King, desirous of doing him signal honour, received the order of Knighthood from his hands. Wherein he did wisely; for by one more worthy it could not have been conferred on him.

The Lord Maximilian Sforza, who usurped the Dutchy, as his father, the Lord Ludovic, had done before him, remained in the Castle of Milan, which was besieged, but quickly surrendered. A composition was made to his content, and they within were suffered to go their way unmolested.

I shall pass over all that took place during two

months, merely observing that in December the King of France visited the Pope in the city of Bologna, and was by him nobly entertained. They communed together on divers matters, wherewith I shall in no wise cumber this history.

CHAPTER LXI.

Of sundry events which occurred in France, Spain and Italy, during three or four years.

On quitting Bologna the King of France went to Milan, and, leaving the Constable and Duke of Bourbon there, as his Lieutenant General, returned into his own country, and straightway repaired to Provence, where he found his good and loyal spouse, and his Lady mother, whom he had left Regent in his Kingdom during his absence.

The death of Ferdinand King of Arragon, who had won noble and mighty victories in his day, happened about this time. He was vigilant, crafty, and subtile. Few histories are found to mention that he was ever in his life outwitted; on

the contrary, he marvellously augmented the possessions of his successor.

The Lord Giuliano de' Medici, whom men called Duke of Modena, Pope Leo's brother, also died about this time. He had wedded the Dutchess of Nemours, daughter of Savoy, and aunt of the King of France.

The Emperor Maximilian, ill pleased at the noble victory which the King of France had gained over the Swiss, and at his having reconquered the Dutchy of Milan, assembled a vast number of Lansquenets and some Swiss of the Canton of Zurick and of the Grey League, and repaired in person to the said Dutchy of Milan; where the Constable, being advised, by reason of the mighty force he brought, not to meet him in the country, retired with his army into the town of Milan, and was there speedily joined by a supply of eight or ten thousand Swiss. Which the Emperor, who was the most timorous man in the world, perceiving, withdrew into his own country. No great honour accrued to him from this enterprise, but to the Constable high renown. The good Knight made many incursions upon the Germans,

and took a number of prisoners; from whom he got nothing save pike and dagger.

The following year John, King of Navarre, who had been stripped of his dominions by Ferdinand of Arragon, departed this life.

In the same year, about the month of July, a treaty was set on foot between the King of France and the King of Castile, Charles, formerly Archduke of Austria, for the purpose of effecting a marriage between him and Louyse, eldest daughter of France. It was concluded in the town of Noyon, but endured not long. I shall give no account of this treaty, as it is written of sufficiently elsewhere.

About the month of October the indulgence for the Crusade in France was granted by Pope Leo; whence sprung much scandal and scoffing, by reason of the preachers, who said a great deal more than the Bull imported.

On the last day of February, A.D. 1517, the good, wise, and very excellent Claude, Queen of France was brought to bed of her first son Francis, Dauphin of Viennois, in the town of Amboise; an event which excited great joy throughout

the Realm of France. Among other cities that of Orleans displayed wonders on the occasion; for in front of the townhouse, during one whole day, played two fountains, which spouted forth claret and white wine; and from a little pipe issued hippocrass, which many people stuck fast to, after once tasting it. The Dauphin was baptized in the said town of Amboise. The sponsors were Pope Leo, (for whom his nephew, the magnificent Lorenzo de' Medici, stood proxy,) the Duke of Lorrain, and the Dutchess of Alençon. Sumptuous were the entertainments given on the occasion.

The same Lord Lorenzo de' Medici at this time took to wife one of the daughters of the Count of Boulogne, and carried her into Italy. She lived a short time only, and he did not long survive her; but of these two there remained a daughter.

In the year 1519 died the Emperor Maximilian, an event which was the occasion of grief to a number of people. He was endowed with a worthy nature, and as liberal as any Prince that ever lived, and, had he been possessed of wealth,

would have accomplished many things; but he was necessitous in the extreme. His grandson Charles, King of Spain, was chosen to succeed him in the Empire.

CHAPTER LXII.

How Messire Robert de la Marche made some inroads into the territories of the new Emperor, who mustered a great army: and what came of it.

A LITTLE while after, at whose instigation I know not, the Lord of Sedan, named Messire Robert de la Marche, at that time in the service of the King of France, made some inroads into the dominions of the new Emperor, who set about raising a vast army, and such as rendered him lord and master of the open country. The heads thereof were the Count of Nassau, and another Captain, named Francis of Sickingen, a gallant warriour, and one that enjoyed great credit among his fellows. They were very numerous, both

horse and foot, amounting to forty thousand men or more. During this affair, the King of France and the new Emperor were at peace, and required nothing at each other's hands. Wherefore the German army steered its course directly toward the fortresses belonging to the said Lord of Sedan, some of which were besieged, and resolutely defended. However in the end four of them were lost, to wit, Florenges, Buillon, Loigne, and Messancourt: few of the inhabitants of those places being suffered to depart alive. The Lord of Sedan was within his town of that name, which is almost impregnable, and on that account escaped a siege, as did the inhabitants of another place of his called Jamets.

The King of France, when duly certified of this vast army, which was marching on the confines of his province of Champagne, apprehended that some sort of guile would be employed against him. So he sent his brother-in-law, the Duke of Alençon, with a regiment of gendarms, to the frontier, and journeyed himself to Rheims. The Germans made use of artifice to compass their designs; they took nothing in the territories of the King of France without paying well for it; and the Count

of Nassau spread a report in his camp, that he had received orders to this effect from the Emperor his master, he being resolved to maintain the friendship that was between him and France. Yet for all that, without making any denunciation of war, he went and laid siege to a little town, named Mouson, whereof the Lord of Montmor, Master of the Horse in Bretagne, was Governor and Captain for the King of France. The same had some footsoldiers, together with his own company in the town, which possessed no great stock either of ordnance or of provisions; and, what was worse, the inclinations of the soldiery accorded not with the resolution formed by their Governor and Captain of keeping the town till death. So that, make what remonstrances he might to the infantry, he found himself in danger within as well as without. In consequence whereof, to avoid a worse fate, he delivered up the town, stipulating for the lives of the inhabitants. Much murmuring was excited on the occasion, and some censured the conduct of the Captain. But persons of honour and virtue were convinced that he could not have acted otherwise, and that it was owing to no fault of the Lord of Montmor that

he did not fall on the breach; for if all that were with him had partaken of his spirit the Germans would have proceeded no farther.

This speedy surrender of the town of Mouson gave just cause of alarm to the French, who had never looked for the Emperor's breaking the truce. Howbeit in such cases the sovereign remedy is prompt provision. Mesieres, as the nearest town to Mouson, was considered the one which it was needful to set about the preservation and defence of; sith, were it lost, Champagne would be brought to a fearful pass. The King of France, when informed of this, despatched the good Knight without fear and without reproach to the said town of Mesieres, there being no man in his Kingdom upon whom he had more reliance. Farthermore he was in hopes of having it kept so well and so long, that his forces might have time to assemble and repel the sudden attacks the Emperor meditated making upon him. This command the good Knight would not have disobeyed for an hundred thousand crowns; his whole desire being to serve his master, and to gain honour. He gat him into Mesieres, with the young Lord of Montmorency, and

some other youths of gentle blood, who voluntarily accompanied him, as also with a number of foot, in the charge of two young Gentlemen, Captain Boucart, of the house of Reffuge, and the Lord of Montmoreau.

CHAPTER LXIII.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach kept the town of Mesieres against the Emperor's force, whereby he acquired great honour.

When the good Knight entered Mesieres he found the town in a very unfit condition to hold out against the siege, which he looked for daily. Desirous of exerting diligence which, on similar emergencies, is more efficacious than human sagacity, he caused the work of fortifying to be commenced immediately, and to be carried on day and night. There was not a gendarm or footsoldier unemployed. Himself generally laboured to inspire the rest with alacrity, thus addressing his fellow-warriours:—"What Sirs? shall we incur the reproach that this town was lost through our fault, we who all together

form so noble a company and one consisting of so many worthy persons? Were we in the field, and a ditch of four feet before us, methinks we should still fight for a whole day without being defeated. And, God be thanked, we have ditch, wall, and rampart, on which, ere our enemies set foot, I believe that many a band of them will sleep in the ditches." To be brief he infused such courage into his men, that they all thought themselves in the best and strongest fortress in the world.

Two days after siege was laid to Mesieres on each side the river, the Lord Francis of Sickingen, who had fourteen or fifteen thousand men with him, commanding in the one camp, in the other the Count of Nassau with more than twenty thousand.

The day after the commencement of the siege, the foresaid Count of Nassau and Lord Francis of Sickingen, sent a Herald to the good Knight, to represent to him, "that it behoved him to deliver up the town of Mesieres, which was not tenable against such a power as theirs. That by reason of the great and laudable spirit of Chivalry that was in him they should be right sorry he

were taken by storm, which would be a great diminution to his honour, and perhaps cost him his life. That in this world one miscarriage is sufficient to sink in oblivion all the noble actions a man may have performed during his whole life before. And that, if he would hearken to reason, they would concede such favourable terms as ought to satisfy him." Divers other notable communications made they to him by this Herald, which having been heard and perfectly understood by the good Knight, he smiled, and, consulting no man alive touching the answer he should make, said to the same without demur, "My friend, I am overwhelmed by the condescension of my Lords of Nassau and Francis Sickingen, in evincing such tender care for the personal safety of one who hath never had any dealings or great acquaintance with them. Friend Herald, you shall return and tell them that the King, my master, had many abler persons than myself in his Kingdom, whom he might have sent to guard this frontier town of ours. But since he hath honoured me by confiding the same to me, I hope, with our Lord's aid, to preserve it for him so long that your master will sooner grow weary of carrying on the siege, than I of enduring

it. Moreover, that I am no baby to be frightened by words."

So he ordered the Herald to be well feasted, and then put out of the town. This latter returned to the camp, and delivered the good Knight's reply, which was not over agreeable to the Lords: in their presence was a Captain, named great John of Picardy, who had spent his whole life in the service of the French Kings in Italy, especially where the good Knight commanded. This person, addressing himself to the Count of Nassau and Lord Francis of Sickingen, said openly, "My Lords, never expect to enter Mesieres while the Lord of Bayard is alive. I know him; many times hath he led me to battle. Now, he is of that stamp that, had he the greatest dastards upon earth under him, he would make them valiant. Depend upon it, all that are with him will die at the breach, and himself the first, ere they suffer us to set foot in this town. For my own part, I should rejoice were two thousand more soldiers put into the place, and he only taken away." The Count of Nassau made answer:— "Captain great John, the Lord Bayard is neither of iron nor of steel, any more than another. If

he be a gallant warriour, let him shew it; for, ere four days be over, I will have so many cannon-shots poured out upon him, that he shall not know on which side to turn." "We shall see how it will fall out," said Captain great John; "but the upshot will hardly be such as you look for."

Here this conversation ended. The Count of Nassau and the Lord of Sickingen arranged their batteries, each in his own post, and commanded the utmost efforts to be made for the taking of the town. Which was accordingly done; and, in less than four days, above five thousand shots of artillery were discharged. The besieged made return proportionably to the ordnance they were furnished with. But great damage was done to the town by Sickingen's camp, which, being in an elevated situation, carried on the work of storming much more commodiously than that of the Count of Nassau. The good Knight, though accounted inferior to no man living in respect of hardihood, possessed another quality equally commendable, being one of the subtilest, most vigilant warriours that you could meet with. He revolved how he might discover some method of obliging the Lord Francis of Sickingen,

from whose camp he sustained so much injury, to repass the water. So he had a letter written to Messire Robert de la Marche, then at Sedan, in substance as follows:—"My Lord Captain, I believe you have been fully informed how I am besieged in this town, in two places: on one side of the river is the Count of Nassau, on the other the Lord Francis of Sickingen. Methinks you told me half a year ago, that you would find means to induce the Count, your ally, to enter the service of the King our master. For as much as he is reputed a very gallant personage, I should rejoice thereat. Now if you deem this possible to be accomplished, you will do well to ascertain the same from him; and better to-day than to-morrow. If he prove of this mind I shall be well pleased: if not, I give you notice that, ere four and twenty hours be over, he and all his camp will be cut to pieces; for three short leagues hence twelve thousand Swiss and eight hundred gendarms are come to take up their quarters for the night; and to-morrow at break of day they purpose falling on his camp, while I shall make a sally from this town by one side; insomuch that he must be dexterous indeed to escape. I have

thought fit to give you this intimation, but I pray you let the thing be kept secret."

When the letter was writ he laid hold of a peasant, gave him a crown, and said to him, "Hie you to Sedan, which is but three leagues hence, carry this letter to Messire Robert de la Marche, and say that it is Captain Bayard who sends it him." The man set off incontinently. Now the good Knight knew well that there was no possibility of his passing without being taken by the Lord Francis of Sickingen's people, as he was, ere he had got ten bow-shots from the town, and forthwith brought before the said Lord, who asked him whither he was bound. The poor fellow, terribly gasted at the prospect of death, whereof he stood in great danger, replied: "My Lord, the great Captain who is in our town would send me to Sedan with a letter to Messire Robert de la Marche," at the same time the good man took it out of a little bag in which he had placed it.

As soon as the Lord Sickingen laid hands on this letter, he opened and read it, and was much dismayed when he found what the contents of it were. He began to suspect that the Count of

Nassau had made him take up his station across the river out of malice, and on design to work his overthrow; for there had previously been some little heart-burning between them, because this Lord Francis of Sickingen was not very willing to submit to the Count. Scarcely had he finished the letter when he exclaimed aloud: "I am now convinced that my Lord of Nassau seeks no other than my destruction; but by God's blood he shall not go away with it so." Then called he to him five or six of his most intimate friends, and disclosed to them the contents of the letter, whereat they were as much astounded as himself. He asked advice of no one; but, causing the retreat to be sounded by beat of drum, and all the baggage to be taken up, removed to the other side of the river.

When the Count of Nassau heard the noise, he was much surprised, and sent a Gentleman to make inquiry concerning the same, who, on arriving, found the camp of the Lord Francis of Sickingen in arms. He asked what was the matter, and was told that the Lord Francis intended passing over to the Count of Nassau. The Gentleman brought back word thereof to the Count, whereat he was greatly dismayed, knowing that by this

step the siege of the town must be raised perforce. He therefore sent word to the Lord Francis, by one of his confidential friends, that it behoved him to desist from removing his camp, till they had conferred together, and that by failing to comply with this injunction he would ill promote their master's service. The messenger repeated the same to him, but Sickingen, highly incensed and exasperate, made answer: "Go back, and tell the Count of Nassau, that I will do no such thing, and have little mind to await the slaughter for his pleasure; and that, if he resolve to hinder my taking up my station near him, arms shall decide whether he or I be to remain in possession of the field."

The Count of Nassau's Gentleman returned and told him what he had heard from the mouth of the Lord Francis of Sickingen. Never any man was more confounded than he; however, to provide against a surprise, he placed his men in order of battle. Mean-time, those of the Lord Francis passed over, and, that done, arranged themselves likewise for fight. To look at them you had thought they intended setting on each other, and drums were beaten with great vehe-

mence. The poor man who had brought the letter, the occasion of all this coil, escaped, God knows how; and, returning unto Mesieres, bewildered with fright, like one that looked upon himself as delivered from death, made his appearance before the good Knight, to whom he offered many apologies, saying, that at no great distance from Sedan he was seized, and brought before the Lord Francis of Sickingen, who, having seen his letter, had thereupon immediately dislodged.

The good Knight laughed obstreperously at this; for he perceived that his letter had set the Lord Francis a thinking. He went out upon the rampart with some Gentlemen, and beheld those two camps in battle array, one facing the other. "Perdy," said he, "since they will not begin to fight, I will." So he caused five or six cannon-shots to be made into the midst of the enemies' ranks, who were at length composed and retired to their tents. Next day, peace being mediated between the two parties, they prepared for decampment, and raised the siege, without daring to make the assault, all for fear of the good Knight. Between the Count of Nassau and Lord Francis of Sickingen concord was not so speedily

established, and they remained asunder for more than a week. The former marched toward Picardy, by way of Guyse, carrying fire wherever he went, while the Count shaped his course northward; but soon after they were reconciled, and became friends.

After such a fashion was raised the siege of Mesieres, whereby the good Knight without fear and without reproach won a crown of laurel, (though no assault was made), he having kept the enemy at bay for three weeks. During which time the King of France raised a vast and very puissant army to combat his enemies. He repaired in person to his camp, where the good Knight paid his respects to him, and retook the town of Mouson on his way thither. The King his master gave him an excellent reception, and was never weary of commending him in presence of every one. Eager to make some honourable return for the great and praiseworthy service he had recently performed, he made him a Knight of his own order, and gave him the command over an hundred gendarms; then marched in pursuit of his enemies, whom he hunted out of his dominions, driving them into Valen-

ciennes, where the good Knight behaved as was his wont. The Germans did much scath to Picardy by means of fire. But the French were not unmindful of the benefit, and repaid it twice over in Hainault.

When the King returned to the town of Compiegne, he received tidings from Genoa, which made him judge it needful to send thither some valiant, sage, and circumspect Knight. Wherefore, being well acquainted with the admirable qualities of the good Knight without fear and without reproach, and with his unwearied zeal in the performance of services, he intrusted the commission to him, earnestly beseeching him, for his sake, to undertake the journey, as he placed great hopes in the efficacy of his presence. It was accepted as cheerfully as it had been proffered; and the good Knight accordingly crossed the Alps, and was very well received at Genoa by the Governor, the Gentry, and the inhabitants in general, and had great honour and observance shewn him by every one, so long as he remained there.

Many affairs took place in Italy, whereof I

forbear to treat, for various reasons. We shall proceed to relate the death of the good Knight without fear and without reproach;—an irremediable affliction, a distressful and calamitous event to all the Nobility of France.

CHAPTER LXIV.

How the good Knight without fear and without reproach was killed by a shot of artillery, on occasion of a retreat in Italy.

At the beginning of the year 1524, the King of France had a vast army in Italy, under the command of his Admiral, the Lord of Bonnivet, to whom he had given that charge, being kindly affectioned toward him. The same had in his company many good Captains. In particular there had newly arrived a young Prince of the house of Lorrain, named the Count of Vaudemont, who had an ardent desire to learn the profession of arms and to emulate his ancestors by worthy achievements. Now the camp of the King of France was at that time held in a little town

called Biagrassa; where the Commander in chief, namely the Admiral, being present, he one day called the good Knight to him, and said: "My Lord of Bayard, you must go take up your quarters at Rebecco with two hundred gendarms, and Lorges his infantry; for thus we shall terribly annoy them of Milan, both by intercepting provisions, and by gaining intelligence respecting their affairs."

Now you must understand that, albeit the good Knight never murmured at any commission that was given him, he could not be very well satisfied with this, which he knew to be dangerous and doubtful. He therefore made answer as to his Sovereign's Lieutenant; "My Lord, I cannot tell how the matter may appear to you, but for the keeping of Rebecco, situate as that town is, half the soldiers in our camp would be absolutely needed. I know our enemies that they are vigilant, and am very certain it will be most difficult for me to steer clear of disgrace in that post, conscious as I am to myself that, if a band of our enemies were there, I should certainly go some night and take them at a disadvantage. Wherefore, my Lord, I implore you to consider well whither you are

sending me." The Admiral talked a great deal about the matter, bade him be under no concern, as not a mouse could stir from Milan without his receiving information of it: in short, used so many arguments of different kinds, that the good Knight, much troubled in spirit, set off with the forces given him, and entered Rebecco; but took with him only two great horses, sending his mules and all the rest of his train into Novara, as though he foresaw that what he retained would be lost.

Arrived in this village of Rebecco, they took counsel together how it might be fortified; but could devise no means of doing it, except by blocking up the avenues with barriers; yet, for all that, entrance might be effected on every side. The good Knight many times wrote word to the Admiral that he was in a very dangerous situation, and that if he wished him to abide there long, he must send him a supply; but received no sort of answer from him. The enemies, who were within Milan fourteen or fifteen thousand strong, learnt from their spies, that the good Knight was in Rebecco with a slender company, whereat they rejoiced amazingly, and resolved to fall upon

him some night by surprise, and give him a defeat; in pursuance of this intention they went abroad at midnight, to the number of six or seven thousand foot, and four or five hundred horse. They were guided by persons who knew the village, and the houses of the principal inhabitants. The good Knight, ever apprehensive, set half of his people to watch or to scout almost every night, and spent two nights himself in the same occupation, so that he fell sick through cold and melancholy, and was much worse than he let appear. One day, however, he was obliged to keep his room.

On the evening of the same, he ordered some Captains that were with him to go and keep guard, and to look out sharp on every side, lest they should be surprised; they obeyed, or pretended to do so, but, because it rained a little, all that had gone to watch quitted their post, leaving three or four wretched archers only to perform that duty. The Spaniards were marching all this time, and, in order to know one another more easily by night, wore each a shirt above his armour. When a bow-shot off the village they were much surprised at finding no one, and imagined

that the good Knight had received information of their enterprise and retired to Biagrassa. However they continued their march, and had not proceeded an hundred paces ere they found those few archers that had remained upon guard, whom they attacked without uttering any shout. The poor creatures offered no resistance, but took to flight, crying: "*Alarm! Alarm!*" and were so smartly pursued that their enemies reached the barriers before them. The good Knight, who never slept on such dangerous occasions but in his clothes, with vantbrace and tasses on and cuirass by his side, rose instantly, and, bridling a horse that was ready saddled, mounted, and went with five or six of his gendarms straight to the barrier, where Captain Lorges and a band of his infantry immediately joined him, and behaved with great resolution.

The enemies went about the village, seeking the good Knight's lodging; for, could they have taken him, the rest had been easy; but as yet they laid not hands on him. Great was the uproar, and dire the affright. During this combat at the barrier the drums of the enemies' infantry, who were beating the alarm with might and

main, reaching the ears of the good Knight, he said to Captain Lorges: "My friend Lorges, here is an unequal game; if they pass this barrier, it is all over with us. Draw off your men, I beseech you; keep as close as you can, and march straight to Biagrassa. I will remain to the last with my gendarms. We must abandon our baggage to the enemy; there is no help for it. Let us save the lives of our soldiers if that be possible." As soon as the good Knight had spoken Captain Lorges obeyed his behest, and retreated, while the rest were keeping up a resistance at the barrier. The major part of the French got on horseback, and retired, as chance directed, with great gallantry, and in such sort that they lost not ten men.

Most of the enemies had alighted, and were seeking the good Knight among the houses and on every side; but he was already at Biagrassa; there, on his arrival, some high words passed between him and the Admiral, whereon I shall not enlarge, merely observing that, had they both lived longer, the affair would not perchance have ended where it did. The good Knight had like to have died of vexation at this adventure

especially as it happened through no fault of his: but in nothing are there so many vicissitudes of fortune as in war.

Some little time after this retreat from Rebecco, the Lord Admiral, finding his camp daily diminish, as well through lack of food, as through sickness, which prevailed among his men, held a council with his Captains, wherein it was judged best to retire; and he formed his squadrons, the good Knight remaining, as usual on all retreats, in the rear. The Spaniards followed them every day, marching after the French in excellent order, and often skirmishing; but, when it came to the attack, they invariably had to encounter the good Knight, who shewed them so determined a countenance as made them bide quiet enough; nay, he oftentimes confined them within their main troop.

On the two sides of a great road they stationed a number of arquebusiers and *hacquebouziers*, who carry as large stones as doth a croc-arquebuse; with these they dealt many blows, and one of them, hitting the gentle Lord of Vendenesse, gave him a wound of which he died some time afterward, to the great loss of France. He was little in person,

but in greatness of soul and in valour surpassed by no one. That young Lord of Vaudemont, who was a novice in the profession of arms, behaved with amazing gallantry: and made a number of admirable charges, insomuch that it seemed as though he had been used to the thing all his life.

Mean-time the good Knight caused his gendarms to march with as much composure as if he had been in his own house, and slowly retired, keeping his face ever toward the foe, and brandishing his sword, wherewith he inspired more dread than an hundred others. But it so fell out, by the sufferance of God, that a stone, discharged from an *hacquebouze*, struck him across the loins, and completely fractured his spine. As soon as he felt the blow he cried out, "*Jesus!*" and then "Oh God! I am slain!" He took hold of his sword by the handle, and kissed the cruciform hilt thereof, in allusion to the cross, exclaiming aloud: "*Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.*" After that he waxed quite pale, as one swooning, and nearly fell: but he still had strength to grasp the saddle-bow, and remained in this posture till a young Gentleman, his steward, helped him to dismount, and placed

him under a tree. It was not long ere it became known among friends and foes, that Captain Bayard had been killed by a shot of artillery, whereat all who heard the news were greatly troubled.

CHAPTER LXV.

Of the profound mourning that ensued upon the death of the good Knight without fear and without reproach.

When the tidings of the good Knight's being killed, or at least mortally wounded, were spread among the two armies, even at the camp of the Spaniards, though there was no man upon earth whom they had a greater dread of, was much sorrow excited in all the Gentlemen and soldiers, and that on many accounts; for he had ever been wont, when he made military excursions, and took prisoners, to treat them with singular mildness, and was so lenient in regard of their ransoms, that he gave content to every one. They knew that by his death all that was noble would suffer a grievous decline; for, without derogating from others, he was a paragon of Knights. And by warring with him the younger Gentlemen of the adverse

army were instructed. One of their chief Captains, the Marquis of Pescara, going to see him before he rendered up his soul, pronounced a lofty eulogium on him in his own language, but to the following effect; "Would God, gentle Lord of Bayard, that, by parting with a quart of my own blood, (so that could be done without loss of life,) and by abstaining from flesh for two years, I might have kept you whole and my prisoner; for my treatment of you should have manifested how highly I honoured the exalted prowess that was in you. The first tribute of praise that my nation paid you, when they said,* '*Muchos Grisones, y pocos Bayardos,*' was not undeservedly bestowed; for since my first acquaintance with arms have I never seen or heard tell of any Knight who can compare with you in all admirable qualities: and though I have reason to rejoice at beholding you thus, being assured that my master, the Emperor, in his wars had no greater and more formidable adversary than yourself, nevertheless, when I consider the heavy loss which all Knighthood sustains this day, may God never aid me if

* Many grey horses, and few *bayards* or bay ones.

I would not give the half of all I am worth in the world that it were otherwise; but, since from death there is no refuge, I make supplication to Him who hath created us all in his likeness, that he will be pleased to take back your soul unto himself." In such lugubrious and regretful strains did the gentle Marquis of Pescara and many other Captains lament over the good Knight without fear and without reproach; and I believe there were not six persons in the whole Spanish army that came not to see him, one after another.

Now seeing that his death was so earnestly bewailed by his enemies even, how can I describe the profound sorrow it occasioned throughout the French camp among the Captains, gendarms, and footsoldiers? For by each in his station he had made himself marvellously beloved. You would have thought of every one of them that he had lost a father or a mother. Above all the unhappy Gentlemen of his company made inexpressible lamentation. "Alas! thou treacherous fiend!" said they, speaking to death, "wherein had this excellent and virtuous Knight offended thee? Thou hast not avenged thyself on him alone, but hast plunged all of us into affliction, that thou

mayest do thy worst against us as well as against him. Under what shepherd shall we now go forth into the field? What guide can God now give us with whom we may be as safe as we were with him? For in his presence not one but felt as secure as in the strongest fortress upon earth. Where shall we henceforward find a Captain who will redeem us when we are taken prisoners, who will aid us to remount when we are unhorsed, and will support us in the way that he did? It is impossible. Oh cruel death! this is ever thy wont!—the more excellent a man is, the more thou delightest to overthrow and destroy him! Yet so cunningly canst thou not play thy part, but that, in spite of thee, though thou mayest have deprived him of life in this world, his renown and glory shall be immortal while that shall endure; for his life hath been so exemplary that the memory of it shall survive to all the valiant and virtuous Knights that shall come after him."

Such signs of woe did these poor Gentlemen discover that had the most stony-hearted person upon earth been present he must have participated in their distress. His miserable domestics were in a trance of grief; among them was his

poor steward, who never quitted his side; and to him the good Knight confessed for want of a priest. The unhappy Gentleman melted into tears seeing his good master so mortally hurt that no remedy could avail to save his life. But the good Knight sweetly consoled him, saying: "My friend Jacques, cease thy mourning; it is God's will to take me out of this world; by his favour I have abode long therein, and received blessings and honours more than are my due. The only thing which makes me loth to die is that I have not done my duty so well as I ought: and in good sooth I hoped, had I lived longer, to have redeemed my passed transgressions. But since it hath fallen out thus, I implore my Creator, of his infinite mercy, to have compassion upon my poor soul: and I entertain a hope that he will hear my prayer, and, through his great and incomprehensible goodness, will forbear to deal with me after the rigour of justice. Prithee, friend Jacques, let me not be taken from this spot, for when I am stirred I feel the utmost torment that it is possible to experience, short of death, which is about to seize upon me right soon."

A little while before the Spaniards arrived at

the place where the good Knight had been wounded, he had speech with the Lord of Alegre, Provost of Paris, to whom he declared somewhat touching his will. Also a Swiss Captain, named Hans Diesbach, came thither, and was desirous to carry him off upon pikes with five or six of his people, thinking so to save him. But the good Knight, who well knew how it was with him, begged that he might be left a brief space to think about his soul; as to remove him thence would only serve to shorten his existence. The two Gentlemen, therefore, were constrained, with many tears and groans, to leave him in the hands of his enemies. But let it not be imagined that they did so without deep grief of heart,—for they would have abandoned him at no rate; but he said to them; "Gentlemen, I entreat you go your way, or you will fall into the hands of the enemy, and that would profit me nothing, for my end is come. To God I commend you, my good Lords and friends; and to you I commend my wretched soul; furthermore beseeching," (this he addressed to the Lord of Alegre,) "that you salute the King our master for me, and say how much it troubles me, that I can render him no farther

service, which I had every inclination to do; likewise their Highnesses the Princes of France, and the Gentlemen of my company, and of the much honoured Realm of France in general, salute them all, when you see them, on my part." As he uttered these words, the noble Lord of Alegre wept bitterly, and then bade him farewell.

He lived two or three hours longer, his enemies spreading a fine pavilion for him, and laying him upon a camp-bed: also a priest was brought him, to whom he confessed devoutly, saying these very words: "My God! I am assured that thou hast declared thyself ever ready to receive into mercy and to forgive whoso shall return to thee with a sincere heart, however great a sinner he may have been: Alas! my Creator and Redeemer, I have grievously offended thee during my life, of which I repent with my whole soul. Full well I know that, had I spent an hundred years in a desert on bread and water, even that would not have entitled me to enter thy Kingdom of Heaven, unless it had pleased thee, of thy great and infinite goodness, to receive me into the same; for no creature is able in this world to merit so high a reward. My Father and Saviour! I entreat thee be pleased

to pass over the faults by me committed, and shew me thy abundant clemency instead of thy rigourous justice."

At the conclusion of this speech the good Knight without fear and without reproach rendered up his soul to God; whereat all of the enemy were unspeakably afflicted. The heads of the Spanish army appointed certain Gentlemen to bear him to the church: where solemn service was performed over him during two days. Then was he by his servants carried into Dauphiny, and the Duke of Savoy, in whose territories the body rested on the way, had as much respect paid to it, as though it had been that of his own brother. It would be superfluous to enter into the particulars of the mourning which took place in Dauphiny, when the good Knight's death was known there; prelates, churchmen, nobles, and commoners all equally partook in it: and I believe that no Gentleman had been so bewailed in that country for an hundred years. Persons went before the body till they arrived at the foot of the mountain, and it was conveyed from church to church in great honour till it approached Grenoble: where the Lords of the Session of Justice of Dauphiny,

the Lords of the Exchequer, near all the nobles of the country, and great part of the burgesses, habitants of Grenoble, went out half a league to meet the body, and carried it to the Church of Nostre Dame at the said Grenoble, where it rested a day and a night, solemn service being performed over it there. Next day it was conducted with the same honour as it had entered Grenoble unto a convent of Minims, which was half a league from the town, and had been formerly founded by his good uncle, Laurent Aleman, Bishop of Grenoble, where it was honourably interred. Then each retired to his own house. But during a whole month it seemed as if the people of Dauphiny were in expectation of imminent ruin; as they did nought but weep and lament, and abstained from festivals, dances, banquets, and all other pastimes. Alas! they had good cause for sorrowing;—a heavier loss that country could not have sustained. And whosoever was grieved in heart thereat, be sure that it very nearly concerned all poor Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, to whom he was in the habit of secretly imparting a portion of what he possessed. But

with time all things pass away, saving the love of God. Whom the good Knight without fear and without reproach loved and revered during his life, and now after death fame attends him, such was his conversation in this world among all sorts of people.

CHAPTER LXVI.

Of the virtues appertaining to the good Knight without fear and without reproach.

ALL nobless ought to have put on mourning when the good Knight without fear and without reproach departed this life; for it is my belief that, since the creation of the world, neither among Christians nor Heathens, hath any human being appeared that hath done less that is dishonourable or more that is honourable than he. It is a common saying that there never lived a man entirely free from vice: this maxim holds not good with regard to the Chevalier Bayard; for I call upon all who have seen him to witness, and truly to declare whether they ever discovered a single vice in him. On the contrary God had endowed him with all the virtues which can belong to a perfect character, and which he well knew

how to display, each on its proper occasion. He loved and feared God above all things, never sware by him nor blasphemed him, and in all his affairs and necessities recurred to him alone; having a settled conviction, that from him and from his grace and infinite goodness all things proceed. He loved his neighbour as himself, whereof he made ample manifestation throughout his life; for he never possessed a crown which was not at the service of the first person that had need of it: and he often secretly supplied poor Gentlemen, that were reduced to indigence, with money, according to his means, never requiring any sort of return at their hands.

He followed the wars under Charles the Eighth, Lewis the Twelfth, and Francis the First, Kings of France, for the space of two and thirty years, in the course of which time was no man found that surpassed him in the noble profession of arms; and his valour was perfectly unequalled. In discretion he was a Fabius Maximus, in subtile enterprises a Coriolanus, in strength and courage a very Hector, fierce with his enemies, mild, peaceful, and affable with his friends. No soldier under his command was ever thrown from his horse

whom he did not assist to remount. Aiming to make a present in the most grateful manner, he would often exchange a courser or a Spanish horse of the value of two or three hundred crowns, with one of his gendarms, for a curtal not worth above six, persuading the Gentleman that the horse he gave him suited him exactly. It was a common thing with him to give a dress of velvet, satin, or damask for a little cloak. This he did in order to bestow his bounties the more amiably, and to the satisfaction of every one. It might be said that it was not in his power to make large presents, because he was poor. Yet he had the character of being as munificent, according to his ability, as the greatest Prince upon earth. In his life he gained as much as an hundred thousand franks during war by prisoners, all of which he distributed among those that had need of them.

He was a great giver of alms, and he gave in secret too. Certain it is, that, without making any noise about the matter, he enabled an hundred poor orphan girls, of gentle birth or otherwise, to marry. Poor widows he comforted, and made them share his substance with him. Always before quitting his chamber he recommended him-

self to God; but when he did this he desired to be alone. In a conquered country, if it were possible to find any man or woman belonging to the house in which he lodged, he never failed to pay for what he thought he had spent. Men oft said to him: "Sir, it is throwing away your money to bestow it thus, for, when you depart, this place will be fired, and what you have given will become the prey of spoilers." Whereto he made answer, "Gentlemen, I do my duty; God hath not sent me into the world to live upon plunder and rapine; besides, this poor man may go hide his money at the foot of some tree, and, when the country is free from war, he will be able to make use of it, and will call upon the Lord for me."

He was in many wars with the Germans, who have a custom of setting fire to their lodgings when they quit them; the good Knight never left his till he learned that they were gone by; otherwise, he placed guards there to hinder the house from being fired. Among all sorts of men he was the most gracious person imaginable, the one who most honoured people of virtue, and who spake least concerning the vicious. He was very inexpert at flattery and fawning;

he had the greatest possible regard for truth; and never paid court to any Prince or great personage whatever by saying aught contrary thereto. Of worldly pelf he took no thought at all, as he clearly proved, being at his death little richer than he was at his birth hour. When others told him of rich and powerful people, who were thought to possess a scanty stock of virtue, he turned a deaf ear to such discourse, and made little reply. On the other hand, he was never weary of talking about the virtuous. In his heart he honoured a worthy Gentleman with an income of but an hundred franks, as highly as a Prince with one of an hundred thousand; and it was his creed that riches ennoble not the heart.

Captain Louys d'Ars bred him up in his younger days, and under him he acquired the rudiments of the military art; on which account he paid him as much honour, all his life long, as if he had been the mightiest monarch in the world; and, when his name was mentioned, the good Knight joyed greatly thereat, and thought he never could say enough in his praise. None ever followed the profession of arms who better knew all the tricks

of it; and he often said that there is no one thing upon earth in which you are oftener deceived; for a man will play the hero in a chamber, who in the field before the foe is as soft as a maiden. He, in his day, made small account of gendarms, who abandon their ensigns to put on a shew of valour, or for the sake of plundering. He was the most intrepid warriour that ever lived, and by his words alone could have moved the sorriest coward upon earth to fight.

He gained noble victories in his time, but was never heard to brag of them: if he were under the necessity of alluding to such subjects, he always ascribed the merit to some one else. During his life he warred with Englishmen, Spaniards, Germans, Italians, and other nations, and was present in many battles lost and won; but when they were won, Bayard was always in part the cause of it, and when they were lost he ever acquired great honour by his conduct on the occasion. He would never serve any but his own Prince, under whom he enjoyed no great riches; much more abundant were tendered him elsewhere during his lifetime. But he always declared that he would die to promote the welfare of his country.

He never in his life declined a commission, though many perilous ones have been proposed to him; but God, whom he had constantly before his eyes, gave him power to maintain his honour: and to his dying day he never had so much steel taken from him as would have made a needle's point.

He was Lieutenant for the King, his Master, in Dauphiny, where he so completely gained the hearts both of nobles and plebeians, that they would all have laid down their lives for him. That he was prized and honoured in his own country needs excite no wonder; for he was so still more by all other nations: and that not for a year or two only, but as long as he lived; and indeed he continues to be so now after his death; for the good and virtuous life he led confers upon him deathless renown. He never was known to uphold the dearest friend he had upon earth in defiance of equity: the good Gentleman was wont to say, that every Empire, Kingdom, or Province, without justice, may be likened to a forest full of robbers. In war he possessed three excellencies which well beseemed an accomplished Knight; the attack of the greyhound, the wild boar's de-

fence, the speed in pursuit of the wolf. His perfections indeed can be worthily described by none but a finished orator; I, a man of slender parts and little learning, own myself all unequal to the task.

What I have said respecting him, however, I humbly entreat all the readers of this present history to take in good part; for I have done my best, though by no means what was justly due to the memory of so excellent and virtuous a personage as the good Knight without fear and without reproach, the gentle Lord of Bayard; whose soul may God of his mercy admit into bliss eternal. Amen.

END OF THE MEMOIRS.

NOTES

BY

THE FRENCH EDITORS.

NOTES

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THE FRENCH EDITORS.

Country of Dauphiny.—vol. i. p. 1.

It is affirmed by some that, about the year 1130, the province known by the name of Dauphiny, was divided into many sovereignties independent of each other, the whole whereof came to be united under the dominion of the Lord de la Tour-Dupin, who called it *Dauphiné*, from his wife Delphine. After his example, his successors took the title of Dauphins of Viennois. The last of these Dauphins, Humbert II. having no issue, ceded his dominions to Philip of Valois, King of France; who, in the month of July, 1349, invested the Duke of Normandy, afterward Charles V.

therewith. Conformably to the ceremonial of this investiture, he put into his hand the Delphinal sword, the banner of St. George, a sceptre, and a ring. Humbert, some time after, entered the order of St. Dominic. His tomb, which is of brass, may be seen at the foot of the great altar in the convent of the Dominicans at Paris, Rue St. Jacques.

The Scarlet of the Gentlemen of France.—vol. i. p. 2.

It appears that Lewis XI. furnished occasion to the assuming this title of *Scarlet of the Nobility.* We know that at the time of his being Dauphin, he quarrelled with his father, and retired into Dauphiny; where he advanced pretensions to the exercise of the rights of sovereignty. Being in want of money he conferred patents of nobility on all that would pay for them. The Gentlemen of ancient extraction, to distinguish themselves from these new nobles, adopted the name of Scarlet of he Nobility. It is probable that this expression of *Scarlet,* used to designate ancient nobility, conveyed an allusion to the custom which assigned

vestments of this colour to Knights, Doctors, and other eminent personages.

House of Bayard.—vol. i. p. 2.

The name of this house is Terrail. The domain of Bayard, situate at the extremity of the Vale of Graysivodan,* about six leagues from Grenoble, was erected into a fief, A. D. 1444, in favour of Bayard's grandfather, by Geoffroy Le Meingre, Governor of Dauphiny. The family is now extinct.

Battle of Cressy.—vol. i. p. 2.

The Author of the Memoirs is mistaken, and must have meant the battle of Agincourt, where Peter I. great grandfather of Bayard, was killed. The brother of this Peter I. perished at the fight of Verneuil, in 1424, where three hundred Dauphinese Gentlemen also lost their lives.

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* Lewis XI. called this Vale the *Garden of Dauphiny*, and his *fourth wonder*.

His Grandfather.—vol. i. p. 2.

He was distinguished on account of his bravery, and obtained the surname of L'Epée Terrail. Though he opposed the projects of Lewis XI. at the time of his retreat into Dauphiny, that King, whom it was not in general safe to offend, did nevertheless respect his valour.

Guinegnaste.—vol. i. p. 2.

We must not, like many other writers, confound this battle *of Spurs*, or of Guinegate, with one of the same name which took place in 1513. It was in the first, in 1479, that the father of Bayard received four wounds, one of which deprived him of the use of an arm.

Allemans.—vol. i. p. 2.

Helène des Allemans, mother of the Chevalier, is described by Symphorien Champier, in his Life of Bayard, as *little*, but of an intrepid spirit.

Tower of the Castle.—vol. i. p. 10.

Guillaume d'Avançon, Archbishop of Ambrun, having bought the Castle of Bayard of the heirs of Georges du Terrail, made embellishments in it; but, out of respect to the memory of the Chevalier, ordered that the square tower in which he was born should be preserved. This anecdote, so honourable to the memory of the warriour, honours likewise that of the prelate.

The good Knight, his Nephew, served him to drink. vol. i. p. 14.

The young Bayard waiting upon his uncle at table presents a striking contrast to our manners. In the present day an uncle and a nephew would deem themselves mutually humiliated by such a thing: the contrary opinion was one of the advantageous results of the education which the nobility at that time received. A young Gentleman knew that a service of this nature was destined for him with the Knight or Prince in whose house he was brought up. He was habituated from

infancy to a religious respect for the age and person of those in exalted stations. But now a child he looked upon himself as possessing no important existence in society: till he had given testimonies of his character he remained unregarded by all.

Wine and spices were brought in.—vol. i. p. 20.

The Squires and Pages used to bring spices, sweetmeats, comfits, claret, hippocrass, and other drinks, which were taken just before the time of retiring to rest.

Bellabre.—vol. i. p. 29.

Pierre de Pocquieres, Lord of Bellabre in Limosin, was Bayard's friend and comrade in arms during the whole of his life.

Abbot of Esnay.—vol. i. p. 30.

An error has crept in here. Theodore Terrail, Abbot of Ainay, was not the uncle of Bayard. They were related between the third and fifth degree.

Chastillon.—vol. i. p. 46.

Jacques de Coligni, Chamberlain of Charles VIII. and of Lewis XII. was Provost of Paris. His brother Gaspard I. of Coligni, Lord of Fromente, and Marshal of France, espoused Louise de Montmorency, sister of the Constable Anne. Of this marriage was born the celebrated Gaspard II. de Coligni, Admiral of France, &c.

Captain Louys d'Ars.—vol. i. p. 55.

The name of Louis d'Ars is consigned to glory in our history. He derived his origin from Dauphiny, and was the friend and neighbour of Bayard, who owned him for his master. According to the modern historians of Bayard, there still exist descendants of Louis d'Ars some leagues from Grenoble, but languishing in a kind of obscurity.

Sixty thousand combatants.—vol. i. p. 68.

André de la Vigne reduces the army of the confederates to forty thousand men. According to

St. Gelais it consisted of two thousand horse and twenty thousand foot. Guicciardini, doubtless to save the honour of his nation, is silent respecting the number of combatants.

19th of April.—vol. i. p. 71.

This is a mistake. Charles VIII. died on the 17th of April, A. D. 1498.

Princess Joan of France.—vol. i. p. 72.

This Princess was remarkable for an unbounded attachment to her husband. She used every means to effect his liberation from the prison wherein he was confined. The indifference and the scorn of Lewis did not move her to forsake him in his ill fortune. After having vainly exhausted every importunity with Anne of Beaujeu, she threw herself at the feet of her brother Charles VIII. There, as she melted into tears, grief lent her such persuasive eloquence, that the young King replied: "You shall have what you desire, my sister: God grant you may never repent of it!"

All the royal offices.—vol. 1. p. 73.

The Author of the Memoirs alludes to the Offices of Finance, which Louis XII. sold to defray the expenses of the Italian expedition. The Monarch thought these offices, as being highly productive, ought to supply the exigencies of the state, and that it was better to sell them than to burden the nation with fresh subsidies, not considering that the proprietors of these offices would seek to indemnify themselves, ultimately, at the expense of the people, and, that moreover, a legal existence was thereby given to such offices in France. He appears however to have been sensible of these inconveniences, as he hesitated to promulgate this financial edict; and annexed to it a clause empowering him to suppress those offices on the reimbursement of the money. Though Lewis XII. committed a fault in this instance, his general administration cannot but be applauded. From the first year of his reign he afforded presages of what he subsequently shewed himself. He diminished the taxes and other imposts, extended his paternal and beneficent administration over all parts of the state, and, after availing himself of

the labours of the most enlightened magistrates of his time, published the famous ordinances which place him in the number of our legislators. The discipline of the troops, the new form given to the great council, his ordinances on the interior police of the Courts of Judicature, the erection of Parliaments in provinces where they had not previously existed,—such were the first acts of this King, justly surnamed *the Father of his people.* Seconded by a minister worthy of him, by the virtuous Amboise, he secured to himself the love of his contemporaries, the regret of good men when he died, and the admiration of posterity.

Holding jousts, tourneys, and other entertainments.
vol. i. p. 76.

About this time occurred the memorable combat betwixt Bayard and Giacinto Simonetta, a Milanese Gentleman. The Loyal Servant has omitted the anecdote. This Simonetta was made up of conceit and vanity. A man is seldom vain without being likewise insolent:—Simonetta offended Bayard, who slew him in the lists. This duel

took place in Lombardy, and the issue of it was regarded as a prognostic of the calamities which threatened Lewis Sforza.

The Lady's name was Blanch.—vol. i. p. 76.

Blanch Paleologus, daughter of William VII. Marquis of Montferrat, was widow of Charles Duke of Savoy, surnamed the *Warriour*.

Lips and hands.—vol. i. p. 79.

This expression alludes to the homage of mouth and hands, *hommage de bouche et des mains*, which "is done by a vassal with the head uncovered, hands joined, and a kiss received; and binds him to fight for his Lord only in defence of the land whereof he holds."—*Cotgrave.*

One of your sleeves.—vol. i. p. 80.

The sleeve of the Lady of Fluxas possessed great value in the eyes of Bayard: it was to him what, in the language of Chivalry, was termed a

favour, *jewel*, or *token*. Under these denominations, the veil, sleeve, hood, or scarf, or other part of the dress of the Lady he loved, was worn at tournaments by every Knight. He was named her Servant of Love to whom he attached himself. On such occasions these proud slaves were led in chains by their mistresses, and only received their liberty at the moment when they sprung forward in the course.

The Lady Blanch.—vol. i. p. 84.

Blanch of Montferrat inspired her Son Philibert with a taste for tourneys. This Prince appointed one to be held at Carignan in 1504 for his own amusement and that of his spouse, Margaret of Austria, and signalized himself on the occasion by overthrowing one of his adversaries with a stroke of the sword, and breaking his shoulder. I shall here insert a sketch of the contest between the married and the unmarried people, as it will convey some idea of the spirit of that age. This scene took place in the lifetime of the father of Philibert of Savoy. After divers discourses on the

conjugal and the single state, the Lord of St. Pol, who had entered the former, affirmed, that the bachelors were inferior to the married men, and that the married ladies were more virtuous and worthy of renown than the unmarried. He offered to maintain his assertion with the lance and the sword. The Lord of Corsant accepted the challenge. It was decreed that if the champion who sustained the cause of the married people were worsted in the fight, he should go and beg pardon of Mademoiselle de Savoy, and all the maiden Ladies of the house: on the other hand, if the champion of the unmarried were vanquished, he should beg pardon of the Dutchess of Savoy, and the other wedded Dames.

The champion of the married Ladies camè off victorious to the great mortification of the single ones.

Reduced to great necessity.—vol. i. p. 108.

The consort of Frederic was so abandoned during her widowhood that she experienced the wants of indigence. Anne de Laval, her granddaughter, married François de la Trémoille, and

from this alliance proceed the rights claimed by the House of La Trémoille upon the Kingdom of Naples.

Realm of Naples.—vol. i. p. 108.

Jean d'Auton and Guicciardini give horrid accounts of the cruelties exercised by the French at Capua, in this conquest of the Kingdom of Naples. The affecting instance of filial piety I am about to record forms a beautiful contrast to such recitals. Louis de Bourbon Montpensier, brother of the Constable, went to Pozzuolo, where his father was buried. "There," we are told by J. d'Auton in his History of Lewis XII. "the said Count of Montpensier caused the grave to be opened;—so soon as that was done, and he beheld his dead father, his vital spirits forsook him for very horrour, insomuch that a fever seized him, whereof he died a few days after."

I will make my escape.—vol. i. p. 118.

This flight was contrary to all the laws of

Chivalry, in confirmation of which I shall cite one instance: when Jean de Grailly, Captal of Buch, being a prisoner of war, in 1364, promised Charles V. "to abide in his prison, he engaged himself, if he failed herein, to be held a false, wicked, and recreant Knight, in sign whereof his arms were to be turned and placed upside down, &c."

A band of thirteen Spanish Gentlemen.—vol. i. p. 134.

The Loyal Servant has here fallen into an error common to most of the contemporary writers who have made mention of this combat. Two engagements of the same kind occurred, one after another, and they have been confounded. In the first, wherein Bayard distinguished himself, eleven Frenchmen engaged eleven Spaniards. Bayard was not present at the second, when thirteen fought on either side. However, our author's mistake is confirmed in regard to the number of combatants, as the relation of Jean d'Auton, an eyewitness, in other respects agrees with his.

So they began to retreat in a leisurely manner.—vol. i. p. 147.

The manuscript history of Jean d'Auton differs from this recital in some particulars. According to him fifteen gendarms were specially charged to cover the retreat: among whom were *Messire Roger de Bearn*, *Pierre de Tardes*, surnamed *Le Basque*, and *Pierre de Bayard*, "who this day underwent very great fatigue, and was ever in the thickest of the fight, insomuch that in one attack his horse was killed under him: but he got up, sword in hand, and would not surrender; which the Marquis of Saluzzo and the Lord of Sandricourt perceiving, they suddenly turned round upon the Spaniards, repulsed them, and recovered the Lord of Bayard, whom Sandricourt furnished with a very good horse."

Subtle and sinister devices.—vol. i. p. 155.

From the historians of the time, especially Guicciardini, who is not inclined to favour Julius

II. it does not appear that this Pontiff contributed at first to the revolt of the Genoese, or at least the proofs of it are by no means apparent. When it had broken out he tried to profit by it, imagining, that it might further his schemes against France. The insolence of the Genoese nobles occasioned this insurrection. The French officers, by their excessive lenity, added fuel to the fire instead of extinguishing it. Galeas de Salezart, Governor of the Castle of Genoa, defended himself courageously till the arrival of Lewis XII.

The good Knight delayed not long.—vol. i. p. 158.

Jean d'Auton disagrees with the Loyal Servant in many essential points. By his account, La Palisse commanded the gendarms who first scaled the mountain. Bayard distinguished himself in the midst of them. Beside the companions which the Loyal Servant gives him, Jean d'Auton names the Duke of Albany, the Count of Roussillon, the Lord of Leon, &c. &c. &c.

One of the grandest feasts.—vol. i. p. 161.

Every thing descriptive of the manners of this period must be interesting. Two of our historians furnish the following details of these banquets: "On this journey the Lord J. J. Trivulce entertained the King at a banquet, where there were as many Ladies with bunches of feathers to fan their faces withal, as you may see plumes in a company of a thousand gendarms. After supper the dancing began, and the King himself, who could perform very well in this way, danced with the rest, but not very much: his partner was the Marchioness of Mantua, a wondrous fair Lady. Then he made the Princes and Lords who were there dance, not even excepting the Cardinals of Narbonne and St. Severino, and some others, who acquitted themselves as well as they could."

Each in his own district endeavoured to procure the most worthy associates.—vol. i. p. 165.

It was these brave Captains who first formed a national infantry.

Palace of the Queen of Cyprus.—vol. i. p. 184.

This Palace had been built by Carlotta Carnaro, a Venetian Lady, and widow of James, King of Cyprus. After the death of this Prince, conformably to his will, she became Queen of the island. The Venetians, her countrymen, manœuvred with so much address that she abdicated in their favour. They gave her in exchange for the crown the title of Daughter of St. Mark, together with considerable estates in the Trevisan. There she constructed a house of pleasure, which was called the palace of the Queen of Cyprus.

Guy Guiffray.—vol. i. p. 212.

Guigues Guiffrey, Lord of Boutieres, belonged to what was called in Dauphiny the *Scarlet of the Nobility*. He never quitted Bayard, and became his Lieutenant. In process of time he commanded in Piedmont, and distinguished himself at the battle of Cerizolles. The Chevalier Guiffray mentioned in Chapter xxv. and who was one of Bayard's companions in the combat between thirteen Spanish and thirteen French Gentlemen, was the uncle of this youth.

The Swiss.—vol. i. p. 258.

The Swiss desired an augmentation of pay. Lewis XII., provoked by the arrogance with which they made this demand, rejected it, saying, "he was surprised that miserable mountaineers should attempt to render him their tributary." This speech cost both nations much blood.

Caused all the wines at Galeras to be poisoned.—vol. i. p. 259.

Historians are silent respecting the poisoning of the wines here mentioned. However embarrassed Chaumont might have been, he was too honourable to stoop to so base a measure. Guicciardini, who was a contemporary, and who never spares the French, would have mentioned the fact had it had the slightest foundation. He attributes the sudden retreat of the Swiss to the want of food and of cash to procure any. The Pope had showered indulgences upon them, and the Bishop of Sion, who was in the confidence of the Pontiff had heated their imaginations. They expected that the Venetians and the troops of the Pope would join them: finding no one, and perishing with hunger, they returned.

Battle of La Bastia.—vol. i. p. 293.

Guicciardini calls this battle of La Bastia a rout rather than a combat. He allows that the advan-

tage gained by the French was complete. This pretended battle must be reduced to an affair of posts between two detachments.

Killed the Cardinal of Pavia.—vol. ii. p. 11.

There is an anticipation of dates here. The Cardinal of Pavia was not slain by the Duke of Urbino till after the taking of Bologna by the French. See Guicciardini, vol. iii. pp. 172, 173.

I cannot rightfully interfere with the conqueror.—vol. ii. p. 21.

In order to abate the rage for duels, Princes or Generals rarely accorded life to the vanquished, even though the conqueror interceded with them to that effect. A memorable instance of this was beheld in the combat between the Lords of Jarnac and of La Chateigneraie. Henry II. would scarcely permit La Chateigneraie to be borne off the field, and his wound to be dressed.

Died the good Lord of Chaumont.—vol. ii. p. 23.

The Loyal Servant is mistaken respecting the epoch to which he assigns the death of Marshal Chaumont. The retaking of Bologna, related in Chapter XLVI. is posterior to that event. To be convinced of this, we need only read the historians, especially Guicciardini. From them we learn that Trivulce was intrusted with the command of the French army, till Lewis XII. should name a successor to Chaumont.

Captain Baglione.- vol. ii. p. 45.

Gian Pagolo Baglione had been driven from Perugia by the Duke of Valentinois. He often changed sides. Such as desire to know this family, which has long played an important part in Italy, must read Guicciardini.

The French did not lose above fifty.—vol. ii. p. 59.

Guicciardini's Narrative, vol. ii. p. 235, tallies not well with this. The French, according to him, lost many men; and in one very vehement attack it was impossible but that there must have been much blood shed. As to the pillage of the town, and the horrours committed therein, Guicciardini does not soften the colours of the picture; in other respects he gives Gaston de Foix all due praise, and calls him, with justice, a hero.

Battle of Ravenna.—vol. ii. p. 115.

Bayard's letter to his uncle Laurent Alleman, is a precious monument relative to the battle of Ravenna, which has been preserved by the President Expilly.

" My Lord, I commend myself, with all possible humility, to your good favour.

" My Lord, since I last wrote to you we have had a battle with the enemy, as you by this time

may have learned: but to make you acquainted with the affair at full, it happened on this wise. Our army came and lodged hard by this city of Ravenna; our enemies repaired hither as soon as we, to put the inhabitants in heart; and both by reason of some rumours which ran daily of the descent of the Swiss, and of the lack of provisions experienced in our camp, my Lord of Nemours resolved to give battle, and last Sunday passed a little river which flowed between our enemies and us; we engaged them; they marched in very good order, and consisted of seventeen hundred horse, the most splendid and glorious that ever were seen, and full fourteen thousand foot, as gallant soldiers as could be met with. About a thousand of their cavaliers, enraged at being so galled as they were by our artillery, rushed upon our middle squadron, where the Duke of Nemours was in person, together with his company, that of the Duke of Lorrain, of M. d'Ars, and others, to the number of four hundred horse, or thereabout, who received the foe with so stout a heart that better fighting never was beheld. Between our vanguard, which consisted of a thousand gendarms, and us, were great ditches, and likewise it

had enough to do elsewhere, and could render us no assistance. Wherefore the said middle squadron was forced to bide the brunt of about a thousand men. At this juncture my Lord of Nemours brake his lance betwixt the two battalions, and pierced one of the enemies' gendarms right through the body, the weapon appearing half an arm's length beyond the same. Thus were the said thousand men defeated and put to flight; and, as we were in pursuit of them, we fell in with their infantry, close by their ordnance, with five or six hundred gendarms, who were posted there, having in front of them two-wheeled carts, whereon was a great piece of iron with two planks, ten or fifteen feet long; and they came to close fighting with our infantry. Their foot above-mentioned had so many arquebuses that they killed in a manner all our Captains of foot, as soon as they approached, instead of staggering them or putting them to flight. But our men were so well supported by the cavalry, that, after an obstinate contest, our adversaries were discomfited, lost their artillery, and seven or eight hundred of their horse, who were slain, and most of their Captains, with seven or eight thousand foot

soldiers. It is not known that any Captains escaped but the Viceroy; for we have prisoners the Lord Fabritio Colonna, the Cardinal of Medicis, the Pope's Legate, the Lord Pedro Navarro, the Marquis of Pescara, Don Juan de Cardona, and others whose names I know not. They who got off were pursued for eight or ten miles, and are making their way over the scattered mountains, though some say the peasants have cut them to pieces.

"My Lord, if the King hath won the battle I swear to you that the poor Gentlemen have lost it; for, while we were engaged in the pursuit, the Duke of Nemours, falling in with some foot-soldiers who had rallied, chose to attack them; but the gentle Prince was so ill supported that he fell in the affray, whereat the sorrow and mourning that hath been and is still displayed in our camp is such as hath never been equalled; and you would think the battle had been lost instead of won. I can assure you, my Lord, no Prince's death for an hundred years hath been so great a calamity as his, and, had he lived longer, he would have done such things as no Prince ever did before him: all here may well say that they have lost their father; as for me, my Lord, I shall hence-

forth lead a melancholy life, having suffered by this event more than I am able to express.

" My Lord, in other places fell M. d'Alegre and his son, M. du Molart, six German Captains, with Captain Jacob, their Colonel, Captain Maugeron, the Baron of Grandmont, and above two hundred Gentlemen, all of name and reputation, not to mention two thousand of our footsoldiers; and I assure you the Realm of France will not repair the loss we have sustained in a century.

" My Lord, yesterday morning the body of the late Duke was carried to Milan, attended by two hundred gendarms, in the most honourable manner that could be devised; eighteen or twenty glorious banners, gained in this battle, being borne before him. Now that he is laid low I believe we shall cease from warfare. However, the Swiss are still making some noise; but when they hear of this defeat they will perchance abate somewhat of their ardour. As soon as matters are settled a little I shall go and see you. Praying God to give your Lordship a very good and long life, I remain

Your humble servant,

BAYARD.

[Written at the camp of Ravenna, this 14th day of April.]"

Without effecting any thing.—vol. ii. p. 129.

This happened through the misunderstanding of the two French Generals, the Duke of Longueville, and Charles de Bourbon Montpensier; each contending for the command.

Alcayde de los Donzeles.—vol. ii. p. 138.

This was Didago Hernandez de Cordoba.

Solicited to enter his service.—vol. ii. p. 157.

Pope Julius II. had similar proposals made him at the end of the year 1503, offering to name him Captain General of the Church. Bayard replied: "that he had but one master in Heaven, which was God, and one master upon earth, which was the King of France, and that he would never serve any other." (Extract from the History of the Chevalier Bayard, by S. Champier.)

Anne, Queen of France.—vol. ii. p. 162.

Anne of Bretagne was justly regretted. She has been reproached with having taken advantage of the influence she possessed over the mind of Lewis XII., to injure those who had displeased her. Historians have remarked a great singularity in her character; she was mild and obliging toward Charles VIII., who often sacrificed her to transient inclinations: while Lewis, who lived but for her, had more than once to complain of her imperious humour; to characterize the effects of which, he called her "his Britoness." For the main, however, his attachment was founded on the qualities of her mind and heart. Her greatest pleasure consisted in doing good. Her Court was the asylum and the school of all the virtues; so much so that the most illustrious families in France confided their daughters to her to be among the number of her maids of honour.

Jean de Meung.—vol. ii. p. 163.

Jean de Meung, also named Clopinel, finished the Romaunt of the Rose, begun in verse by Guillaume de Loris, and afterwards turned into prose, and augmented with many allegories by Jean Molinet. This work made a noise in its day, but has since shared the fate of too many others,—been forgotten.

My Lord Francis, Duke of Valois and Angoulesme. vol. ii. p. 164.

Some historians have erroneously styled Francis I. Duke of Angoulême. The county of Angoulême was by himself erected into a Dutchy, the first year of his reign, in favour of his mother, Louisa of Savoy.

Espoused the Lady Claude—vol. ii. p. 164.

The death of Queen Anne brought about the accomplishment of this marriage; she had constantly opposed it on account of the hatred she entertained against Louisa of Savoy.

Jousts and tournaments.—vol. ii. p. 165.

In these jousts Bayard, Maugiron, Chandieu, &c. distinguished themselves.

Three victorious Captains.—vol. ii. p. 171.

The modern historian of Bayard makes a useful reflection on this subject. "Chabannes, Humbercourt, and d'Aubigny," says he, "the one Marshal of France, the other two General Officers, all superior to Bayard in rank and length of service, fight under his orders. What a lesson! what an example!"

Le Carman.—vol. ii. p. 184.

Other historians name this singular animal *Le Carinan.*

Francis of Bourbon.—vol. ii. p. 186.

This was the brother of the Constable.

Received the Order of Knighthood from his hands. vol. ii. p. 187.

I shall here insert Champier's account of this circumstance, which will supply the details omitted by the Loyal Servant.

"The King, before he begun to create Knights, called unto him the noble Chevalier Bayard, and said: 'My friend Bayard, I wish this day to be knighted by your hand, because the Knight that hath fought on foot and on horseback in many battles, is held and reputed among all

others the most worthy. Now, thus it is with you, seeing that, in divers battles and conquests, you have valiantly combated against many nations.' To the words of the King Bayard made answer: 'Sire, he that is King of so noble a Kingdom is Knight above all other Knights.' 'Howbeit, Bayard,' said the King, 'do quickly as I say; no laws or canons must be alleged here save those of steel, of brass, or of iron. Obey my will and commandment, if you desire to be reckoned among my good servants and subjects.' 'In good sooth, Sire,' replies Bayard, 'since it is your pleasure, if once be not enough, I will do it times out of number, so to fulfil, unworthy as I am, your will and commandment.' Then Bayard took his sword and said: 'Sire, may the ceremony be as efficacious as though it were performed by Roland, or Oliver, Godfrey, or Baldwin his brother; verily, you are the first Prince* that ever I dubbed a Knight. God grant that you never fly during

* It is not known at what time of his life he conferred the order of Knighthood on the Duke of Bourbon's son, who was yet in the arms of his nurse. Journeying to Moulins he visited this Prince, and, at his request, made the child a Knight.

time of war!' Then, holding his sword in his right hand, he sportively exclaimed: 'Thou art very fortunate in that thou hast conferred the order of Knighthood this day on so brave and powerful a King. Certes, my good sword, thou shalt be carefully preserved as a relick, and honoured above all others; and I will never wear thee, except against Turks, Saracens, or Moors;' with that he made two leaps, and then replaced his sword in the scabbard."

This sword has been lost: Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, requested it of Bayard's heirs. One of them, Charles du Motet, Lord of Chichiliane, sent him in default of it the battle-axe which Bayard had made use of. The Duke told the Dauphinese Gentleman, when he wrote to thank him for this present, "That, in the midst of the pleasure he felt at beholding this weapon placed in the worthiest part of his gallery, he could scarce choose but regret, that it was not in such good hands as those of its original owner."

According to the Memoirs of Fleuranges, Bayard conferred the honour of Knighthood on Francis I. before the battle. But other historians agree with the Loyal Servant.

Called Duke of Modena.—vol. ii. p. 190.

He was called Duke of Modena because his brother, Pope Leo X. had bought this dutchy for him.

But of these two there remained a daughter.—vol. ii. p. 192.

This was Catharine of Medicis, afterward Queen of France.

Gat him to Mésières.—vol. ii. p. 197.

After the taking of Mouzon, Francis I. assembled his council to decide whether the town of Mézières should be defended or not. Bayard alone declared for the affirmative; saying that "no place was weak which had good soldiers to defend it." He was intrusted with this commission, and accordingly threw himself forthwith into Mézières. Thither he was followed by a crowd of

Gentlemen, among whom were many of his fellow-countrymen and relations, as Charles Alleman, Lord of Laval, Gaspard Terrail, Lord of Bernin, &c. &c. Bayard caused them, as well as the principal citizens, to swear that *they would never speak of surrendering to the enemy; that they would die one and all in the defence of the place; and that if food failed them they would eat their horses and their boots.* The same spirit spread from the chiefs to the soldiers, who said among themselves: "After we have devoured all the beasts, we will eat our lackeys."

The fortifications were repaired with the promptest diligence. Bayard expended above six thousand crowns of his own money thereupon. He intrusted Philippe de Ville, a Dauphinese Gentleman, and an officer of acknowledged vigilance and bravery, with the general superintendence of the provisions.

We read in the Memoirs of du Bellay, that "as soon as the Count of Nassau was arrived near Mézières, he sent a trumpet to the Chiefs and Captains to summon them to surrender the town to the Emperor; which trumpet the Lord of Bayard sent back with this answer: "*that, ere*

there should be any speech of quitting the town whereof he had charge, he hoped to make a bridge of the dead bodies of his enemies, and sally out thereon."

Lord of Montmorency.—vol. ii. p. 197.

Anne de Montmorency, who afterwards attained to the dignity of Constable.

Put out of the town.—vol. ii. p. 202.

Some say that Bayard, on sending back the Herald, bade him tell Sickingen from him, "that the *Bayard* of France feared not the war-horse of Germany;" alluding to a pleasant saying of the Spaniards, "that in France there were many *grey horses*, but few *Bayards*."

Many affairs took place in Italy.—vol. ii. p. 210.

Bayard, after quitting Genoa, rejoined the army

of Marshal Foix. He was present at the unfortunate engagement of the Bicocca, when the Swiss, being repulsed in a first attack inconsiderately made, would not return to the charge. The whole of the adverse army fell upon the French horse, who suffered prodigiously thereby, at the same time that they acquired much glory. The Loyal Servant has passed over this event from a fear of offending persons in office.

Troubled in spirit.—vol. ii. p. 214.

"The Admiral of France sent Captain Bayard to a village named Rebecco, where there was no kind of fortress. This commission he was induced to accept by means of a promise which the said Admiral made him of sending, within three days, a certain number of men to guard and defend the village; which he was unable to perform. By reason whereof Bayard and his companions were assailed at night in this village by the Spaniards, who flocked thither in great numbers. After a long contest the French escaped, losing, however, six or seven and twenty horses which the servants

were leading; and, had not Bayard been subtle, cautious, and prudent, he would have been taken himself; for the Spaniards sought no other than him." (Extract from the *Annales d'Aquitaine* by J. Bouchet.)

From their spies.—vol. ii. p. 214.

If the anecdote which we read in the modern history of Bayard be true, he had reason to apprehend that the enemy would endeavour to profit by his disadvantageous position. The Marquis of Pescara, they say, sent one of his soldiers, named Lupon, an active and robust man, to obtain certain information respecting Bayard. Lupon, accompanied by a single arquebusier, stole unseen upon a French sentinel, took the man in his arms, threw him across his shoulders, and carried him thus to the Spanish camp, while he thought the devil was running away with him. It was on his deposition that the Marquis of Pescara concerted his attack.

March straight to Biagrassa.—vol. ii. p. 217.

Some of our historians have confounded this retreat of Rebecco with that of Romagnano, wherein Bayard was slain.

Judged best to retire.—vol. ii. p. 218.

The Loyal Servant has neglected some important particulars, which the reader will be glad to have supplied from the President Expilly's narrative.

Bonnivet was wounded in the retreat. He knew that Bayard had reason to complain of him, nevertheless he begged him to take his place.—"My Lord of Bayard," said he to him, "I pray and conjure you by the honour and glory of the French name to defend this day the artillery and the ensigns which I give you charge of, and confide entirely to your fidelity, valour, and wise conduct, since there is no one in the King's army who is more competent to the charge than you, either for valour, experience, or discretion." "I would,"

replied Bayard, " that you had done me this honour on some more favourable occasion, when fortune was less adverse to us; nevertheless, happen what may, I promise and vow to defend them so resolutely, that, while I remain alive, they shall never fall into the hands of the enemy."

Bayard, accepting this dangerous commission, is a model of devotion and patriotism. It was no longer Bonnivet the *courtier* who proposed it to him:—it was Bonnivet great enough himself to do justice to the hero whom he appreciated.

A stone discharged from an hacquebouze.—vol. ii. p. 219.

It appeared that Bayard foresaw the kind of death that awaited him. He hated the arquebusiers to such a degree that he never pardoned any who fell into his hands, " it being a great heart-sore to him (says one of our old writers) that a valiant man should be slain by a paltry pitiful ragamuffin."

Placed him under a tree.—vol. ii. p. 219.

It is recorded in the Memoirs of Du Bellay, that while he was in this situation, "the Duke of Bourbon, who was in pursuit of our camp, went up to Bayard, and told him that he felt great pity for him, seeing in this estate one that had been so valorous a Knight." Captain Bayard made answer: "My Lord, I need no pity, for I die like an honest man; you I do indeed pity, when I see you serve against your Prince, your country, and your oath."

Marquis of Pescara.—vol. ii. p. 222.

The Marquis had his tent placed near Bayard: no sort of alleviation was wanting to that unfortunate Captain.

Rendered up his soul to God.—vol. ii. p. 228.

Bayard was forty-eight years of age at the time of his death. According to Expilly he was "tall,

straight, and slender, of a mild and gracious countenance, with black eyes, a nose inclining to aquiline, and a fair complexion."

His painters give him a long beard, though, it is said, he wore it shaven, that it might not be troublesome to him when he had his helmet on.

He left a natural daughter named Jeanne Terrail, whose mother was come of a noble family in the Milanese. Bayard had promised to marry her, both by word of mouth and by letters. He spared no expense in the education of this young person, who inherited all the virtues of her father. Bayard's brothers treated her as their niece, and married her to François de Bocsozel, Lord of Chastelart.

Convent of Minims.—vol. ii. p. 229.

In this Church of Minims he is interred, under a great stone, at the foot of the steps of the chancel. To the right, above a door by which you enter the convent, is his bust in white marble, adorned with the collar of his order. On another piece of white marble placed underneath the bust

is inscribed a Latin epitaph, containing a summary of his exploits and of the circumstances of his death. This monument has been raised by a Gentleman of his province, who was nowise related to him. His name (Scipion de Poulloud, Lord of St. Agnin) deserves to be handed down to posterity; he has executed, at his own expense, what Henry IV. and the city of Grenoble had vainly projected.

Aiming to make a present.—vol. ii. p. 233.

"He was by no means sparing of his money when any good could be done with it, and used often to repeat this ancient proverb: "*Ce que le gantelet amasse, le gorgerin le dépense:*" "What the gauntlet gets, the gorget (or throat) spends (or consumes.")

Being at his death little richer than he was at his birth-hour.—vol. ii. p. 235.

He added nothing to the possessions of his father but a part of the estate of Avalon, which

he purchased from the King's domain for four thousands *livres*, in order that the House of Bayard might have a jurisdiction. " All the wealth he left, (says Boissieu in his notes,) does not amount to four hundred pounds a year."

THE END.

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